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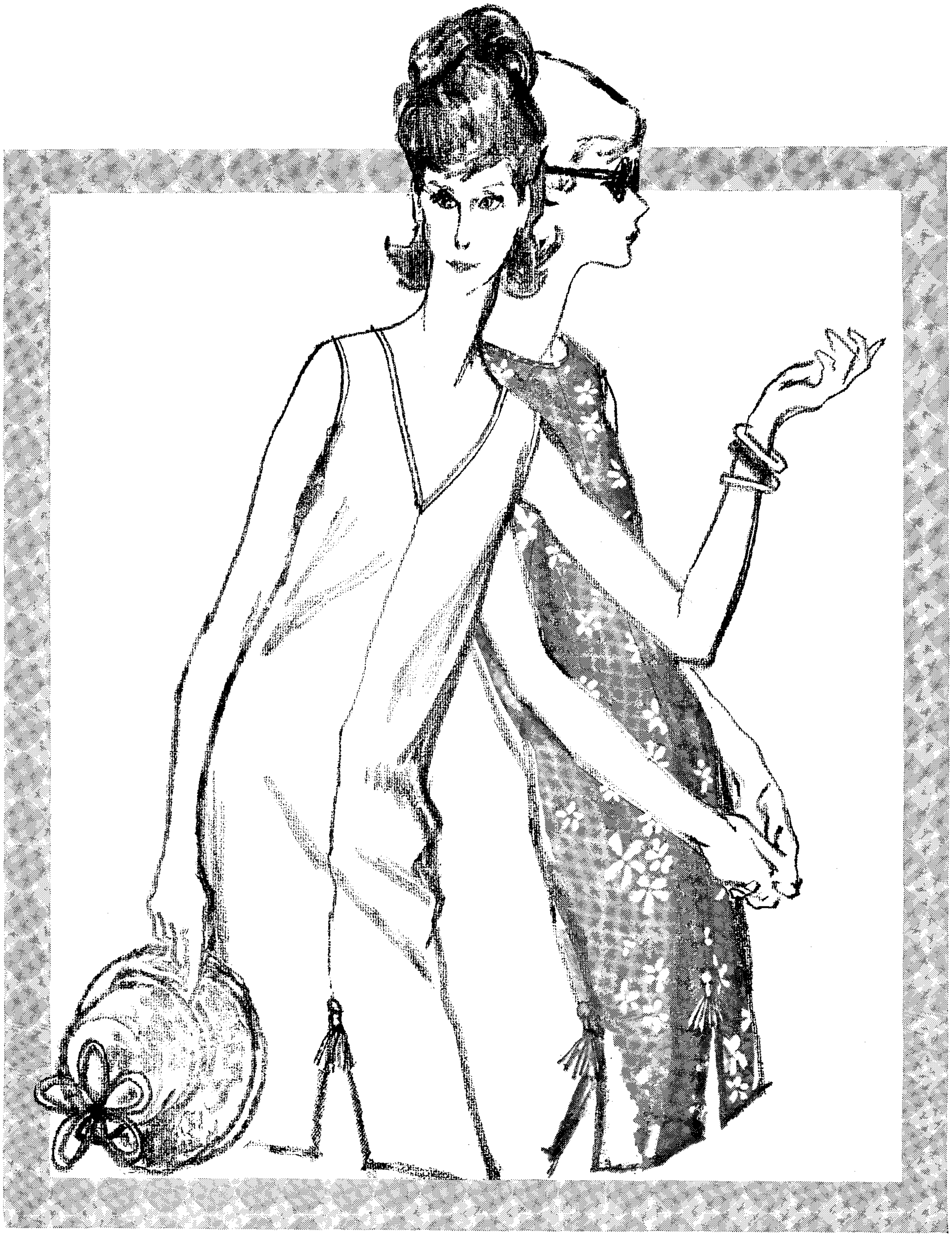

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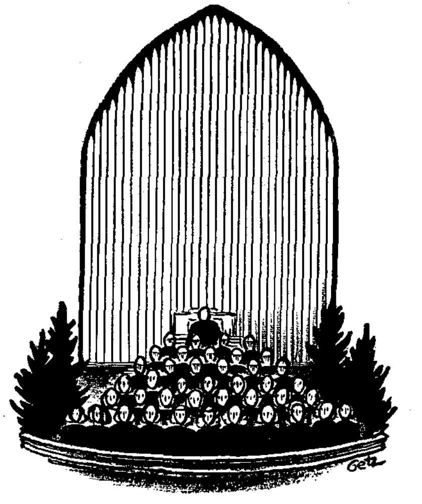
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Affair—Trouble at a Cambridge college when the authorities are induced to review the case of an ill-mannered young physicist of Communist leanings who has been dismissed for allegedly falsifying facts in an important paper. Adapted by Ronald Millar from a novel by C. P. Snow, the piece is long on dialogue but short on action—and, for that matter, on any really original ideas. Brewster Mason leads a competent cast of American and British actors. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beyond the Fringe—A delightful diversion in which four superb English comedians—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from The Establishment to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

Calculated Risk—A drama concerned with the ins and outs of a struggle for control of a New England woollen mill. The actors, led by Joseph Cotten, try hard to inject an element of suspense, but they fail, alas, since the play, by Joseph Hayes, just doesn't have a great deal of melodramatic content. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lord Pengo—Charles Boyer gives a beguiling performance in this S. N. Behrman comedy about an art dealer closely resembling the late Lord Duveen. While it is lacking in any real conflict, the play is witty and diverting, and Mr. Boyer gets excellent support from Brian Bedford, Ruth White, Henry Daniell, Cliff Hall, Agnes Moorehead, and all the others in the cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Never Too Late—Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a lively farce about a sixty-year-old who finds, to his dismay, that he is belatedly about to become a father for the second time in his life. The play was written by Sumner Arthur Long, who is a good man with dialogue, and directed by George Abbott with his customary authority. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Seidman and Son—An amiable if uneventful investigation into a few days in the life of a Seventh Avenue garment manufacturer who has difficulty with his heir and sympathy for his lonesome and toothsome lady designer. Sam Levene is mildly entertaining as the dress man, and Nancy Wickwire is lovely to look at as the designer. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tchin-Tchin—Margaret Leighton as an English lady who has been abandoned by her spouse, and Anthony Quinn as a construction boss who is in the same predicament. The play that throws these two together is weak on logic, but the acting is laudable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., as a fugitive from Madison Avenue who finds that he may have to go back to the cave of the winds if he is to continue to serve as guardian of a beloved twelve-year-old nephew. As written by Herb Gardner, this is a rather loose-hinged but funny enough affair, and it has splendid performances by Mr. Robards, Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Edward Albee employs some grim charades to expose the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The language is rough by any standards, and the play goes on much too long, but there are some dramatic episodes. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon; for the matinées it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Avra Petrides. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28.)

Long Runs—**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS:** An English drama, by Robert Bolt, outlining some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8:30; on Sunday, Dec. 23, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 23, at 2:30.)

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MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel leading a lively cast through ancient Rome in a very merry show written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with an assist from Plautus. Mr. Mostel has the strong support of Jack Gilford, David Burns, John Carradine, Ronald Holgate, and, for that matter, every participant in the comedy. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

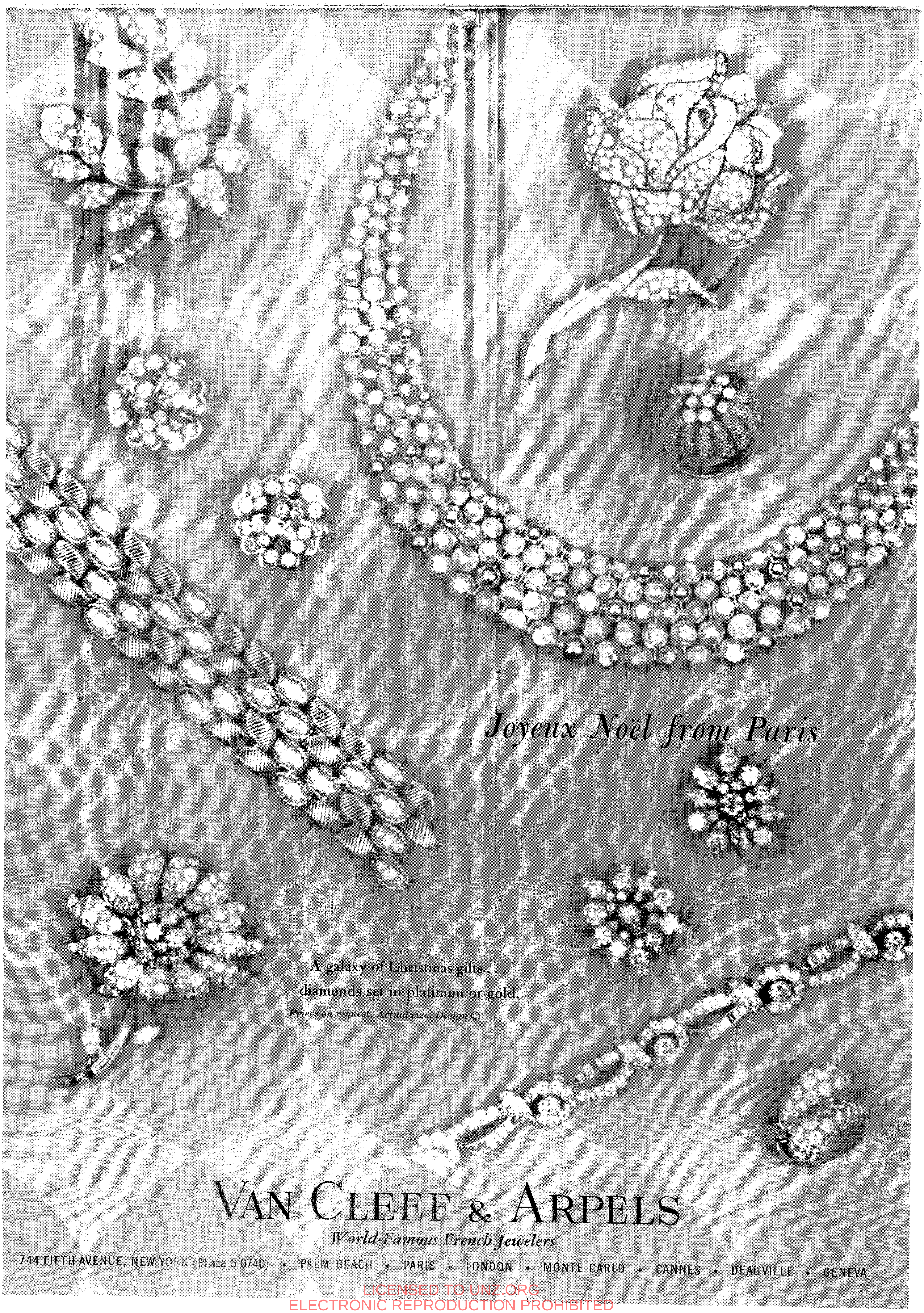
Little Me—In this comedy by Neil Simon (who based his play on a work by Patrick Dennis), Sid Caesar portrays seven men in the life of a Middle Western girl constantly on the make. The drollery, despite Mr. Caesar's protean efforts, is limited. The music is by no means remarkable, and the lyrics rather ordinary. The play was directed by Cy Feuer and Bob Fosse, and the latter staged the dances and musical numbers. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mr. President—Although Irving Berlin, Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, and Joshua Logan had a hand in this one, it never quite jells into a first-class musical. Nevertheless, it is not without merit, and Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, and Anita Gillette are pleasant as the principals. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Anthony Newley, who owes a large debt to Marcel Marceau. The pantomime, songs, and patter are pretty lame. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** How things were at the Round Table. With Kathryn Grayson, William Squire, and Arthur Treacher. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35. Closes Saturday, Jan. 5.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. Carla Alberghetti, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard are among those present. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8:30; on Fridays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** A show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MILK AND HONEY:** Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. The cast includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. Terry Saunders will succeed Miss Benzell on Monday, Dec. 24. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NO STRINGS:** A musical that deals in part with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley plays the writer and Diahann Carroll a Paris *Vogue* model. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Nancy Dussault in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, A. J. Russell, Jr., E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 44, December 22, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1962 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Tiger Tiger Burning Bright—Claudia McNeil in a play by Peter S. Feibleman. The director is Joshua Logan, and the producers are Oliver Smith and Roger L. Stevens. Previews Thursday and Friday, Dec. 20-21, at 8:30. Opens officially on Saturday, Dec. 22. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Beauty Part—S. J. Perelman's comedy, starring Bert Lahr. Directed by Noel Willman and produced by Michael Ellis, in association with Edmund Anderson. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 26. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Oliver!—A London musical, by Lionel Bart, with Clive Revill and Georgia Brown. Staged by Peter Coe and presented by David Merrick and Donald Albery. Opens Thursday, Dec. 27. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40. No performance Christmas.)

The Cherry Orchard—A disappointing production, directed by David Ross. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A comedy adapted by Jean Erdman from James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Christmas.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays and Christmas at 3. No performance Christmas night.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland heads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Intimate Relations—A play by Jean Cocteau. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man Is Man—The final revision (1953) of a play in which Bertolt Brecht, with cumbersome irony, recorded the metamorphosis of a credulous, obliging day laborer into an enthusiastic soldier. The production as a whole is shrill and tedious, in spite of many good performances, notably those by Joseph Chaikin, in the leading role, and Judith Malina, as a sinister widow who runs an army canteen. Gerhard Nellhaus was the translator. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Christmas Eve at 8:30 and Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

A Man's a Man—An earlier and more limber version of the same script, translated by Eric Bentley. There is a lot of horseplay onstage, some of it entertaining and some just repulsive. Olympia Dukakis makes a fine, lusty widow, and Michael Conrad is funny as a bloodthirsty sergeant, but the rest of the acting doesn't amount to much. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Pinter Plays—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. They are very well acted by Dana Elcar, John C. Becher, Henderson Forsythe, James Patterson, James Ray, and Patricia Roe. Alan Schneider directed. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A double bill. The more important half is a faithful and quite effective dramatization of key episodes from Joyce's novel. "The Barroom Monks," a sentimental yet also rather affecting first play by Joseph Carroll, deals with the encounter of an alcoholic priest and a young medical student who works as a bartender. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana; the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment; and the performances by all hands are considerably more than adequate. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Tenth of an Inch Makes the Difference—A couple of unpretentious and rather charming one-acters, the first set in India, the second in Japan, that Rolf Forsberg has fashioned from Buddhist fables. There is also a prologue in which a number of Chinese characters cheerfully act out Zen riddles and maxims. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 10. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 3. No performance Christmas.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Under Milk Wood and **Pullman Car Hiawatha**—A revival of Dylan Thomas's play, plus Thornton Wilder's one-act comedy, done professionally for the first time in New York. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Monday, Dec. 31.)

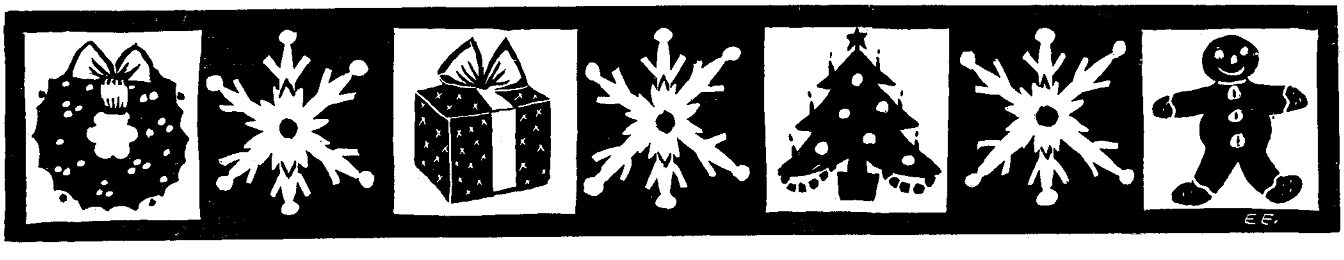
BALLET

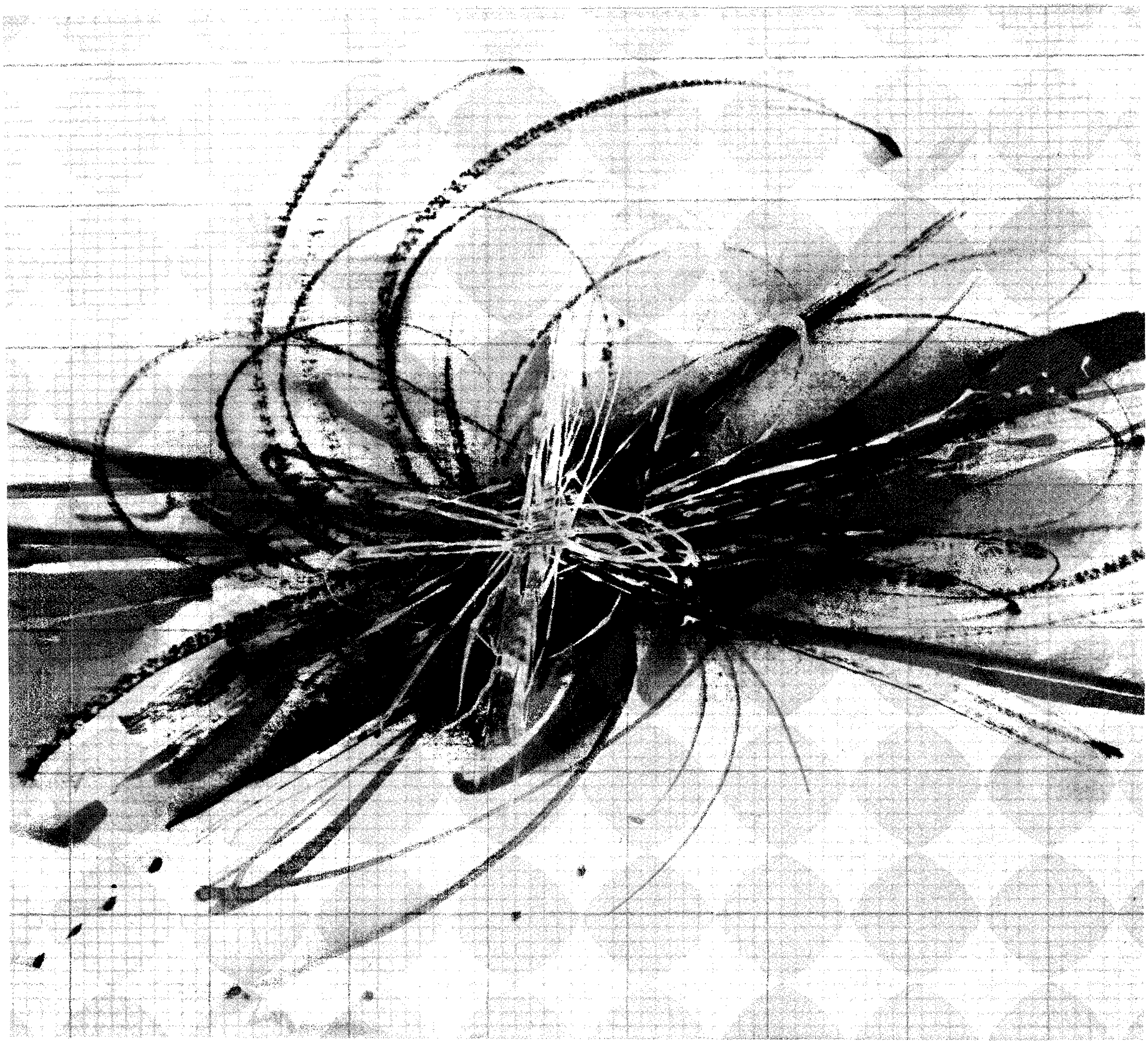
New York City Ballet—The final performances of an eighteen-day engagement of "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 5:30; Friday, Dec. 21, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 12:30 and 5:30; Christmas at 2:30; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec 26-27, at 11 and 4; Friday, Dec. 28, at 12:30 and 5:30; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 12:30 and 5:30; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Foo Hsing Theatre—A troupe of forty children from the Republic of China in a two-week return engagement that starts Monday, Dec. 24, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 5. A musical drama called "The Beautiful Bait" will be performed the first week. (Morosco, 45th St. west of Broadway. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays, Christmas, and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30.)

Les Poupées de Paris—A revue, for adults, of three-foot-tall puppets, originated in California (that's right) by Sid and Marty Krofft. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45 and 10:30. Extra performances nightly,





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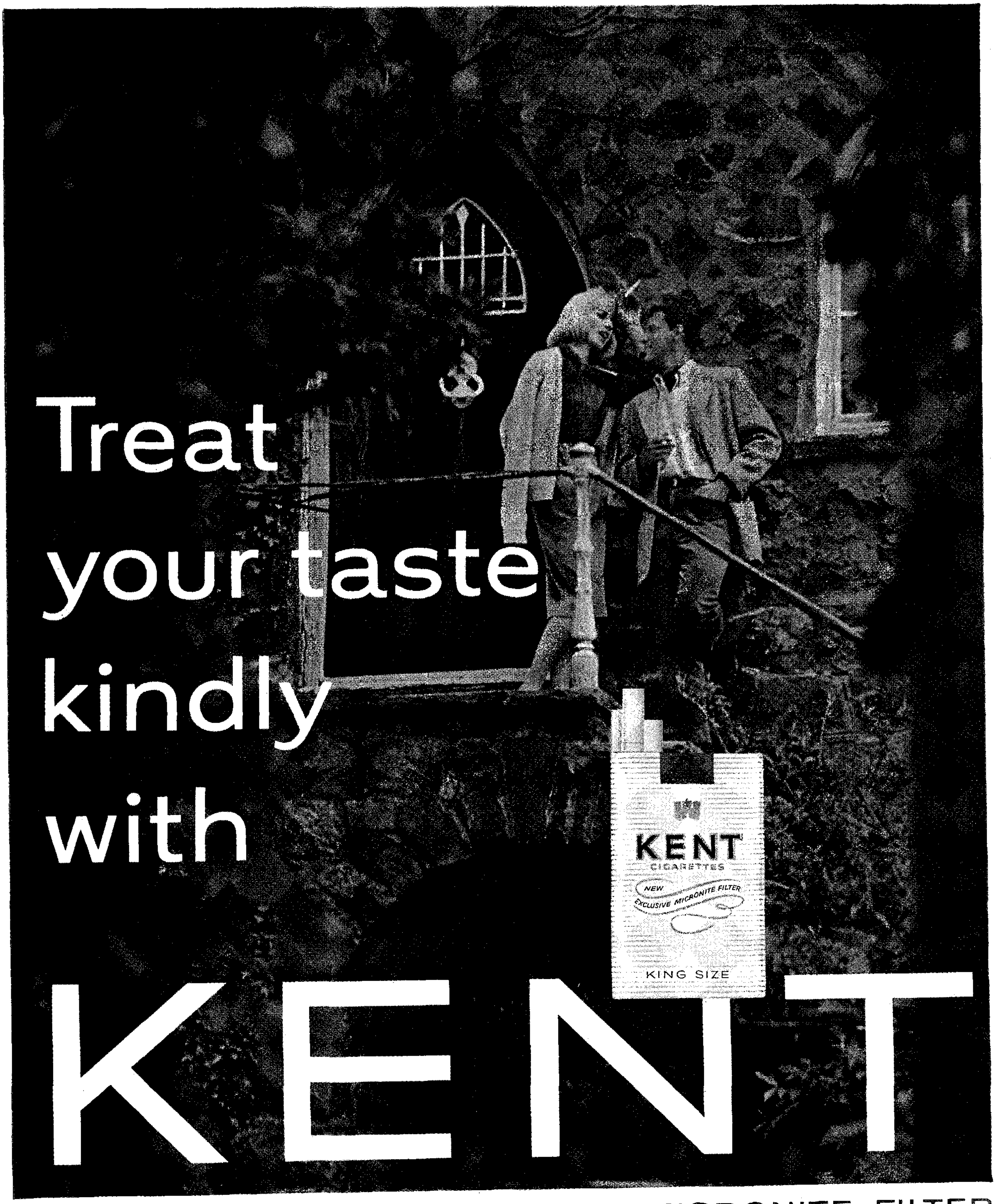
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except Thursday, Dec. 20, and Christmas Eve, at midnight.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—What should leap out of the Royal Box at Christmastime but the Royal Northwest Mounted Canadians of Guy Lombardo, fit as fiddles (which they have thoughtfully brought with them) and ready for the dance. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Not as old as Mme. Tussaud's gallery, but the waxworks exhibit of famous characters in history is amazingly lifelike, just the same. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra provide dance music for anyone who happens to get restless. The alcove called the Champagne Room, designed for immobile types, gets along with Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—New York, New York, it's a hell of a town, and here's a small cross-section, complete in painstaking detail. Roger Steele's small dance band lines up at ten-thirty alongside one of the smallest floors in captivity. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, where the only approved forms of athletics are circumspect dancing and circumspect table-hopping, is shared by Phil Wayne's peppery trio and the guitar of Renato Rossini, which knows the Riviera all the way from the Costa Brava to Sorrento. They give way on Mondays to another band.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Shirley Bassey, the lithe little Londoner in the Persian Room, is the happy medium through which any number of ranking ballads are communicated, mostly in a voice imbued with a fire that is under control. Emil Coleman's large band and Mark Monte's minute one perform for dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Every day but Monday, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven-thirty and nine-thirty.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The deer and the antelope still play on the range of the Grill, but now it's to the music of Jan Garber's orchestra, a real memory-book item. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Everybody sits above the salt in the perfectly preserved grand duchy of the Maisonette, where Peter Duchin's ample and fluent dance band has a night-long partridge-and-champagne picnic on the lawn. Ray Bari's group shares the bandstand. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... ¶ La Boite, a haven small enough to be engraved on the head of a fraternity pin, is full of richly inlaid peace and quiet even when piano and violin are cajoling the dinner and supper guests. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns is a greener pasture now that Ted Straeter, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, is again wintering his happy, heady dance band in a northern clime. Ray Hartley, the soloist of the hotel's Savoy Room, sits in at the piano between seven and eight; Arturo Arturos and his Latin trio sit in after that whenever the Straeters are at leisure. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... ¶ Mr. Hartley works the Savoy Room (from five to seven, and from eight to midnight) every night but Sunday with lots and lots of neatly turned keyboard.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two formal gardens that bloom only in the colder months: the ample Embassy Club (Gunnar Hansen's orchestra and Quintero's rumba buffs) and the tiny Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi's violin). Both gardens revert to the caretakers on Monday nights.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—There's dinner and supper dancing every night but Sunday in Peacock Alley, under the guidance of the trio assembled by Emile Petti, who arrives at five to provide canapés-and-vodka piano until eight.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The old grads of Louis (Goldie, that is) Hawkins' earlier clubhouses chatter side by side with the undergraduates of his present one, while the music plays on and on. The score runs like this: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper every day but Sunday, when the keys are given to Forrest Perrin.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine opera house when it's not busy being a Florentine *trattoria*. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. His resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night, and his dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays, and small wonder.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Plenty of water (and *vin du pays*) has flowed under the play drawbridge of this toyland since Norbert Faconi began circumnavigating the tables with his Casanova violin. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (q.v. *supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, Herman Honigsberg, a master among violins, and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays.... **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The "Tiber Rag" is what you'll hear from the musicians who course through these premises. They operate from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hardcore but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A rainless plain in Spain, to judge by the topography. The bill of fare and the music, which is Conrad Monjoy's piano, are midtown Manhattan, though. He's there from six to ten every night but Sunday.... **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): There's mountain music here, but it belongs to the Basque country, and so do Los Irúnaci, the five singers and instrumentalists who make it. Weekdays, there's dancing, too, for the patrons, and Sunday afternoons there's tea dancing from two to seven.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Make-believe Central Europe under a harvest moon, which calls for celebration by violin, zimbalon, and voice. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman legion is forever on the night march through this picturesque and lively residential area, but its only instruments of war are violins and accordions. Closed Sundays and Christmas. ... **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th

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St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unbridled *femme fatale* in her musical-comedy incarnations, is simply a docile housewife when she does her at-homes (songs, mostly) in this small efficiency apartment and dining room. An accordion or a piano talks in whispers whenever she's not front and center. Closed Christmas. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A few of the seats on this stock exchange are hereditary. Not very long after the market closes, George Feyer begins a lengthy evening of greeting-card piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti's piano beguiles, in European fashion, the hours between five and eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The gentle and dulcet Joan Bishop, who has the run of the piano in the Palm Court from five to eight-thirty, ends her current visit here on Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Vicky Autier, a French dessert with sauce enough for goose, gander, and everyone else, sings with airy grace in a Vienna that no one can find on the map. On Tuesday, Dec. 25, Mlle. Autier yields place to a segment of Israeli singers, thus proving that this Vienna really is a crossroads of the world. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The leisurely dinner hour from eight to one gets marginal notations by the guitar of José Luis Franco, who comes from the part of Spain where flamenco is the official language. Closed Christmas. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The moving target at the piano is Cal Bostic, who is carried almost away by the urge of his hippety-hop songs. His cheerfulness begins at ten. The rest of the amusers are young, eager, and amateur. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The guitar belonging to Gustavo Lopez is put to good use in the bar, which is part of the Hotel Stanhope, from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Nearly every member of the staff wears two hats—as waiter, as singer—and he'll spout snatches of opera at the drop of either one of them. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "The Venus Touch," a dream of fair women, comes twice a night to Donn Arden, a producer for whom the Garden of Eden remains evergreen. The wittiest of the young ladies (practically three dozen of them) is the fully clothed and accomplished Barbara Heller, who can make manic depression fun for one and all. A couple of superb European variety acts remind one that there are still men on earth; the duets of François Szony and Nancy Claire remind us that ballet can be beautiful. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Minsky's Follies" goes to a lot of trouble and noise to show us burlesque as it was, as it wasn't, and as it isn't today. It contains any number of young hoydens (female) just stepping out of the shower, and one old-line comic, Irving Benson, who simultaneously arouses blushes and peals of laughter. Closed only on Watch and Ward Society rally nights. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

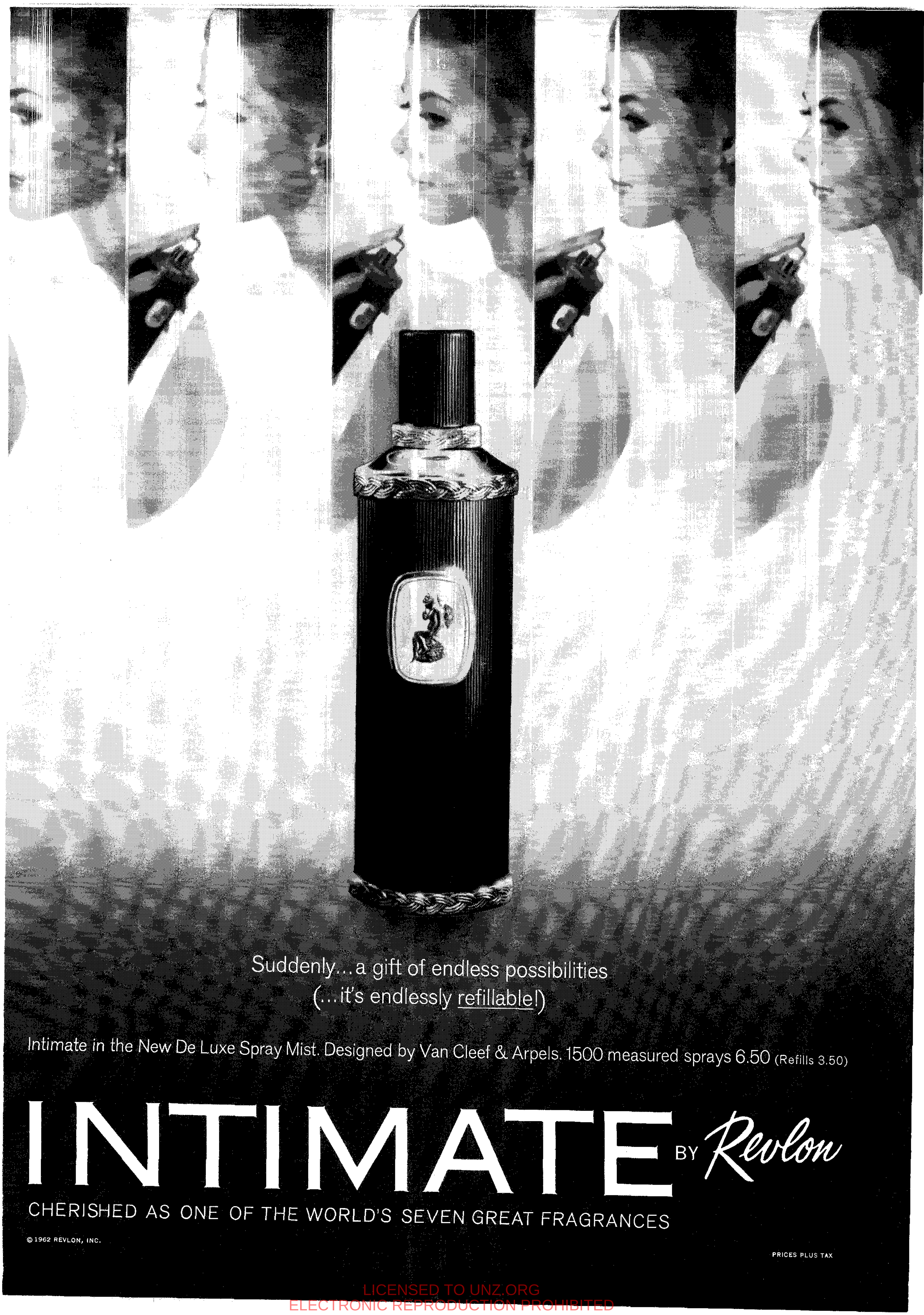
(No dancing, unless noted.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The required reading for a passing mark at Julius Monk's brand-new and decorative revue, "Dime a Dozen," is often between the lines allotted to his fleet *farceurs*—Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, Rex Robbins, Susan Browning, and a very recent arrival, Fredricka Weber, a swift girl graduate of earlier Monk charades. The music is two mighty Steinways plied by William Roy and Robert Colston. The work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday and Christmas Eve. . . . ¶ In the lounge, there's betweentimes piano by Carl Norman. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Bobby Short, one of the dawn's earliest and brightest lights, gets to his hot-potato piano and trio (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his sidekicks) soon after the theatre, and gets to his first ballad a moment later. Saturday is his night of ease. . . . ¶ In the back room, the four Highwaymen execute well-turned folk songs, Mark Russell's conversation serves as a highly editorial substitute for our daily papers, and Jerry Stiller and Ann Meara live, in the course of several skits, several lives of Reilly. On Sunday, Dec. 23, Mr. Russell gives way to Vaughn Meader, John F. Kennedy's newest—well, spokesman. Billy Rubenstein is now the house pianist. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): A group of dedicated and determined players, all first-rate (Zohra Lampert, Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, and Eugene Troobnick), are engaged in a revue without music, part prepared and part spur-of-the-moment, whose leading motto is "Don't spare the political war horses." Tuesdays, darkness prevails; the rest of the week the charade starts at eight-thirty and runs past midnight, except on Sundays, which have a three-o'clock matinée and an eight-thirty evening session. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Another revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented in a coffeehouse with theatre seats instead of tables. Its method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. The schedule: Thursday, Dec. 20, at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; Sundays at three and eight-thirty; and Monday, Dec. 24, and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, a crack regiment of Iberian foot, is wholly given over to prancing, dancing, and romancing—sports at which all hands are skilled. The customers, no slouches, are given equal time on the dance floor. The Sunday *thés dansants,* which replace the evening floor shows, are bacchanalian. . . . ¶ Off the bar is an alcove so tiny that thirty's a most matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Larry Adler's harmonica speaks volumes—of Bach as well as of banter—during a virtuoso performance; Herbie Mann's sextet has its hum-and-drum (oh, plenty of drum) mind on the Caribbean and Africa. The one girl in this man's world is Odetta, a clear and sincere exponent of the old, original form of folk music. Mondays are assigned to visiting performers. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mabel Mercer, surveying from her ivory tower the inchoate love life of us mortals, offers as remedy her songs of delight, her songs of consolation. Sam Hamilton, naturally, is her accompanist. Other times, the stage is occupied by Jimmie Daniels, the local *conférencier;* by Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, makers of manic music; and by a small revue. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The incumbent revue doesn't know whether it's a hymn to wit or a warehouse for clichés. It goes most smoothly when Cy Young is in action. Performances occur around ten and midnight on weekdays, three times on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays or Christmas. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): What began simply as a dispenser of *café noir* now blends it with feckless humor (Woody Allen, who has a carrousel mind) and songs of the people. On Wednesday, Dec. 26, the Tarriers, who have a lot of bounce to the ounce, will take on the second assignment. They are all off Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan are a-hooting and a-hollering their way through a frantic, antic, and even semantic tangle of words and music. This merriment is supplemented by Paul Winter's sextet, which recently did a bit of logrolling on the White House lawn in favor of *bossa nova.* An extra session meets on Sundays



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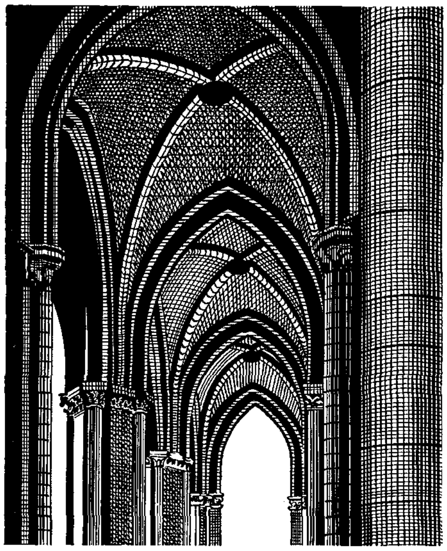

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): A Christmas homecoming and reunion—of Count Basie's big band and his wandering boy, the blues-singing Joe Williams—is in progress. The lectures delivered by Nipsy Russell, a sometime thing in the field of wit, have nothing to do with keeping New York clean. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris and his acolytes—Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell among them—are expounding, very much out loud, their version of ancient history. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The sound barrier that can stop Wild Bill Davison's horn is still but a figment. Grouped around him are such fellow-primitives as Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, Buster Bailey, Buzzy Drootin, and Willie Wayman. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The big noise is Lionel Hampton's band, which differs from Ringling Brothers only in that it doesn't play under canvas, or wraps, either. On Friday, Dec. 21, Gene Krupa's band will start patrolling the beat in its stead. Guest performers take up the cudgels (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays. . . . ¶ Saturday nights, there's Twist music, and the catatonic calisthenics that go with it, upstairs in the haymow. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie imbues his monologues and his quintet with jokes that are partly private stock and partly open to the public. Dinah Washington, a noble sort of monument, does the singing. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Art Farmer, who's reconstructed his music to incorporate Jim Hall's guitar, takes his quartet away with him on Sunday, Dec. 23. On Tuesday, Dec. 25, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn do the homing-pigeon act with their fivesome. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): An old Condon alumnus, Tony Parenti, is now head man. His quintet, which is in the Condon tradition, has Sammy Price, another local alumnus, on piano. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The sound of Muzak issues from the trio of Ahmad Jamal, one of the occupants of the podium overlooking a permanent convention. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. Closed Christmas. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A lot of hard work goes into the music of the Lee Evans trio, and that's about all that comes out of it. Frances Thompson does easygoing music between sets. No action Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Extracurricular weekend courses in the music of our forefathers. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, it should emanate from Jo Jones, Edmond Hall, Eddie Barefield, Conrad Janis, Pee Wee Erwin, Red Richards, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas. Some, as indicated, will be closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

LEIF ANDERSEN—Figures and city scenes; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. Closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

EUGENIE BAIZERMAN (1899-1949)—Oils, water colors, and drawings; through Jan. 5. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

LUDWIG BEMELMANS—Gouaches from two books, "On Board Noah's Ark" and "Marina," by this artist who died in October; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

RONALD BLADEN—Relief paintings; through Jan. 5. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-98)—Seacoast and harbor scenes by the French painter; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Thaw, 50 E. 78th St.)

CARLYLE BROWN—Still-lifes and figures; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

LEONARDO CREMONINI—Figures, landscapes, and animals by an Italian painter; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

JEAN DAVIDSON—Cityscapes, landscapes, and portraits; through Sunday, Dec. 23. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 5, and Friday through Sunday evenings until 10.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—*Oils, gouaches,* and drawings by this Paris modern; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

URSULA FÖRSTER—Bronzes by a young German sculptor; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS—Paintings and drawings by the French cartoonist. First one-man show in New York; through Jan. 8. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

JAMES GILL—Figure paintings and drawings; through Jan. 5. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

WILLIAM GROPPER—Pastels and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

RAOUL HAGUE—Abstract carvings in wood; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to noon and 2 to 6.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Gouaches and drawings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through Jan. 5. (Amel, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

BEATE HULBECK—Collages and gouaches; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

KARL KNATHS—A twenty-year retrospective of paintings, mainly on Cape Cod themes; through Jan. 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

WIFREDO LAM—Paintings by a Cuban artist living in Italy; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

CONRAD MARCA-RELLI—Collages in vinyl plastic and other materials; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES—A memorial exhibition of her works, dating from pre-1938 worsted pictures to her last finished painting, "Rainbow;" through Saturday, Dec. 29. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Abstract Expressionist oils and collages; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JAN MÜLLER—Previously unexhibited paintings done by this Expressionist from 1955 until his death in 1958; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

WALTER MURCH—Still-lifes; through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

DAVID PARK—Water-color figure paintings, the last ones done by this California artist before he died in 1960; through Jan. 12. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—A show entitled "Portraits and Models;" through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PICASSO—A group of new linoleum cuts (heads, figures, and still-lifes) being shown here for the first time; through Jan. 5. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN PIPER—This English artist is exhibiting a model of the baptistry window of the new cathedral at Coventry, and original designs and cartoons for it; through Jan. 5. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

LARRY RIVERS—"Paris and After, 1961-62," paintings; through Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

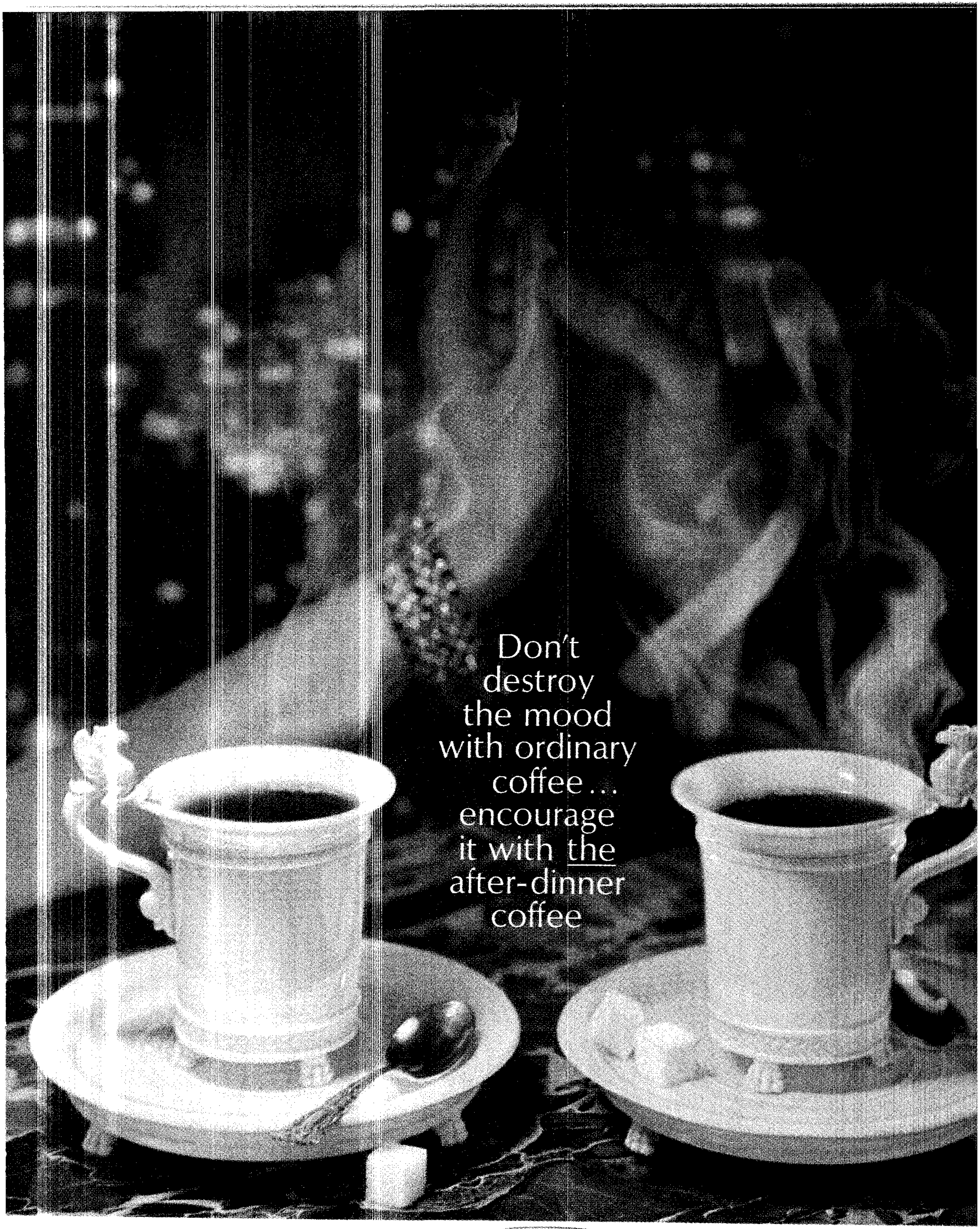
FRANK ROTH—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES SELIGER—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN TINGUELY—Radio sculptures by this Paris artist; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

SOL WILSON—Drawings of landscapes, cityscapes, and seascapes, with figures; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

DRAWINGS—At the **BALIN-TRAUBE**, 11 E. 74th St.: Works by American painters and sculptors, including Earl Kerkam, David Smith, and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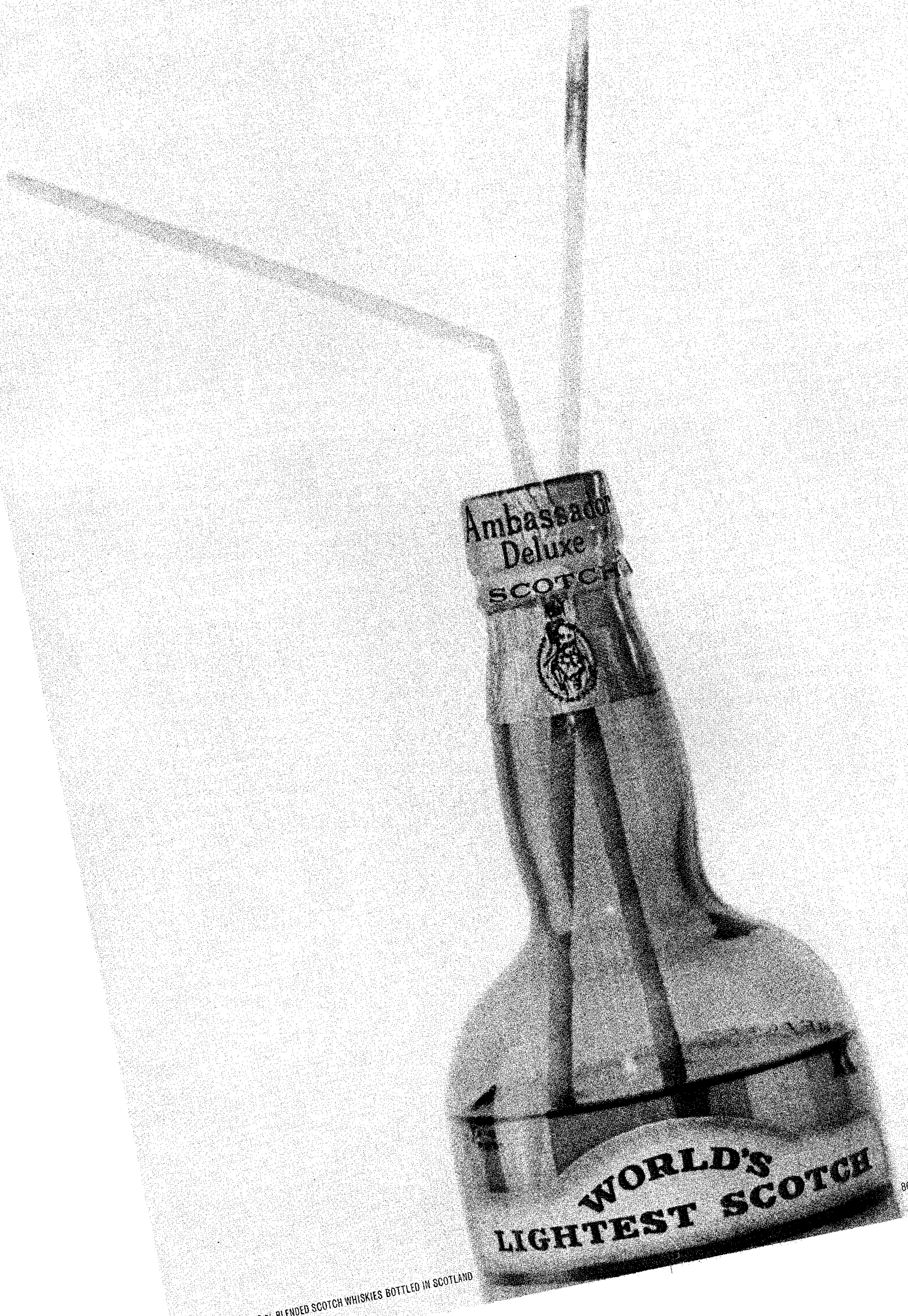
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Esteban Vicente; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8:30.) . . . **BRANDT**, 11 E. 57th St.: Master drawings by (for instance) Bronzino, Giovanni di Bologna, and Carrachi; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Closed Monday, Dec. 24.). . . **FRUMKIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: Landscapes, figures, and fantasy by Leon Golub, Philip Pearlstein, Mondrian, and other Americans and Europeans; through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: European examples principally, by such artists as Dubuffet, Klee, and Morandi; through Jan. 12.

SCULPTURE/INTERNATIONAL—Pieces by, among others, Marino Marini, Louise Nevelson, and Alfonso Ossorio; through Jan. 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays and Wednesday morning, Dec. 26.)

SCULPTURES AND MANUSCRIPTS—Medieval and Renaissance sculptures by Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others, together with thirty illuminated manuscripts, most of them fifteenth-century Italian; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

PRIMITIVE SCULPTURES—At the **EMMERICH**, 17 E. 64th St.: "Coptic Stone Sculpture," an exhibition consisting largely of stone sculptures and bas-reliefs of the Early Christian and Late Archaic Period of Egypt, circa 250-650 A.D.; through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . **SEGY**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: "Sculpture from the Congo," containing objects in wood, ivory, bronze, and the like used in religio-magical rituals before the European influence was felt; through Feb. 2. (Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30. Closed Monday, Dec. 24.)

CHRISTMAS SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures ($100 to $500) by the gallery group; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Open Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.: Framed etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts ($25 to $750) by, for instance, Georges Rouault, Kaethe Kollwitz, and Johnny Friedlaender; through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . **CAMINO**, 89 E. 10th St.: The gallery artists, including Anneli Arms, Elaine de Kooning, and Philip Held, in a showing of small paintings and drawings ($75 and up); through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.). . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Paintings and sculptures ($25 and up) by Sam Middleton, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and others; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30.) . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures ($50 and up) by Philip Evergood, Antonio Frasconi, and Robert Gwathmey (to mention a few); through Jan. 5. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: The thirty-seventh annual Christmas show, consisting of paintings, sculptures, and drawings ($50 to $2,500) by such artists as Arthur G. Dove, John Marin, and Ben Shahn; through Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . **GALERÍA SUDAMERICANA**, 10 E. 8th St.: Works in various mediums ($5 to $500) by contemporary Latin-American artists; through Dec. 31. (Open Friday evenings until 9:30.). . . **GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures, collages, and drawings ($100 and up) by American and European sculptors; through Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Eric Sloane, Chen Chi, and Ned Hoffman are among the contributors to an exhibit of oils, water colors, sculptures, and portraits ($100 to $2,500); through Jan. 15. (Closed Monday, Dec. 24.) . . . **GRIPPI**, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Oils, water colors, drawings, small sculptures, and prints ($10 and up) by James Kearns, Peter Paone, Roger Prince, and others; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Closed Monday, Dec. 24.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Harry Crowley, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and August Mosca are three of the artists with paintings ($150 to $2,500) on view; through Jan. 5. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: Participants in a showing of works in a variety of mediums (under $100) include Haim Mendelson, Sylvia Lowen, and Yolande Fusco; through Friday, Dec. 28. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **EAST HAMPTON GALLERY**, 22 W. 56th St.: "Painting, Ten Years Ago," a survey of pieces by nearly fifty artists, among them Adolph Gottlieb, Willem de Kooning, and Franz Kline; through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . **GORDON'S FIFTH AVENUE GALLERY**, 68 Fifth Ave., at 13th St.: John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary, and Jim Dine are three of the artists represented in a predominantly American showing of small paintings and sculptures; through Dec. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.). . . **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: A dozen canvases (by, among others, Blakelock, Twachtman, and Hassam) on loan from the Engineers' Club, the Lotus Club, The Players, and the Salmagundi Club; through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by the gallery group, including Leon Kroll, Ogden Pleissner, and Xavier Gonzalez; through Jan. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Reginald Pollack, Tobias Schneebaum, Morris Brose, and others; through Jan. 12. (Closed Monday, Dec. 24.) . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: From a period covering three decades, five paintings apiece by Milton Resnick, Lee Krasner, and a half-dozen more artists, plus sculptures by Michael Lekakis; through Jan. 12.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century artists, including Lucas Cranach the Younger, Lawrence Alma-Tadema, and Winslow Homer; through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Morris Louis, Antoni Tàpies, Sam Francis, and other painters; through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays and Wednesday morning, Dec. 26.). . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Small works (constructions, paintings, needlework, and collages) by Harry Dix, Sue Fuller, Robert Partin, Dana Romalo, and Mimmo Rotella; through Saturday, Dec. 29.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century French painters as Gauguin, Cézanne, and Picasso; through Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French moderns, including Raoul Dufy, Buffet, and Vlaminck, in a show of oils and water colors; through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Botticelli, Tintoretto, and Rembrandt are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "The Painter as Historian," made up of mythological, religious, and secular paintings of the fifteenth century to the nineteenth. A joint benefit for the Alliance Française de New York and the French-American Atlantique Association. Through Feb. 2.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Stone Guest: Dialogues Between Persons and Statuary," a showing of prints, drawings, and photographs on the colloquy between Aristotle and the bust of Homer and other encounters between people and sculpture; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Nineteen drawings executed by John Singleton Copley after he left Boston in 1774 and settled in London. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils, water colors, and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist Arshile Gorky, who died in 1948, at the age of forty-four; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ An exhibit of recently acquired paintings and sculptures by, for example, Braque, Epstein, and Rivers; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—As a special holiday feature, Jan Mostaert's "The Adoration of the Magi," lent by the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, is being shown for the first time in this country; through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Muslim miniature paintings chosen from major American

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collections; through Feb. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Thirteenth- to fifteenth-century manuscript illustrations, about seventy in all, from the private collection of Georges Wildenstein, in Paris; through March 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Neapolitan paintings by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artists, including Batistello Caracciolo, Salvator Rosa, and Corrado Giaquinto; through Feb. 10. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Jan. 20. (Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Old Master Drawings from Chatsworth," an exhibit of a hundred and fourteen works on loan from the collection of the Duke of Devonshire; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Nativity," thirty illuminated manuscripts depicting scenes relating to the birth of Christ; through Jan. 14. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Tapestries, woven and metal fabrics, vases, and so forth, chosen in regional competitions, by artist-draftsmen residing in the North Central and South Central areas of the United States; through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, except Christmas, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—African and other primitive sculptures, lent by John and Dominique de Menil; through Feb. 10. (Tuesdays, except Christmas, through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by Maurice Golubov, Anna Walinska, Lily Ente, and seven other contemporary artists; through Jan. 6. (Daily, except Christmas, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1962 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings, an invitation show, includes items by Joseph Cornell, Hugo Robus, Philip Guston, and a hundred and sixty-one others; through Feb. 3. (Daily, except Christmas, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lisa Della Casa, Teresa Stratas, Jerome Hines, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, and Calvin Marsh. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Margaret Roggero, George Shirley, Robert Merrill, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Hertha Töpper, Anneliese Rothenberger, Otto Edelmann, Ralph Herbert, and Sándor Kónya. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Anna Moffo, Teresa Stratas, Blanche Thebom, Nicolai Gedda, George London, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 24, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Farrell and Richard Tucker; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Umberto Borsó, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, George London, Jan Peerce, Fernando Corena, and Roald Reitan. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 8: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Norman Mittelmann, and Giorgio Tozzi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Mignon Dunn, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 28, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lucine Amara, Helen Vanni, Karl Liebl, Otto Edelmann, Karl Dönch, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Anna Moffo, Nicolai Gedda, George London, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8: The Metropolitan's first presentation of Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Gianna d'Angelo, Kerstin Meyer, and Jess Thomas. (A non-subscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Lorin Maazel conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 21, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3.) On Monday, Dec. 24, the orchestra starts a brief vacation, resuming its concerts on Thursday, Jan. 3.

Doctors' Orchestral Society of New York—Norman Masonson conducting, with a ballet company. (Stuyvesant High School, First Ave. at 15th St. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Christmas Eve Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program, with Jaime Laredo and Michael Tree, violin; David Soyer, cello; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Robert Conant, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Nancy Williams, contralto; Paul Solem, tenor; and David Clatworthy, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Renaissance Chorus of New York—Harold Brown directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8:30, and Monday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

The Play of Daniel—The first four in a series of eight performances of a twelfth-century musical drama, presented by the New York Pro Musica, with a choir of boys and men; John Westbrook, narrator; Charles Bressler, tenor; Gordon Myers, baritone; Brayton Lewis, bass; and others. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 29, at 3:30 and 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-7460.)

Note—On Thursday, Dec. 20, at 5:30, the University Glee Club of New York City, directed by John L. Baldwin, Jr., will present a concert of Christmas music in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree.

RECITALS

Haydn-Mozart Concerts—The second in a series of six concerts, this one played by members of the Beaux-Arts String Quartet, with Samuel Baron, flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

International Society for Contemporary Music—The second in a series of six programs, this one devoted to the music of, among others, Mario Davidovsky, Richard Swift, and Arthur Berger, performed by Antonia Lavanne, soprano; Howard Lebow, piano; Robert Sylvester, cello; the Carnegie String Quartet; and the New York Woodwind Quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

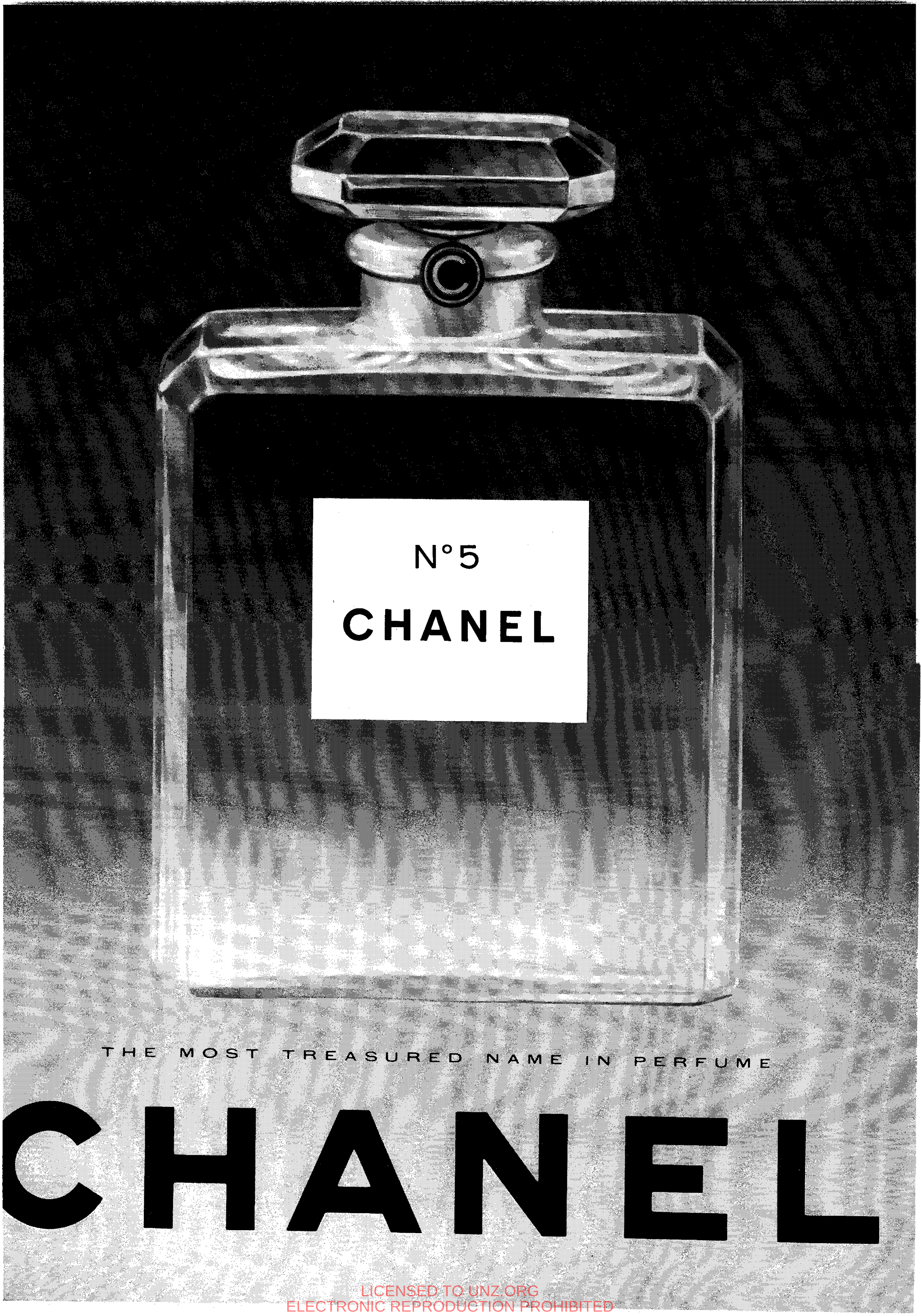
Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Bach programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Fritz Kreisler Memorial Concert—Violinists Erica Morini, Nathan Milstein, Zino Francescatti, and Isaac Stern in a joint appearance, with the Juilliard String Quartet and an or-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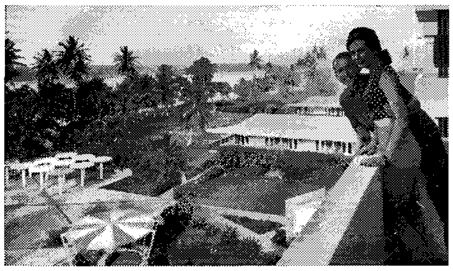

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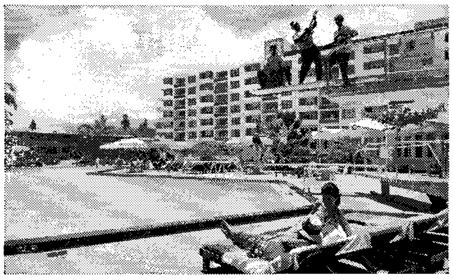

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chestra of twenty. A benefit for the Musicians Emergency Fund. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.)

BLACK NATIVITY—A one-week engagement of Langston Hughes' Christmas gospel-song play. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday and Monday, Dec. 23-24, at 8:30; Tuesday, Dec. 25, at 2:30 and 8:30; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Ornette Coleman, with a quartet and two trios, in a program of his own compositions. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.). . . ¶ The Modern Jazz Quartet and a new band called Orchestra U.S.A. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Dec. 25, at 6:30: San Francisco vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Syracuse. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco.

BOXING—Rubin Carter vs. Gomeo Brennan, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 22. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 23, at 7: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 27, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "Cinderella," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2:30.) . . . **OPERA FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:** Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano, with assisting artists. "The Magic Flute," Wednesday, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Thursday, Dec. 27. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Afternoons at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

RECITAL—Leon Bibb in a program of folk songs. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:30.)

CIRCUS AND HOLIDAY FESTIVAL—The Clyde Beatty and Cole Brothers circus (performances Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2, 4, and 6:30), plus a puppet theatre, side shows, carnival rides, a monkey speedway, and whatnot. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. CO 5-1299. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 10; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.; and Sundays, 1 to 9. Through Tuesday, Jan. 1.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Saturday, Dec. 22, and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 1 and 3.). . . **EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE:** "The Stone Tower." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 26-28, at 2:30.) . . . **GUSSY COMPANY:** "Gussy, the 3-String Guitar." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 1 and 2:30; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 11 and 1:30; and Monday, Dec. 24, and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 1 and 2:30.). . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Babes in Toyland." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday, Dec. 22, through Saturday, Dec. 29, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30.). . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturday, Dec. 22, and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 1, 2:30, and 4.). . . **MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS:** "Celestial Elephant" and "1, 2, 3, Follow Me," Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2. . . . ¶ "Celestial Elephant" and "Cakewalk," Friday, Dec. 28, at 2. . . . ¶ "Ballet Charades," "Celestial Elephant," and "1, 2, 3, Follow Me," Saturday, Dec. 29, at 11. (Junior High School No. 44,

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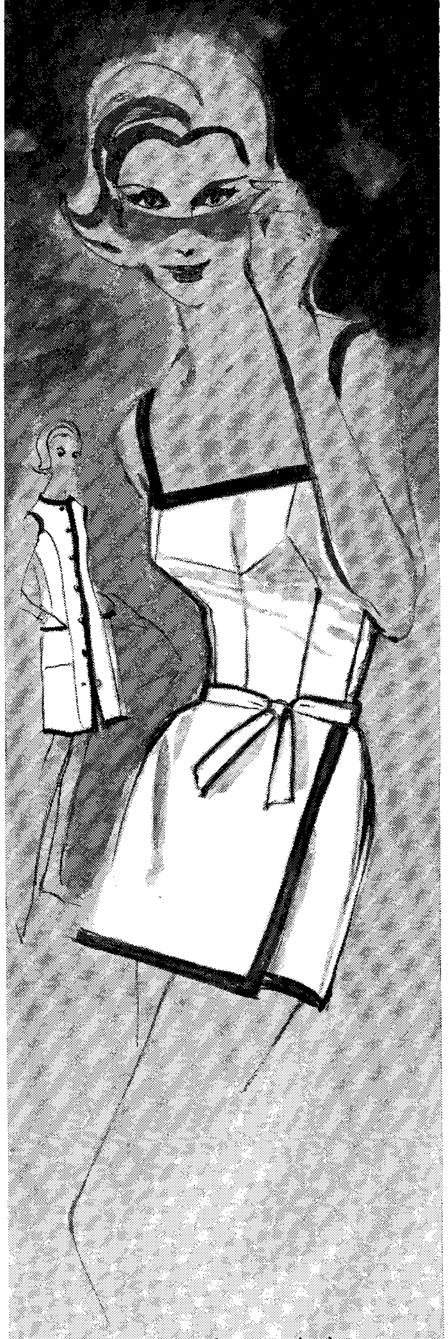

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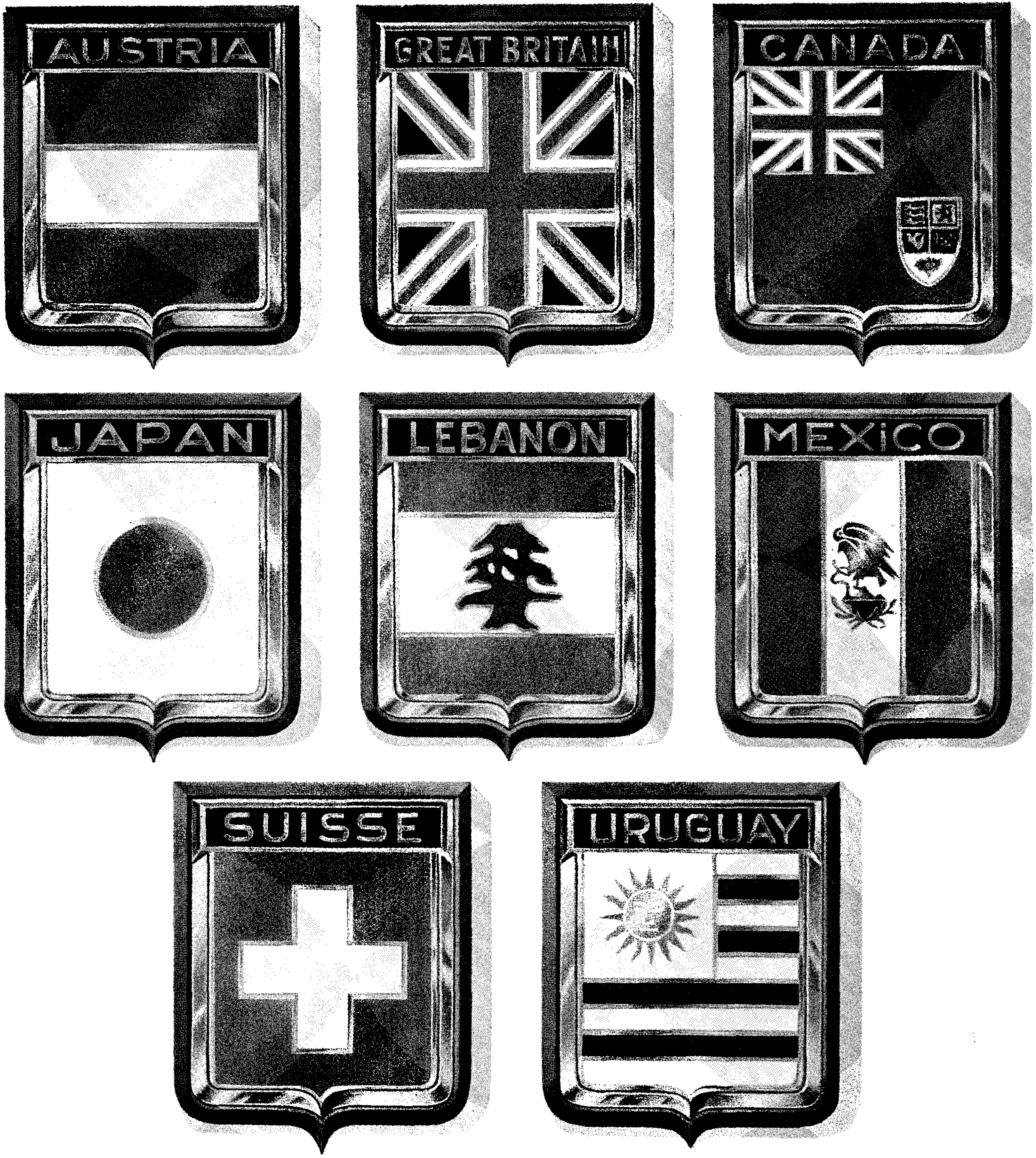

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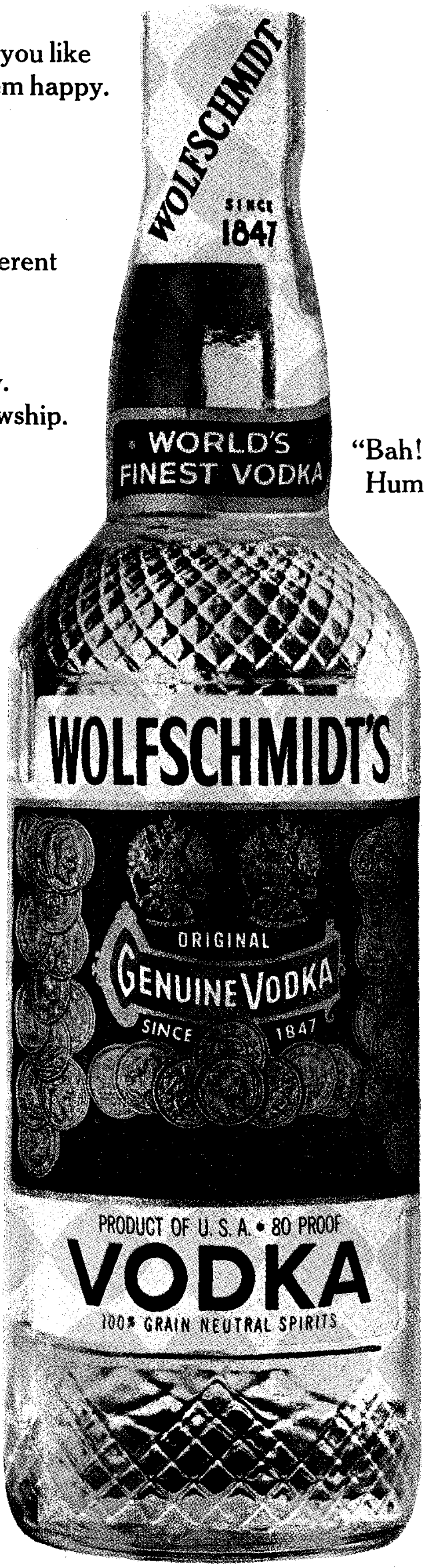
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Columbus Ave. at 77th St. For tickets, call EN 9-4413.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30, and Monday through Friday, Dec. 24-28, at 2.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer," Saturday, Dec. 22, and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 1:30. "Heidi," Saturday, Dec. 22, at 3; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 1; and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 11:30 and 3. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609.) . . ¶ "Topsy Turvy Town." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 1 and 3; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 1; and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 1 and 3.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 1 and 3; Christmas at 3; and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 1 and 3.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Pinocchio." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 1; and Monday, Dec. 24, and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "A Christmas Carnival." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 11.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturday through Monday, Dec. 22-24, and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 1 and 3.) . . . **THEATRE OF THE LITTLE HAND:** "Punch and Judy" and "The Magic Box." (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 3:30; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 12:30; Monday, Dec. 24, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30; and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Robin Hood." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 11 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology–Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings of Bible stories by children from many countries; through Jan. 18. (Daily, except Saturday, Dec. 29, from 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "On a Midnight Clear," tells the story of the Christmas star; through Jan. 2. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 20-21, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 22, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 23, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2, and 3:30; Christmas at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon. A benefit for the Open Door Child Care Center. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Thursday, Dec. 27, at 10.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, will be open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every weekday, starting on Saturday, Dec. 22, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, Dec. 21), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Monday, Dec. 24, and Christmas. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 23-25.

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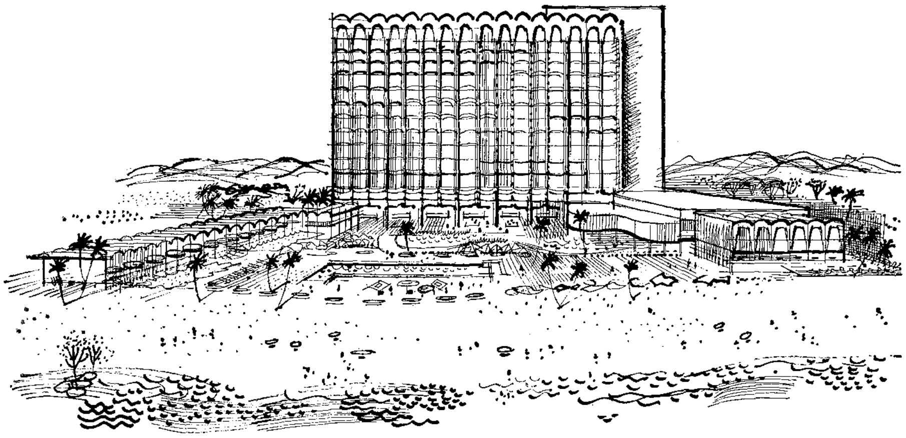

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Advise and Consent—Otto Preminger's smooth melodrama about political life in an imaginary city called Washington, D.C. Superlative acting by a passel of attractive stars. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 24.)

Divorce–Italian Style—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a delectable cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a brilliant farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Electra—A notably ill-behaved girl is shown here as never having had a chance to behave in any other fashion. Irene Papas is suitably sombre as Electra, and the Greek setting is harsh and ravishing. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Lawrence of Arabia—A rendering, in scenes of extraordinary natural beauty, of T. E. Lawrence's famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle, and the director is David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturday through Wednesday, Dec. 22-26, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Letter That Was Never Sent—Geologists in search of diamonds in the Siberian wilderness discover that nature is both innocent and murderous, and therefore hard to outwit. A Russian picture, exquisitely photographed. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Dec. 25, tentative.)

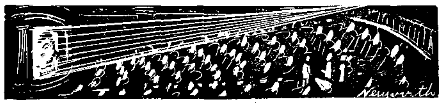
The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—An English tragicomedy whose hero looks and behaves like a very young D. H. Lawrence. Thanks to the director, Tony Richardson, this proves to be a highly attractive state of working-class affairs. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Dec. 24.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—An overly reverent, unevenly acted film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. Reserved seats Thursday and Friday, Dec. 20-21, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 22-23, at 1, 4:30, and 8:30. Unreserved seats for matinées on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 20-21, at 1 and 4. . . . ¶ Starting Monday, Dec. 24, continuous showings.)

The Longest Day—Darryl Zanuck's conscientious reconstruction of D Day, which, for all its three hours' juggling with life and death, is never very moving. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Christmas at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Manchurian Candidate—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. Sinatra is marvellous as the good American who makes everything come right in the end. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Dec. 25.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian and Trevor Howard as Captain Bligh in a high-flown rendering of a tale that used to be about good men and bad but that now concerns the class struggle, sex, and other Hollywood commonplaces. The sea scenes are stupendous. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday through Wednesday, Dec. 22-26, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)



Phaedra—Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins in a fascinating modern-dress version of a durable Greek tale about how not to keep peace in the family. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Dec. 25. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 26, tentative.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight—Anthony Quinn in a flawless portrayal of an undefeated pug. Very nearly equal in brilliance are Jackie Gleason, Julie Harris, and Mickey Rooney. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 25.)

Sundays and Cybele—A young French war veteran who has lost his memory and a child who has lost her family become friends and might someday be more than friends, but the world blunderingly intervenes, to the ruin of all their hopes. Sad and beautiful, and more beautiful than sad. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

West Side Story—*Lots of young men in tight* pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and 5:15; Sundays and Monday, Dec. 24, at 2:30; and Christmas and Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Anna Karenina (1935)—The Garbo triumph, which Tolstoy had something to do with, and in which the lady is escorted by Basil Rathbone and Fredric March. (Griffith, 215 W. 45th, CI 7-3513; Dec. 20.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 24.)

At the Circus (1939)—Disappointing, since it's a Marx Brothers affair, and for the loyal only. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 24-25.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 20.)

The Big Deal (1960)—From Italy comes this takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 25.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers again, this time taking over a department store. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 22-23.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Griffith, 215 W. 45th, CI 7-3513; starting Dec. 21, evening performances only.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 23-25, tentative.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 20.)

Easter Parade (1948)—Music by Irving Berlin and dancing by Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Ann Miller. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 22-23.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 24.)

Go West (1941)—Still more Marx Brothers, here interpreting life on the wild plains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 21.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 20.)

Lover Come Back (1962)—A comedy about the deplorable behavior of account executives on Madison Avenue and the unsteady course of their untrue loves. It stars Rock Hudson and Doris Day. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; Dec. 20.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 21-23.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; Dec. 20.)

Night Must Fall (1937)—A murder sketch, with Robert Montgomery as a lurking assassin, and Dame May Whitty as a victim. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 21.)

One, Two, Three (1961)—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in a comedy about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 22, tentative.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A portrait of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 24, tentative.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Dec. 23.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Dec. 23.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Dec. 26.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Dec. 20, at 8: "The Story of Louis Pasteur" (1936), with Paul Muni and Josephine Hutchinson. . . . ¶ Three programs in a series called "Swedish Films, 1909-1957." Dec. 20: "Prison" (1949), directed by Ingmar Bergman. Dec. 21-22: "Girl and Hyacinths" (1950), with Eva Henning; no English titles. Starting Dec. 23: "Rhythm of a City" (1947) and "The Great Adventure" (1955), both directed by Arne Sucksdorff. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Monday, Dec. 24, when there will be just one showing, at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1. The Museum will be closed on Christmas.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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23	24	25	26			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Dec. 24: "Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.
From Dec. 25: "Taras Bulba," Tony Curtis, Yul Brynner.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Christmas at 2 and 5:15, and Sundays; Monday, Dec. 24; and Wednesday, Dec. 26; at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

De Mille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano. (Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Dec. 21, continuous showings.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Dec. 23: "It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott.
From Dec. 24: "Who's Got the Action?," Dean Martin, Lana Turner.

Griffith, 215 W. 45th. (CI 7-3513)
Dec. 20: **ANNA KARENINA,** revival; and "Red Dust," revival, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow.
From Dec. 21 (evening performances only): **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "The Jazz Singer," revival, Al Jolson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Jumbo," Doris Day, Stephen Boyd.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Great Chase," a film made up of excerpts from old movies featuring Lillian Gish, Buster Keaton, Douglas Fairbanks, and such.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Dec. 20: **LOVER COME BACK,** revival; and "Come September," revival, Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida.
From Dec. 21: "In Search of the Castaways," Maurice Chevalier, Hayley Mills.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Dec. 20: "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley.
From Dec. 21: "The Password Is Courage," Dirk Bogarde, Maria Perschy.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Dec. 20: "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.
From Dec. 21: "The Lion," William Holden, Trevor Howard.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 26 (tentative): "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Dec. 20: "Imitation of Life," revival, Lana Turner, John Gavin; and "Written on the Wind," revival, Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall.
From Dec. 21: "Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath; and "The Young Guns of Texas," Jim Mitchum, Jody McCrea.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 25: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT;** and **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival.
From Dec. 26: **PHAEDRA.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Dec. 20: **THE MOON IS BLUE,** revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.
From Dec. 21: "Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Dec. 25: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE;** and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
Dec. 26: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Dec. 23: "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.
From Dec. 24: "Who's Got the Action?," Dean Martin, Lana Turner.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"No Exit," Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Dec. 20: **ROMAN HOLIDAY,** revival; and **SABRINA,** revival.
Dec. 21-25: "Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath; and "The Young Guns of Texas," Jim Mitchum, Jody McCrea.
From Dec. 26: "It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott; and "Shootout at Big Sag," Walter Brennan.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SUNDAYS AND CYBELE (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Dec. 25: **PHAEDRA.**
From Dec. 26: "David and Lisa," Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Dec. 20: "Candide" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Pierre Brasseur; and "The Shoes," a short film with Buddy Hackett.
From Dec. 21: "The Lion," William Holden, Trevor Howard.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), Ludmila Tcherina.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
"Freud," Montgomery Clift, Susannah York.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ELECTRA (in Greek).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Theatre closed.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Great Chase," a film made up of excerpts from old movies featuring Lillian Gish, Buster Keaton, Douglas Fairbanks, and such.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 24: "Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.
From Dec. 25: "Taras Bulba," Tony Curtis, Yul Brynner.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Dec. 20: "Imitation of Life," revival, Lana Turner, John Gavin; and "Written on the Wind," revival, Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall.
From Dec. 21: "Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath; and "The Young Guns of Texas," Jim Mitchum, Jody McCrea.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 23: **ROMAN HOLIDAY,** revival; and **SABRINA,** revival.
From Dec. 24: "It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott; and "Shootout at Big Sag," Walter Brennan.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 20: **CITIZEN KANE,** revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.
Dec. 21-23: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT,** revival; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.
From Dec. 24: **THE GOLD RUSH,** revival; and **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 22: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
From Dec. 23: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 24 (tentative): **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and "Mr. Arkadin," Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave.
From Dec. 25 (tentative): "Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Dec. 24: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.**
From Dec. 25: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 23: **ROMAN HOLIDAY,** revival; and **SABRINA,** revival.
From Dec. 24: "It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott; and "Shootout at Big Sag," Walter Brennan.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 22 (tentative): **ONE, TWO, THREE,** revival; and "Sweet Bird of Youth," revival, Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.
Dec. 23-25 (tentative): **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,** revival; and "Summer and Smoke," revival, Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.
From Dec. 26 (tentative): **PHAEDRA.**

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Reluctant Saint," Maximilian Schell, Ricardo Montalban.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Dec. 23: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.**
From Dec. 24 (tentative): "The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna, Gary Raymond.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Dec. 20: **ROMAN HOLIDAY,** revival; and **SABRINA,** revival.
From Dec. 21: "Arturo's Island" (in Italian), Reginald Kernan.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Eclipse" (in Italian), Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Dec. 26 (tentative): "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 23: **ROMAN HOLIDAY,** revival; and **SABRINA,** revival.
From Dec. 24: "It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott; and "Shootout at Big Sag," Walter Brennan.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 21: **NIGHT MUST FALL,** revival; and **GO WEST,** revival.
Dec. 22-23: **THE BIG STORE,** revival; and **EASTER PARADE,** revival.
Dec. 24-25: **AT THE CIRCUS,** revival; and "Red Dust," revival, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow.
From Dec. 26: **THE THIN MAN,** revival; and "A Free Soul," revival, Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 24: **ADVISE AND CONSENT;** and "The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Alberto Sordi.
From Dec. 25: "Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum; and "The Proper Time," Tom Laughlin.

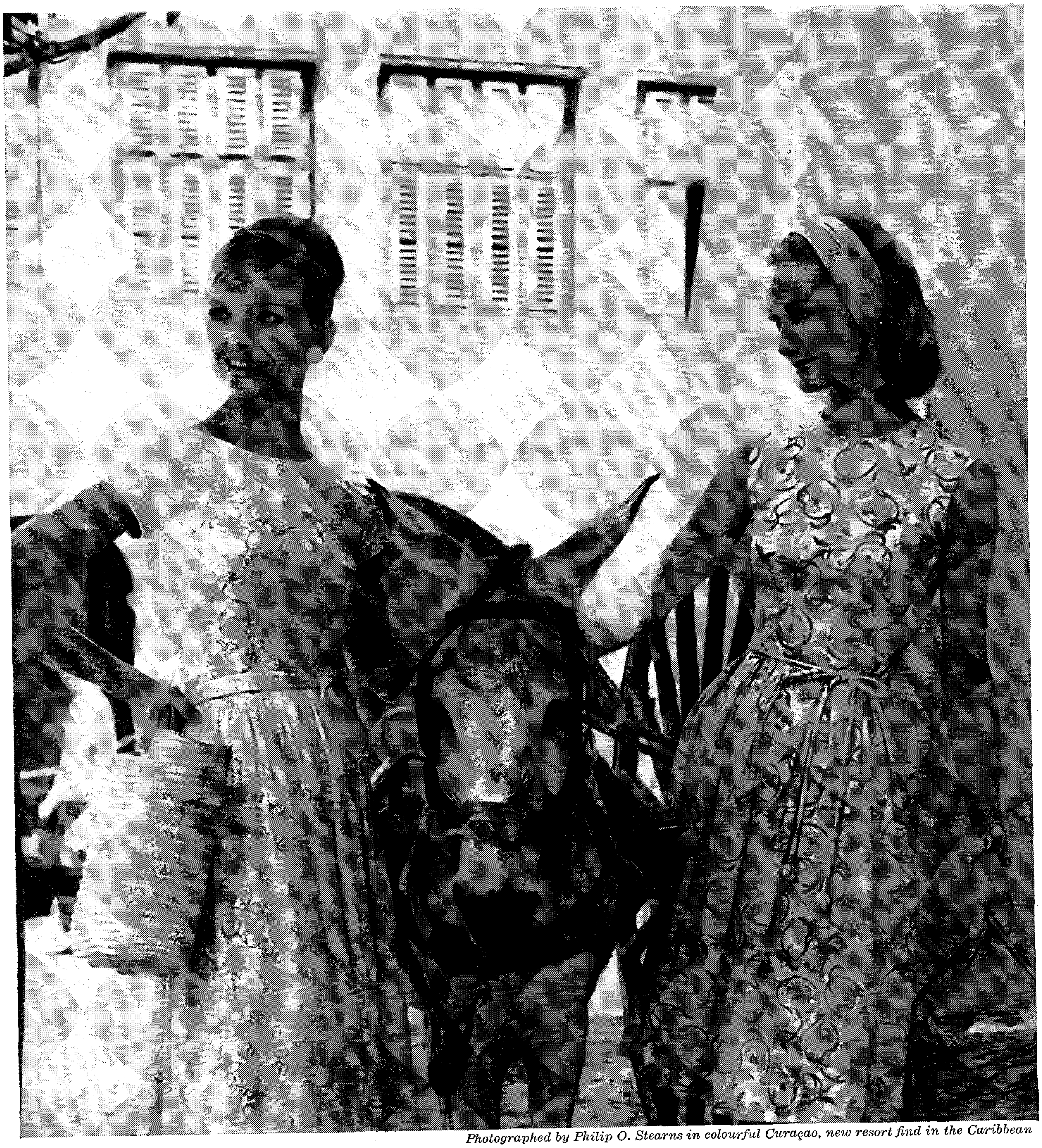
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 20: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH,** revival; and "Tobacco Road," revival, Charley Grapewin.
From Dec. 21: **TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (silent); Prokofieff's "Cinderella," revival, in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps; and six Disney cartoons.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Dec. 20: "Flame in the Streets," John Mills, Sylvia Syms; and "Panic in Year Zero," Ray Milland, Jean Hagen.
From Dec. 21: "Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath; and "The Young Guns of Texas," Jim Mitchum, Jody McCrea.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 25 (tentative): **THE LETTER THAT WAS NEVER SENT** (in Russian); and "Arms and the Man" (in German), revival.
From Dec. 26 (tentative): **PHAEDRA.**

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Dec. 23: **ROMAN HOLIDAY,** revival; and **SABRINA,** revival.
From Dec. 24: "It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott; and "Shootout at Big Sag," Walter Brennan.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Dec. 20: "Imitation of Life," revival, Lana Turner, John Gavin; and "Written on the Wind," revival, Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall.
From Dec. 21: "Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath; and "The Young Guns of Texas," Jim Mitchum, Jody McCrea.



Photographed by Philip O. Stearns in colourful Curaçao, new resort find in the Caribbean

For the Sun Circuit: Cottons from Hong Kong

...with all the flair and finishing finesse you expect from celebrated Hong Kong workmanship. Two from our collection of charming cotton floral prints, loomed fine as silk, meticulously hand-detailed inside and out. *Left* in white with bright red, true blue or banana, 10 to 18. *Right* in white with tones of pink, or blue, 8 to 16. Each, 29.95

Peck & Peck

In Florida, you'll find Peck and Peck at Ft. Lauderdale and Palm Beach

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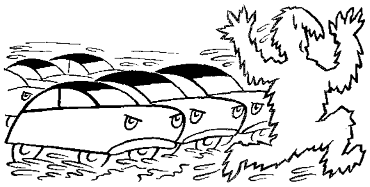
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE faith of R. Burdell Bixby, chairman of the New York State Thruway Authority, was triumphantly vindicated last week with the initial success of his plan to organize motorists into convoys for safer driving during blizzards. Stranded at a service area seventeen miles from Buffalo when the winter's first bad storm struck, a hundred-odd motorists banded together under police supervision and, led by a snowplow, accompanied by numerous tow trucks, and closely followed by an official Thruway radio car, made it back to Buffalo, without losing a man, in just over two hours. In this case, visibility was almost zero, and the problem was to keep cars from wandering off the road and vanishing into a snowbank, but Mr. Bixby thinks that under slightly better snow conditions the convoy system can be used to keep motorists out of trouble on their way to destinations all along the five-hundred-and-fifty-nine-mile Thruway. We think Mr. Bixby has got hold of something. One of our greatest highway perils, in the height of summer or the dead of winter, is the boredom of routine driving, which glazes eyeballs and dulls reflexes, yet most road-safety campaigns either ignore this or actually promote habits that make it worse. The adventure of being part of a convoy, even if the destination is Albany instead of Murmansk, should be a safety factor in itself. But even more heartening, perhaps, is the confirmation of Mr. Bixby's basic belief that a driver may be considered something other than a mortal enemy of his fellows. Safety in numbers is not a revolutionary concept among mountain climbers, jungle surveyors, skin divers, or football linemen—and Fifth Avenue buses have been bunching together for years in a kind of diesel herd instinct—but it's been a long time since anyone seriously applied this principle to our crowded highways. Any plan that manages to combine safety, a taste of adventure, and the sense of camaraderie deserves the widest possible circulation.

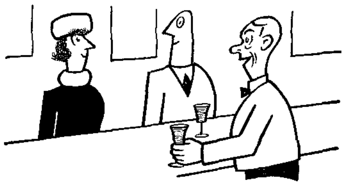


A Girl from Roscommon

WILLIAM ALPHONSUS CONLON, familiarly known as Bill, a white-polled bartender at the Hotel Grosvenor's bar, in Greenwich Village, told us the other day that he used to dandle Maureen O'Sullivan, who is such a delight in "Never Too Late," on his lap when she was a bit of a thing in Roscommon, in north-central Ireland. "The way it was," said Bill, "this pal of mine was sparking little Maureen's nurse, and I'd hold her during the billing and cooing. Later on, he was found cold and dead on a street near the Bowery, and he wasn't identified for a week or more. But let's not go into that melancholy business. The O'Sullivans were all kings for sure, although I think her mother—one of the most beautiful women that ever drew breath—has a trace of Scottish blood. Miss O'Sullivan's father was the adjutant, or head man, of the Connaught Rangers, in Roscommon Barracks, and he was a solid citizen. She was a pretty mite when I bounced her on my knee so many years ago, and I'd dearly like to see her again."

Being nothing if not obliging, we telephoned Miss O'Sullivan and asked her down to the Grosvenor to meet an old friend of hers. When she arrived, she looked as young and as fair as the rose of the summer, and not at all like the mother of six that she is. "I had a suspicion," she said, after we'd become acquainted, "that my first appearance on Broadway would result in the critics' saying 'Send her back to the jungle.' But, you know, I didn't play Jane—'Me Jane,' that is—in all that many Tarzan films, and, as a matter of fact, I was mostly out of the bush in the seventy or eighty films I've been in. Once, God forgive me, I made—I should say participated in—thirteen in one year. I must say I prefer the stage to the movies. I don't have to climb trees to teach Tarzan English, and besides here you've got to do it right, with no retakes or any of that. On this first time out—for me—I arranged with George Abbott, who is, of course, the director of 'Never Too Late,' that I would raise my left hand if I fumbled a scene, and my right if I thought I had done it properly. I doubt if the semaphore maneuvers meant anything to him, but he tolerated them. He's a very tolerant man."

Bill, Miss O'Sullivan's old dandler, moved in at this point, with a round of sherry that we'd ordered, and informed Miss O'Sullivan that he'd known her some years ago.



"Were you a suitor?" Miss O'Sullivan asked tactfully.

"I was born in Roscommon in 1893, and played professional football all over the world between 1908 and 1921, and in 1914 I stood on the platform with your father when the Connaught Rangers were coming close to being disbanded," said Bill.

Miss O'Sullivan's eyes filled with tears. "Were you my father's batman?" she inquired.

"I am no man's batman, but I admired your father," said Bill. "And I don't think there is anything more beautiful than the ladies and the lakes that emerge round Roscommon."

What with Miss O'Sullivan's getting moist and Bill's getting lyrical, we decided we'd better organize things on matter-of-fact lines, so we asked Miss O'Sullivan how it all began.

"I was born in Roscommon," she told us as Bill moved off down the bar, "because my father was in charge of the barracks there. My mother still lives in Ireland, and I have three sisters, one brother, and, of course, cousins there. What took me out of Ireland was a meeting with Frank Borzage, in Dublin. He was directing a film called 'Song of My Heart' and wanted somebody to play the role of Alice Joyce's daughter. John McCormack played the hero, and he was a grand fellow. Mr. Borzage decided I was just the ticket—I was seventeen at the time—and my parents, after a good deal of discussion, agreed that I should take the role. Once that movie was finished, I found myself, to my astonishment, in others, chasing about with lions, tigers, elephants, hippos, and Johnny Weissmuller in the fens in and about Hollywood. But, as I told you, I wasn't always a lady in search of a mate in the jungle. I was happy with my roles in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street,' 'Anna Karenina,' and 'Payment Deferred,' and a good many others. Now I am happy about having been married to John Farrow for more than twenty-five years. He's just finished directing a picture in Mexico, and he expected me home—I don't know whether he's a pessimist or an optimist—in three weeks when I signed up for my first play on Broadway. The way things look, I think he'll have to come East to see me."

We ordered another round of sherry, and Bill, on serving it, asked, "Have you seen the old barracks lately, Miss O'Sullivan?"

She said she hadn't.

"It's all run down," said Bill. "But," he added brightly, "there's still good fishing around Roscommon."

"Our old house over there is run down, too," said Miss O'Sullivan. "But as long as the land is beautiful . . ."

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Incidental Intelligence: Hormel Old Smokehouse Brand Bacon is reassuringly offered as having been processed in a modern smokehouse.

Blink!

Increasingly, these days, one encounters objects that silently sing out, for the deafest to hear, "I am the perfect product of the affluent society. I couldn't possibly have existed a hundred years ago, or even ten years ago. I am neither beautiful nor useful. I stand for ingenuity and utter meaninglessness." The object that, in the prosperous year 1962, is most clearly entitled to utter the self-satisfied statements noted above is a metal box—six and a half inches high, five wide, and four deep—that bears, on one side, eight tiny blinking lights. It is on display and on sale at Hammacher Schlemmer, where, one feverish day last week, we interrupted our last-minute shopping to stop by the desk of Mr. Dominic Tampone, president of the firm, and learn something of the box's history. Needless to say, a specimen of the box was on Mr. Tampone's desk, blinking away.

An acutely accommodating, formidably well-groomed man, Mr. Tampone patted the box with what amounted to affection. "A terrific item," he said. "Sells for twenty-five dollars, and we expect to dispose of a thousand of them by Christmas Day."

"What does it do?" we asked.

"Nothing but blink," he said, looking pleased.

"What do the blinks mean?"

"Nothing," he said, looking even more pleased. "They're completely at random. That's the point; that's what makes it so appealing. Some time ago, a lady customer brought this box into the store and put it on my desk. Said her husband, a radio technician, had made it for her, as a toy. She'd found it a wonderfully comforting thing to have around the house, and she wondered if I wouldn't grow to like it, too. 'Nonsense!' I said to myself, but she left it here, and, little by little, it began to get through to me. People would ask me what it was. A computer? A lie detector? A transmitter for outer space? I assured them it was nothing but a nothing box. Inside is a battery, which provides power for the lights, and they will keep blinking on and off for a year. You can't turn them off unless you tear the box apart. If the lights annoy you, you just turn the box around, or put it away in a dark closet, or give it to someone."

"What's the nothing box called?" we asked.

"At first, I called it that—the Nothing Box," said Mr. Tampone. "Turned out some other concern had a box they called the Nuttin Box, so to keep from infringing on them we changed the name of our box to the Something Box, because, after all, you're getting *something* for your twenty-five dollars, even if it's only nothing. Isn't that right? And the nothing isn't actually nothing, because the box seems to give back every bit as much as you put into it. I find myself talking to it now and then, and the lights seem to respond. In my imagination, it tells me what's doing on the main floor, the second floor, the third, and so on. It gives an executive like me an executive feeling—a sense of being in charge, of being on top of things. For a while, I had some labels pasted on it, indicating the different floors, but I had to tear them off, because my employees thought the box really did tell me what was going on everywhere in the building, and they got a bit rattled. Our Something Box isn't for the man who has everything; it's for the man who wants nothing and is ready to pay a good, stiff price for it."

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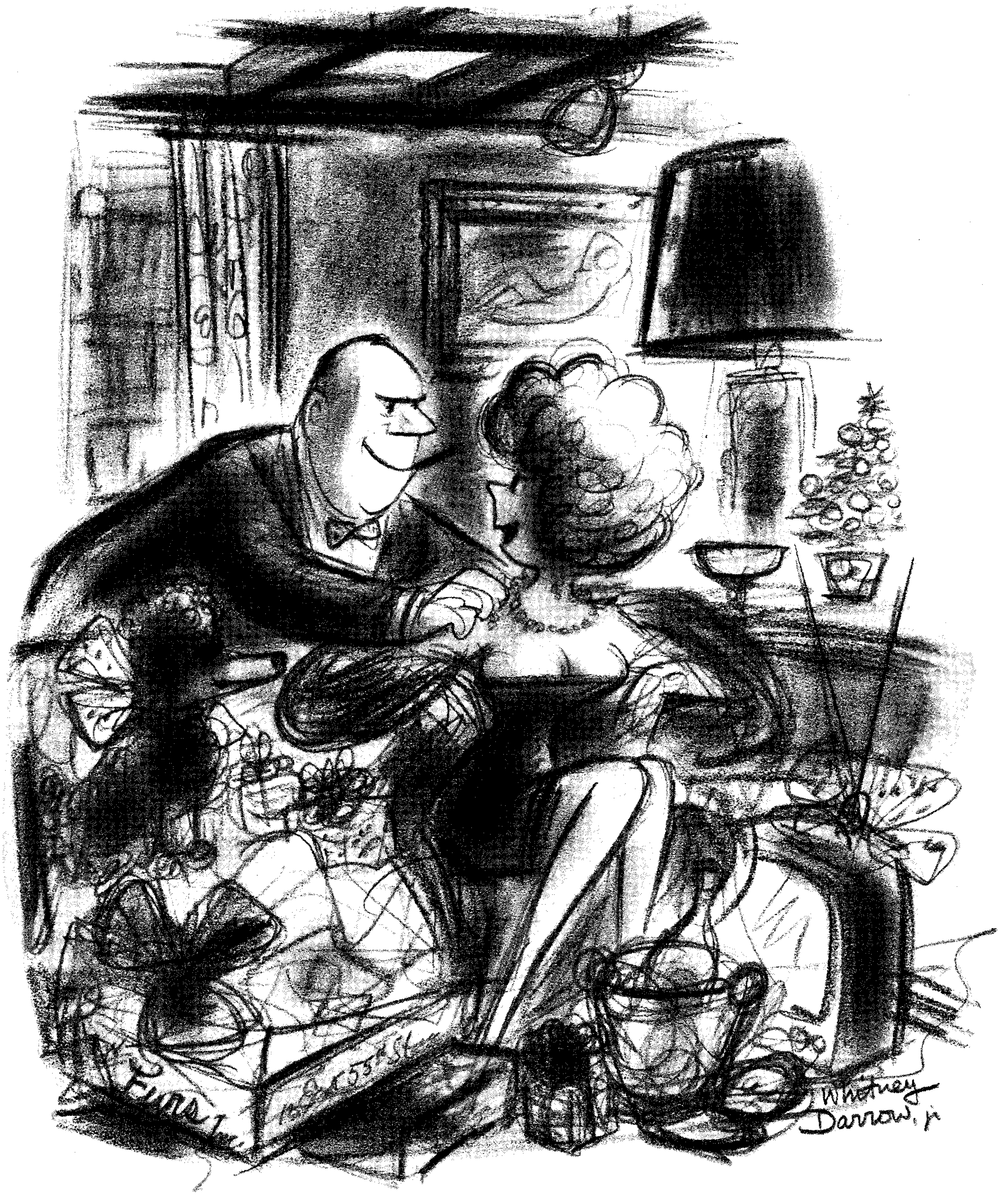
Note discovered on the desk of a *Times* editor just before the presses shut down:

Bob:
If we get a strike, I'd be awfully grateful if you'd water my violets:
Monday, Wednesday and Thursday—big pots.
Every day—2 little pots.
Many thanks. A.S.

The Turned Pages

Three cheers and a locomotive for the Museum of Natural History! We've commented in the past on a distressing feature of local rare-book shows—the fact that only two, facing pages of an exhibit are visible, with the remainder tantalizingly lost to public view—and now the Museum, which this month is displaying two of its library's treasures in its Seventy-seventh Street foyer, has taken a step toward solving the problem. The books are a 1679 quarto edition of "Der Raupen Wunderbare Verwandelung und Sonderbare Blumen-nahrung," which is an illustrated description of European insects, and a 1719 folio edition of "Over de Voortteeling en Wonderbaerlyke Veranderingen der Surinaemsche Insecten," which is a somewhat similar treatment of Surinamese insects, and both are embellished with copperplates of paintings by Maria Sybilla Merian, who also wrote them. Every weekday morning, before the Museum opens, Miss Katharine Beneker, assistant to the chairman of the Department of Exhibition, unlocks the wall case containing these volumes (southwest of the Indian seagoing war canoe) and turns a page of "Over de Voortteeling," the grander of the pair. This has seventy-two plates, so a diligent visitor could take in a generous fraction of its pictures, which are extraordinarily beautiful.

The day we showed up, Miss Beneker



"Gosh, thanks, Mr. Kubeck, but shouldn't all this be going back into plant expansion?"

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had unveiled Plate 7: two identical blue, purple, black, orange, and brown butterflies—one perched, with folded wings, on a cherry-tree twig, and the other shown with its wings spread, as though mounted—and an enormous yellow, bronze, and black caterpillar in the act of munching a cherry leaf. The opposite page bore an English caption, written in longhand by a translator of Merian:

> The American Carasa which I have here drawn is not to be compar'd with ours in Europe for goodness and taste, neither are the Trees (which bear red and white Flowers) bigger than a Cherry Tree of Holland or Germany, nevertheless the stem would be stronger, and the Fruit better if it were set in a good soil, and where the ground is not kept Poor by the Covetousness of Ye Inhabitants. I found only two Caterpillars on this Tree, one of which Died, the other was on ye 20th of April chang'd into a Green Chrysalis, on ye 26th of May following into this large and most Beautifull Butterfly.

Who was this lepidopterological enthusiast and derogator of the American cherry? The granddaughter of Matthew Merian, a seventeenth-century Swiss engraver and copperplate pioneer who moved to Frankfurt as a young man, and whom the Encyclopædia Britannica honors with an entry. "In 1699, [she] travelled to Surinam, on the northern coast of South America, where she spent a year painting the insects of the then little-known country," the Museum exhibit's label states. ". . . Although she was much admired by European scientists and artists of the early 1700s, her paintings are seldom reproduced today." And the current issue of *Natural History*, the Museum's journal, which intimates that the butterflies in Plate 7 are inaccurately portrayed, says that she was a redoubtable caterpillar collector; that she left her husband to join a mystical cult, the Labadists, in Friesland (many of *them* were insect collectors); and that her disdain for the arboriculture of the Surinamese stemmed from her disapproval of "the plantation system that concentrated on 'money crops' of cane and cocoa."

Of Course

EXCERPT from a legal document that came to the attention of a lawyer friend of ours:

> 7. That all of said above-mentioned parties are of sound mind and of full age, except the Chemical Bank New York Trust Company, which is a corporation.

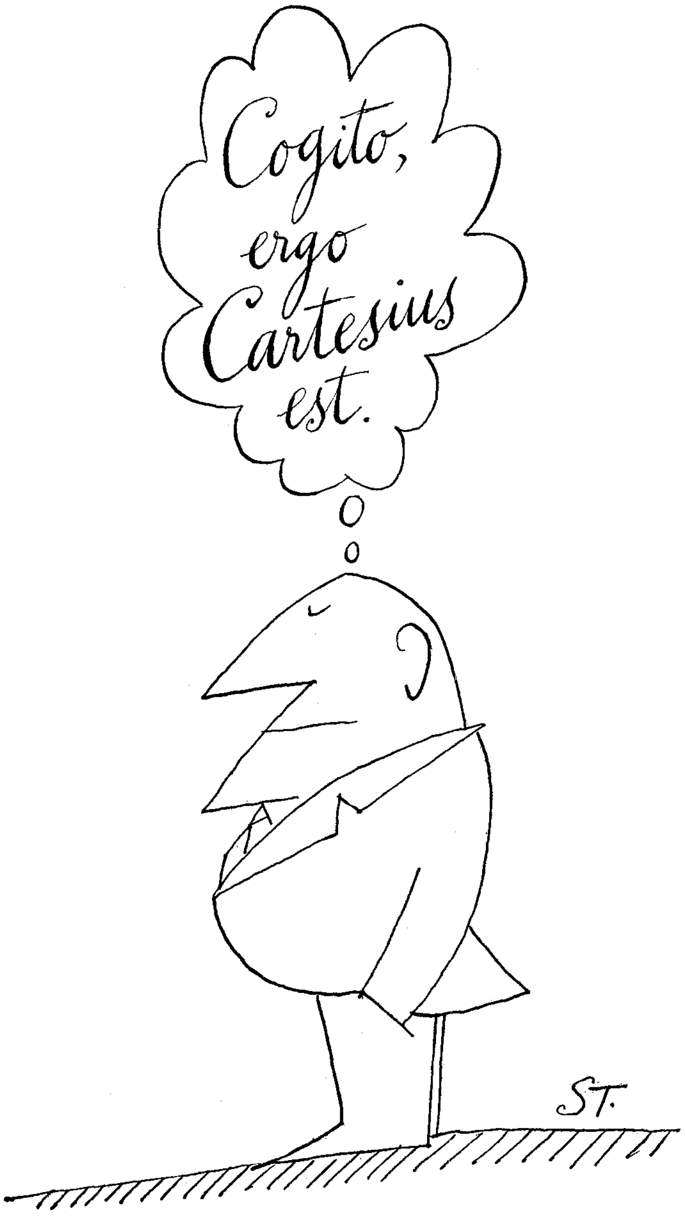
Morse and Stiles

NOBODY throws better parties than Yale. A year ago, we reported on a party at Timothy Dwight College, honoring the presence of Sir Charles Snow, in the course of which Sir Charles told us that he had been made a fellow of Yale's Morse College, adding that it hadn't been built yet. Well, it has been now, and so has its architectural twin brother, Ezra Stiles College—bringing the number of residential colleges at Yale to twelve—and we went to New Haven a few days ago for their joint dedication.

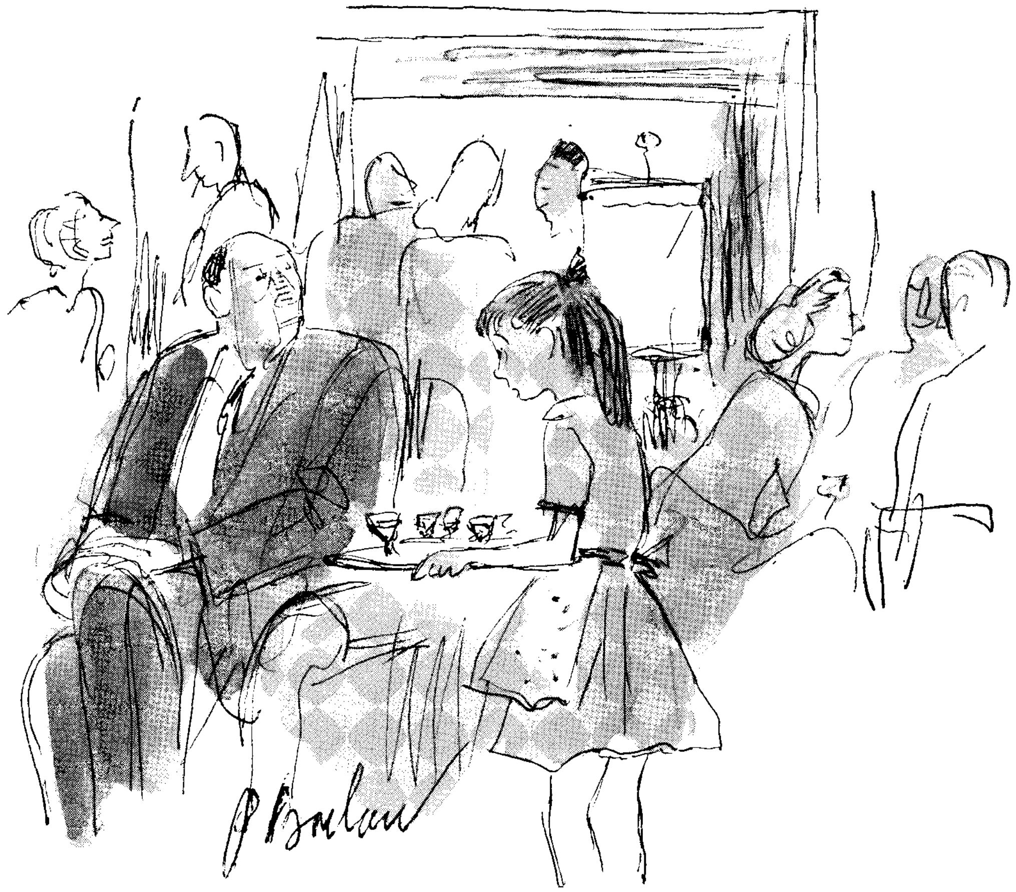
In 1953, the architect of the new colleges, the late Eero Saarinen, wrote, "On existing campuses, there is the challenge of building proud buildings of our own time that are in harmony with the outdoor space and with the existing buildings of other times." New buildings have been sprouting at Yale ever since—among them the Ingalls Hockey Rink and the Yale Co-operative Corporation, both also by Mr. Saarinen. (When he wasn't designing buildings for Yale, he was planning, among other structures, the Dulles International Airport terminal building, in Chantilly, Virginia; the Trans World Airlines terminal at Idlewild; the United States Embassy in London; and the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, at Lincoln Center.) The two new colleges proved to be constructed of handsome, rough-surfaced buff stone-and-concrete polygonal building units, and, in conformity with Mr. Saarinen's convictions, to be even more Gothic in feeling than the high, monolithic keep of the Payne Whitney Gymnasium, across the way. Mr. Saarinen wrote in "Eero Saarinen on His Work," which was edited by his wife, Mrs. Aline B. Saarinen, "We [Saarinen and his associates] became convinced we would have to create a new vocabulary or add to the vocabulary of modern architecture in order to find a solution." And that is just what he and his associates did. Abstract sculptures, instead of gargoyles, punctuate the walls, and the façades of the two colleges form a huge, crinkly crescent—a sort of parenthesis facing the gymnasium.

The dedication ceremony was held in Ezra Stiles College, and afterward, at a reception in the master's house (also by Saarinen), there was a gay babble of conversation. We skirted Mr. Paul Mellon (who established the Old Dominion Foundation, which had recently given Yale fifteen million dollars, half of it to go toward the building and maintenance of the colleges) and Mrs. John Hay Whitney (whose husband had given Yale two and a half million dollars to buy the land the colleges are on) and came up to our host, Mr. Richard B. Sewall, who is a professor of English and who had just been installed as master of Ezra Stiles College. He shook our hand, said "The cornerstone of the two colleges is in Morse, which is why the dedication was held in Ezra Stiles," and turned to greet Mr. Wilmarth Lewis, the Horace Walpole scholar, who, as senior fellow of the Yale Corporation, had just dedicated the two colleges. Mr. Lewis said, "My goodness! The only things I ever dedicated before were the roof of a pump house in Farmington, England, and a birdbath, in Farmington, Connecticut."

We next tuned in on Mrs. Saarinen, a vibrant and very pretty blond woman wearing a pointed black hat, who was alternately puffing at a cigarette and complimenting Mrs. Sewall, a smiling woman with an aureole of brown hair, on the way she had decorated the house. "The only trouble is you don't have enough ashtrays," Mrs. Saarinen concluded, and went off in search of one. We followed her, to find out if she knew how the undergraduates felt about the colleges.


Cogito, ergo Cartesius est.

"The students call to tell me how much they like living here," Mrs. Saarinen said, appropriating an ashtray and perching on a stony Saarinen staircase. (Besides editing the book on her husband's work, she has written "The Proud Possessors," a book on art collectors published a few years ago.) "One student was upset because the doors squeaked," she went on. "He was going around with a can of 3-in-One oil to do his bit. The boys feel very proprietary about the place, and even the clutter of beer cans in the rooms looks nice. Eero would have liked that. Eero was a funny man—both humble and proud. He never thought of himself as creating a new style—just a new vocabulary. One major problem with these buildings was the walls, which are of poured concrete and stone. You see, you have to learn to build masonry walls without masons, because there simply *are* no more masons. Besides, Eero thought that old handicraft methods were anachronistic, and therefore wrong. That's why he developed this new system for walls—almost like medieval rubble masonry—which any workman can build. The buildings will make fine, sturdy ruins, which is a good test. In connection with his work at Yale, Eero made a special trip to Oxford, and 'experienced' every court, measured it, paced it off. He thought of college architecture, in its relation to students, as stage scenery. Before he died, he made a model of a third college, to round out the crescent in front of the gym. The plans are all drawn. I think they ought to build it for women."



"I think yours is the one that smells like varnish."

Before we could reply, Mr. Andrew Patterson, Jr., an associate professor of chemistry and the new master of Morse College, arrived to shepherd the guests to a second party, in the Morse College library. We hurried across a courtyard, glistening and cold, and into the library, snug, warm, and as full of comfortable nooks and crannies as a rabbit warren, and on the way a young dean passed us, complaining that, in the shuffle, Mr. Mellon had been lost. We arrived just in time to witness Mr. Patterson's installation as a member of the Connecticut chapter of the Samuel F. B. Morse Railroad Telegraphers' Club by its president, Mr. Reinhold Herzog, a ruddy-faced man in a plaid jacket, and we recalled that the college was named for Morse, who had graduated from Yale in 1810. "Our club perpetuates the memory of the telegraph, because it is fast falling into oblivion," Mr. Herzog explained. Mr. Patterson, twice installed in one day, was positively glowing as he chatted with a white-haired lady, who turned out to be Miss Clara Morse, granddaughter of the man the S.F.B.M.R.T.C. and the college had been named for. She was wearing a blue-and-gray checked dress, with a cameo of Mr. Morse at the throat, and she was saying, "I am very pleased to have this beautiful building named after my dear grandfather."

Nearby, we found Mr. William C. DeVane, the dean of Yale College, and we asked him what he knew about the man for whom Ezra Stiles College was named. "He was the Reverend Ezra Stiles, president of Yale from 1778 to 1795 and the first president of Yale to have the idea of a university," Mr. DeVane, a mild-mannered, scholarly man, told us. "He expanded the curriculum at a time when Yale turned out only schoolteachers, lawyers, and ministers. As president, he taught the senior class. He made them learn Hebrew, because, he said, he wouldn't want his boys to go to Heaven and not know the language. Under President Stiles, Yale was the largest college in the country, with two hundred and eighty undergraduates—larger even than Harvard, which at that time was in the doldrums."

Mr. Reuben Holden, a square-built man in his forties, who is secretary of Yale University, came up to say that no matter how deep in the doldrums Harvard once was, she had come back very strong.

Mr. Mellon, it turned out, had not been lost. We caught sight of him as we were about to leave, and paused to exchange a few words with him. "I graduated in 1929, in the same class as President Griswold, and he and I were on the Yale *Daily News* together," he told us. "I've always had an interest in seeing that the residential colleges at Yale worked well."

Outside, we ran into a group of undergraduates, and we asked them for the real lowdown.

"The door keys all work backward," said one. "The locks came from Europe."

"The shower curtains aren't up," said another.

"The towel racks haven't come yet," said a third. "We hang our towels out the window."

We said we'd tell Mr. Mellon.

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CONVERSATION overheard in a midtown elevator that is equipped with built-in Muzak:

"Come on, Charlie, this is our floor."

"Nah, I'll stay on for a while. I like this tune."

THE FASHION SHOW

HIS girl friends until now had all been pensive, lonely—a little like himself. Now this exception. A fashion model. An English girl, fair, slim, of course, and smart not just in the way she dressed. She could cut clothes as well as wear them. Holding hands with her, one sensed how that might be; her long, slender fingers were surprisingly strong, of a completely different strength from his short, thick, innocent-looking ones.

Her hand was his to hold as they crossed the Santa Trinita Bridge in Florence, on their way to the Palazzo Pitti and the fashion show to which she had invited him and in which she was to appear. "It's going to be magnificent," she had written him in Rome. "Do come." And he had gone, though he wasn't very interested in clothes—had left the medical work that took the best part of his day and the sketches on which he worked at night, and boarded the train north for a world of rustling silk he didn't know.

He had never been to a fashion show. To the Palazzo Pitti he had been more than once, to see the paintings. He told her this and added, "Now I am going there to see you." He couldn't help feeling very lucky. "A girl who sets the fashion," he went on, and swung their two arms high.

"You are a funny boy," she said, by way of affection.

He had met her at his family's home in the Tuscan countryside. She had come all bundled up, but cold despite the bundles, in an old car the previous Christmas, like a Christmas present. A friend of friends. A common friend, Roy, was at the wheel, a man fifteen years older than she was, and baldish. How close a friend was he? The question had beset him. Very close? His mother put them in adjoining rooms.

The next day gave him the answer—the two guests were friends and nothing more. "Do you like Roy's paintings?" he had asked her. "No, frankly I think they are rather drab," she had replied. Roy had other resources than his paintings—a high-paying job, for instance. Still, he called himself a painter, and she wouldn't have said "drab" about the work he cared for most if she had loved him. She didn't even qualify her statement. The word "drab" remained. With it she dismissed the subject and talked about herself.

The way she spoke of her travels and her work, it was obvious she was tied to no one, perfectly independent—independent with a vengeance, for her past had been one of subjection, first to an impossible stepfather, then to a man twice her age whom she had married on an impulse to leave home. It was three years now since she had left him. She was nearly thirty, and her need for older men was wearing out. Roy was past forty; he, instead, was thirty-four, but most strangers took him for a student—ten years younger, which in many ways he was. I am her right age, he thought.

That Christmas had been sunny. They lunched out in the garden. After lunch, a cold wind stirred. People began to leave and go indoors. Held by an unspoken understanding, the two of them stayed.

"I am a good one for knowing the warmest spot," he said. "In Rome, it's on the right side of the Capitoline Hill. Cactuses grow there wild. Here, it's below the garden wall, down in the orchard. Once there, early in the spring, I saw a snake that had been hibernating inside a hollow tile awake and slowly trail along the wall. Long before their usual time. Of course, there won't be any now. Want to go down?"

They went around the house and down a zigzag path into the orchard. It was quite sheltered from the northern wind. They got the sun directly and from the wall of cut white stones behind them and above them. In front, an ancient olive tree glittered like tinsel. Through its sparse branches one could see the narrow valley down below, the poplar trees along the stream, the rows of vines, bare of all foliage. There was no other sound to be heard than that of a little waterfall. In the summer, that waterfall was down to a drip; sometimes it dried completely, and then the smooth, slippery stones became all white and scaly, bleached by the sun. Now they were green and, where the water came down fastest, shadowy gray.

They leaned against the wall. They didn't speak. When their lips parted, it was for a kiss.

He felt he was being carried down the waterfall into the deepest waters, down the stream, past mossy banks and hollows of still water and frost and sheets of ice, numbed by its deliciousness.

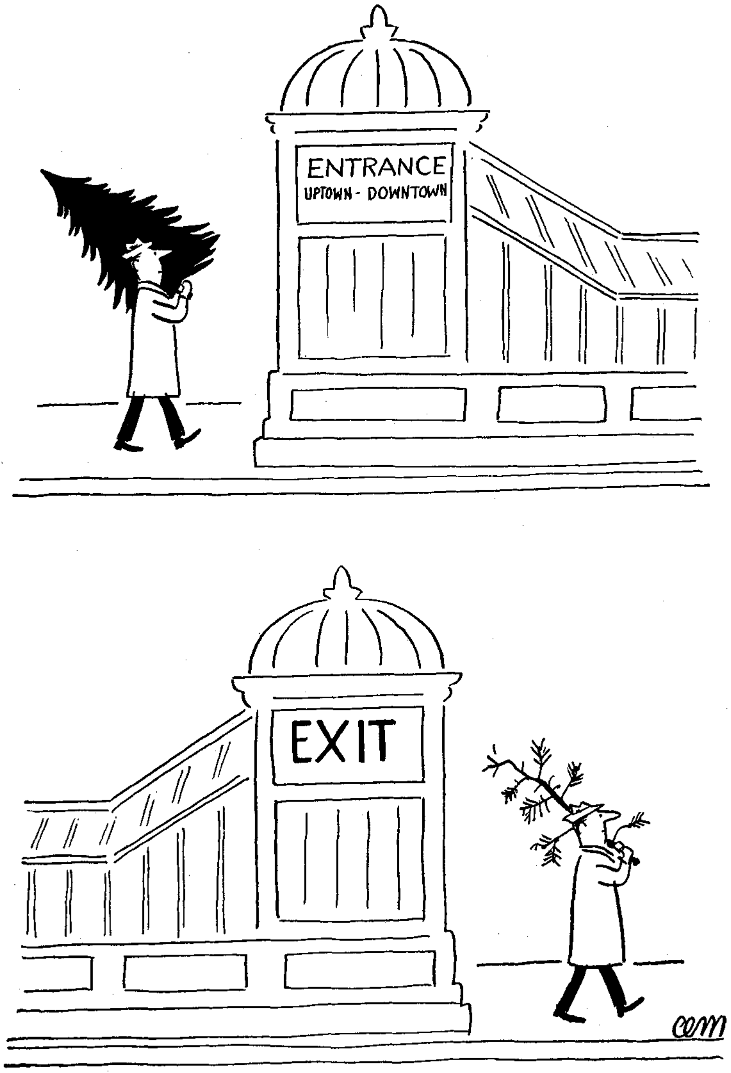
"Will you marry me?" he said, desperately in earnest and with transport. He had proposed to many girls before, and no one had accepted. Each refusal had given a certain recklessness and an increasingly hopeless tone to his proposals.

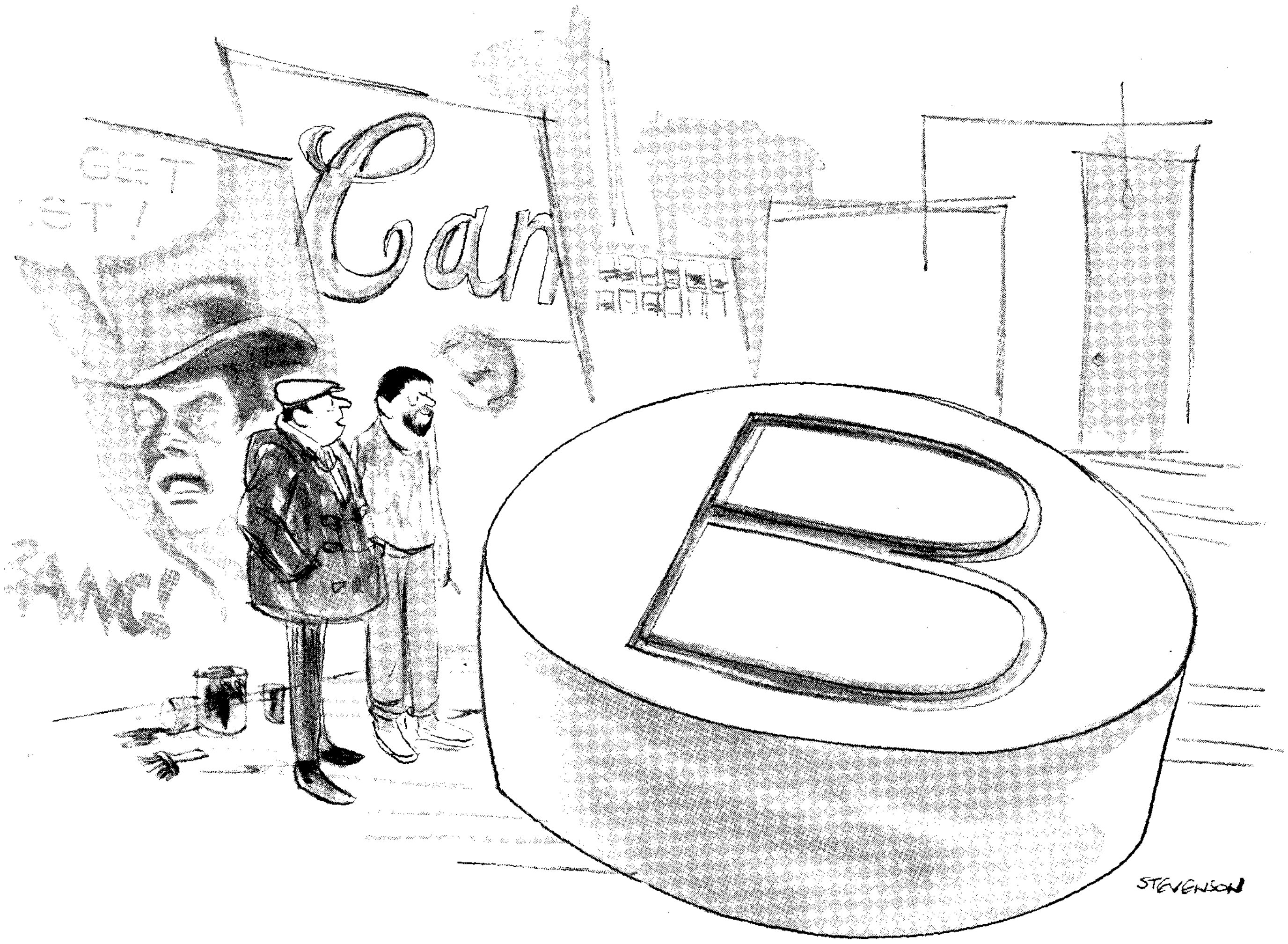
"I would," she said.

"You would?" The surprise made him feel giddy. He kissed her again. "Do you mean you will?"

"I would," she said once more.

"But you can't? Is that it?"





"If the Modern Museum doesn't snap it up, Sam, the Bufferin people certainly will."

• •

"I am still married," she said. "My husband won't give me a divorce, though it's three years since I left him." She clutched his hand with her strong fingers. "We'll have to wait, but perhaps it won't be long."

His look lost some of its brightness. "If you'd been free," he said, "I don't suppose you would have said 'Yes,' or 'I will,' or even 'I would.' "

"Oh, I would," she said. "I would."

He laughed. She put her elbow on his shoulder and rested her temple on her palm. What a pretty posture, he thought. Sometimes he felt he had seen her before. Perhaps he had, in *Vogue* or somewhere. A magaziny girl.

"Why would you marry me?" he asked.

"Do you really want to know why?" she said.

"Yes. Tell me."

"Because of your mother. I just *love* your mother."

His mother, about sixty, was from Rome, but if she resembled anyone at all it was the women from the Marche, the region from which her father came. Slender and tall, their faces weathered by the sun and wind, one saw them on the mountain slope carrying buckets of water on their heads. She never carried a bucket of water on her head, but she had the same resistance, the same grace. She worked about the house, painted, translated books, spoke with verve, and kept up a worldly correspondence in thin blue paper, black ink, and Giottesque strokes. A surprising number of people loved her. The cook, a woman her own age whose mother had long since died, on seeing her after a long absence, said it was like seeing her mother.

"Well," he said, thinking of the girl's husband, whom she had married to get away from home. "There's a good reason." But really he would have married her if she had told him she was doing it for the way he knotted his tie, or an even sillier reason. At this point, the sillier the reason, the more conducive to marriage. He felt lighthearted with her, gay at last.

So gay that that evening he patted his elder brother, a bachelor, on the shoulder and in a flight of joy told him his secret. "I am going to marry her," he said.

His elder brother frowned. "You are not, are you?" he said. "She's pretty, but . . ."

"But what?"

"No, I am sorry." Clearly, if she was going to become his sister-in-law, he had better not say anything against her.

He laughed at his brother's disapproval. How beauty frightened people! Well, it wouldn't frighten him. He wasn't going to scorn the gifts of Aphrodite. But what had his brother been about to say? That she was light? That's what he wanted—someone light. And light she was; if she went anywhere on foot along a road, bicycles, scooters, cars would stop to pick her up. She travelled faster than a feather in the wind. That she was superficial? "If she is," he said to himself, "I've been looking far too deep for what was so near the surface."

After Christmas, she had left for Florence, where the fashion show was being prepared, he for his work in Rome. Letter had followed letter. And now he was with her again, crossing the bridge.

"I feel I am going to a play," he said. "I used to know a famous actress

SONNETEERING MADE EASY

I

With hyphens, clip off endings that don't fit;
We call this "Hyper-Technic Line Expan-"
It has a certain rhythmic swing to it
That can't be got with ordinary scan-

Pentameter, iambic, is the rule
They teach in every other Sonnet School;
But we have found it simpler, if not nea-
To take occasional liberties with me-

Three quatrains and a couplet is the length
Of Shakespeare's sonnets, and of those by Mil-
It's standardized, like cheese from Brie or Stil-
The only difference being in the strength.

So now that we have settled length and ti-
Our Lesson Number II involves the rhy-

II

You'll note the scheme, "a," "b," "a," "b," above
In Quatrain One; that's perfectly O.K.
If something different's what you're thinking of,
See Quatrain Three, with its "a," "b," "b," "a."

For mittel quatrains we prefer to reck-
With what the Germans, in their "schonnet-sprech-"
Employ: "a," "a," "b," "b;" ja, that's correct;
No German schonnet's e'er been besser sprecht.

So mix your "a"s and "b"s, your "b"s and "a"s
To suit your own convenience; any son-
Will have our professorial blessings on
If it is rhymed in one of these three ways.

The metre, length, and rhyme scheme now are def-
La porte est ouverte—simply put la clef.

III

The only item still to be discussed
Is subject matter, and we think you'll find
That Love is one that you can always trust
(Though Milton did quite well On Being Blind).

So Love it is, the simplest of all top-
Like "Frozen Love" or else "Love in the Trop-"
If you feel good, try "Love Is Here to Stay,"
And if you don't, there's "Love Has Gone Away."

Love's hot or cold; it moves like a thermom-
It's in, it's out, it's either up or down;
It's in the country or it stayed in town—
A Fair or Stormy, Wet or Dry barom-

So get a pencil and a piece of pa-
And you're all set to start "The Sonnet Ca-"

—S. B. Botsford

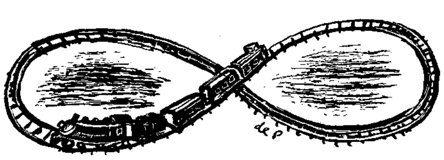
* *

years ago. I often took her to her performances. She always saw to it that I got a seat in the front rows, but I worried about her so I could hardly follow what went on."

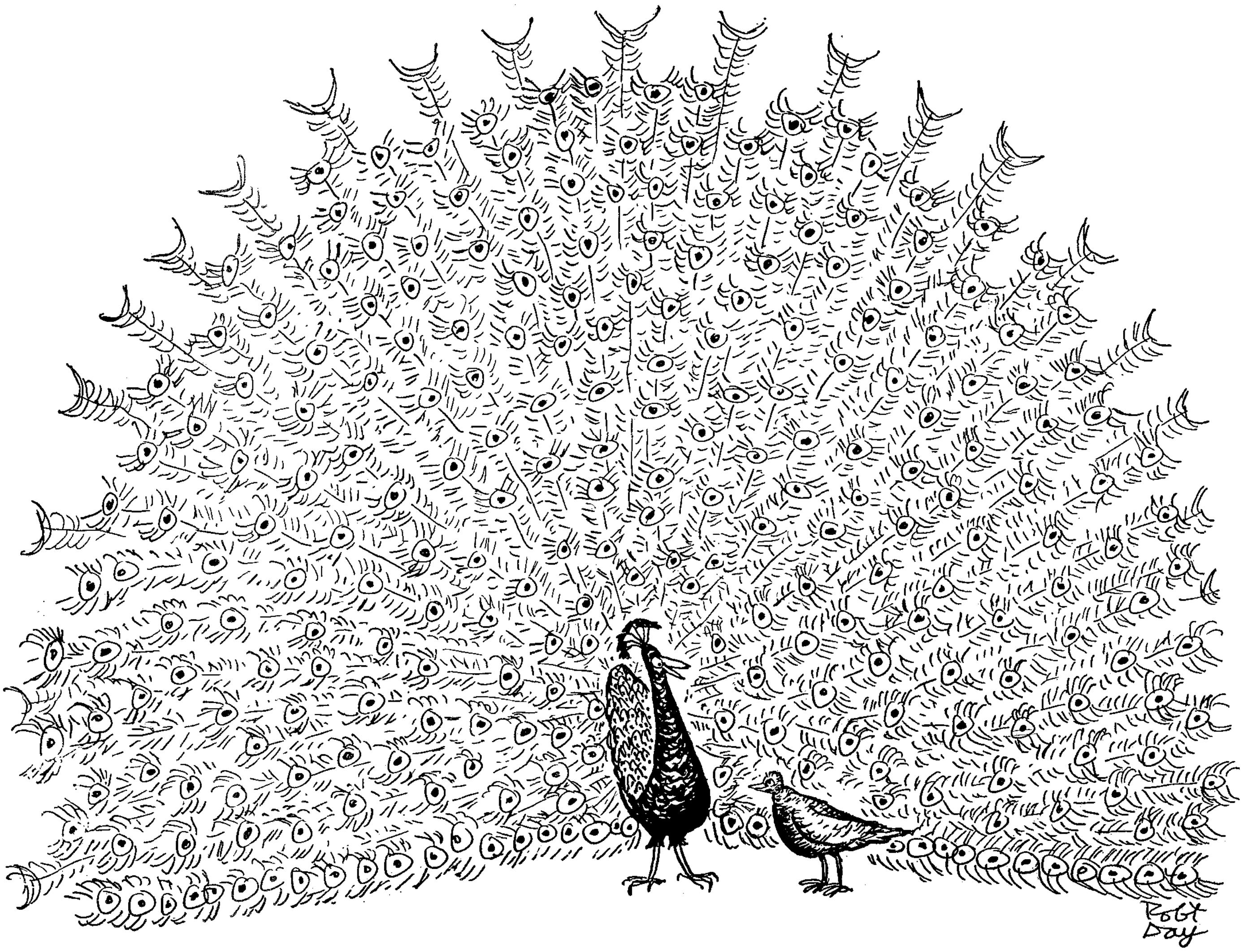
"Don't worry about me tonight. Nothing can go wrong."

INSIDE the palace, they went different ways—she to the dressing rooms, he to the salons. These were filled with buyers—men and women with a business look—photographers, reporters, and elegant women with their husbands or alone. There were some children, too, the overdressed children of the very rich.

Slowly, people began to gather in a hall with a carpeted, flower-bedecked L-shaped platform in the middle and many rows of chairs along the sides. He took a front-row seat. And soon they came, the models. One at a time, they walked casually down the platform, sporting their clothes and turning—once, twice—as in a dance. The motifs in this first series reproduced those of the costumes of the Renaissance. He saw her in every slim blonde of medium height who appeared at the far end of the platform, only to realize as the model got nearer that it wasn't she. Each girl, or perhaps dress, drew some applause. When at last she appeared, he clapped his hands so vigorously his applause rose above the rest. She walked the length of the platform, smiling. "I like my work," she had told him. "It's hell for some of the girls. But I think nothing of it." And it was true—she looked almost too unself-conscious. She was enjoying herself. She was showing her clothes. Some of the other girls were only trying to, and one saw their effort, not their dress. He didn't worry about her as he had worried about his actress friend; there was none of that sense of human frailty about her that had spoiled so many a stage performance for him. Halfway through the show, a young man model sporting a flowery shirt appeared. She accompanied him down the platform as though he were a younger brother she was introducing to society. The young man was slightly bashful. She was not. He wished she were, oh, just a little. At one point, the models came out in bathing suits. Under the floodlights, they looked bare—barer than on a beach. She was wearing a straw hat. Walking down the platform, she took it off, waved it, then put it on again. Her smile was broad, almost a laugh.



At the end of the show, all the mod-



"Now let's talk about you."

• •

els came out, each with a few bouquets of flowers to throw to the spectators. She threw him one, but a man who was sitting behind him—a tall, fat fellow who looked as though he might have been a basketball player before he put on weight—rose and, leaning forward, stretched a long arm and caught *his* bouquet. He felt the man's potbelly pressing against his shoulder and shrugged away. The man, still gloating over his catch, didn't even say excuse me. Seeing he had missed her bouquet, she threw him another. He had never been good at catching balls, chances, or any other object in the air. Everyone around him lunged for it, almost as though bread had been thrown and they were starving. Such eagerness, he thought, was silly, undignified. He made only a slight effort to catch it and missed this bouquet, too. She saw he hadn't got it, so she came close and tossed her last one at him—practically gave it to him—but a boy of about fourteen, who had already got a couple of bouquets, snatched it from him just as he was about to lay his fingers on it. He shrugged his shoulders with a smile. She looked disappointed and went on.

After the show, she joined him in the hall. "Didn't you want the flowers?" she said.

"Yes, but I couldn't catch them."

"Couldn't you?" she said, a note of annoyance in her voice. "I tried so hard to let you have them."

He looked at her, and immediately he knew he should have caught her flowers. The triple miss, all of a sudden, was monstrously significant. He had missed them; he would miss her. He tried to put the idea out of his mind, but he couldn't. Those flowers—they were his own far more than the money in his pocket, more precious than old gifts safe in his home. If at least he had matched her efforts—but, no, he had stood there almost impassive, smiling a little.

On his train journey back to Rome, he kept thinking of the man's belly pressing on his shoulder, throwing him off, of the boy who had managed to snatch the bouquet from his fingers, the bouquet that had been so clearly meant for him. If only he had been a little quicker. Except for that, the evening had been splendid, but now that made him gloomy.

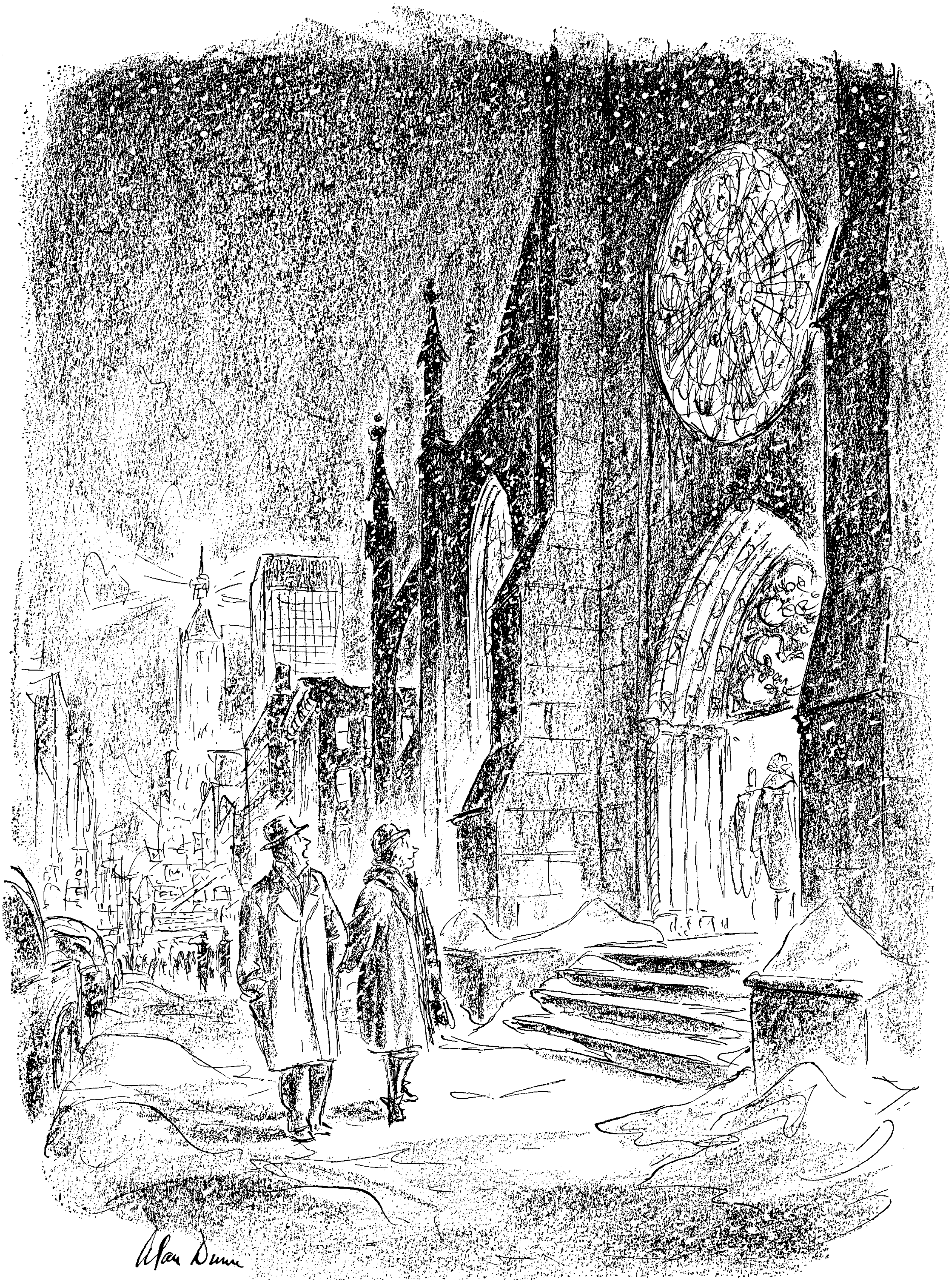
HER next letter wasn't from Florence but from Nicaragua, of all places. She said she had been offered a job in a Nicaraguan school, teaching clothes design, and that she just couldn't resist accepting. She didn't know when she would be back. She still hoped her husband would give her a divorce. The letter went on and on—about Nicaragua, the Roman Catholics, and books she had been reading. One was a must for him, she said.

"If you want to marry a man, you don't go and leave," he told himself. "At least not for another hemisphere." He thought of the lonely, pensive girls he had known, and knew his lot was with them. —ARTURO VIVANTE

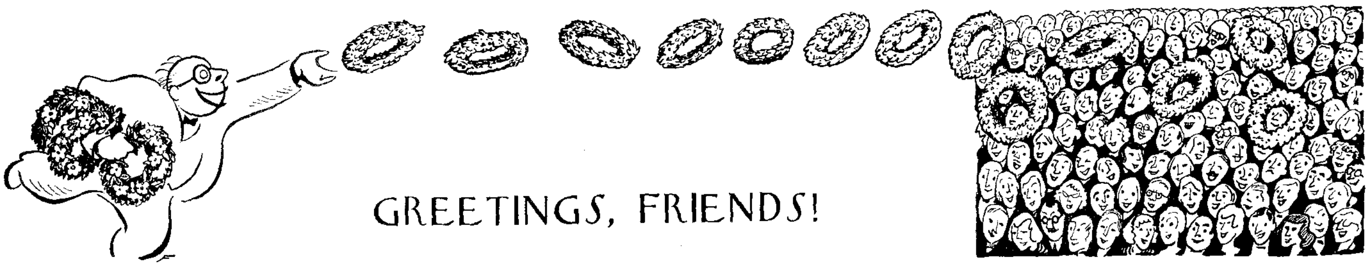
•

A subsequent penalty for having an intelligent passer downfield ended that Eagle drive.—*Utica Observer-Dispatch.*

Well, you can't play football without *rules.*



"What's so Christmassy about going to church?"



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

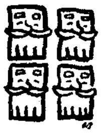
Full decades three have passed since we
First launched this Yuletide minstrelsy,
And now, though rather long in the tooth,
Your bard, at Christmas, can, forsooth,
Still manage a kind of fond grimace
For his partners in the human race.
We have a Castro, true, but then,
We also have a John H. Glenn,
And we have a Walter M. Schirra,
So hallelujah and hurrah!
Give us the pitch and we'll gladly sing
In praise of each of the following:
Rachel Carson, Justice White,
Isidore Godfrey, Harvey Breit,
Igor Stravinsky, Arthur Dean,
Arthur Levitt, Orson Bean,
And Dr. Frances Kelsey. They
All rate a special Yule hooray;
So wrap up the contents of Fort Knox
For these kind friends, as their Christmas box,
And wrap up some gem like the Koh-i-noor
To serve as a gift for Marianne Moore.
Ask the sommelier to broach
A cask of wine for Allene Roach;
See that the punch for Robert Bolt
Packs a convincing New Year jolt,
And don't pass over Della Reese or
Overlook our doughty Peace Corps.
Tune up the Fezziwigian fiddle;
Cut loose with a reel for Francis Biddle,
Carol Goodner, Richard Starnes,
And Traffic Commissioner Henry Barnes.
We'll undulate in Yule quadrilles
With Jackie Gleason and Maury Wills;
We'll leap and caper with Ted Shawn
And slip a disc with Sarah Vaughan—
Secretary McNamara,
Would you care to Twist with Ted and Sarah?
Let's raise a bumper of laughing water
To Karl Boehm and Frank G. Slaughter;
Hail to the Congo's Cyrille Adoula;
Ahoy to our rowdy pal Tallulah;
Peace be Muhammad Zafrulla Khan's;
Cheers for Adela Rogers St. Johns,
Patrick Campbell, Louis Nizer,
And John Steinbeck, the Nobel Prizer.
Hail to all us saints and sinners;
Wassail to the election winners;
Cheers from here to the Hellespont
For the valiant Democrats of Vermont.
Right gladly do we versify
For Governor Hoff and Senator Bayh;
Proper post-election love
To William Scranton, Pennsy's gov;
May joy be Nelson Rockefeller's;
May winning mounts delight John Sellers.
Come, raise a bang-up New Year racket
For Anthony Powell and Buddy Hackett;
Ring out, wild bells, for Lindsay Rogers,
Ring for the Giants, the Yanks, the Dodgers,
And think up some kindly epithets
To cheer the spirits of the Mets.
We wish a joyful holiday
To our fellow-poet Cassius Clay,
And we seize the moment to impart
Our love to Mignon Eberhart.
We'll work up a man-sized New Year thirst
With Robert Morse and David Hurst,
And take a cup of kindness with
Courageous James H. Meredith.
A holiday binge for Cheryl Crawford;
The same for Peter Brother-in-Lawford,
And while we're at it, let's invoke a
Toast to all John F.'s *mishpokah*.
Please bear in mind that the finest wines
Are none too good for Jerome Hines,
Joan Sutherland, John Braine,
Patricia Ryan, and James M. Cain.
Will the minnesingers chant Noël
To fascinate Lucille Lortel,
Katherine Porter, Mark Tobey,
Endicott Peabody, J. Frank Dobie,
Herbert Hoover, Helen Vanni,
And Marcello Mastroianni?
We'll bawl a jocund holiday hi ya
At dancer Maya Plisetskaya;
We'll lace the Christmas cake with brandy
For Foy D. Kohler and Jessica Tandy,
And George London, Richard Hayes,
Barbara Tuchman, and Doris Mayes.
Joyeux Noël, as they say in France,
To Lotte Lehmann and Nina Vance;
God Jul (that's what they say in Sweden)
To the Earl of Avon (Anthony Eden).
You Christmas cricket, there on the hob,
Let's hear you chirp for Inez Robb,
And, cheerful bug, emit blithe squawks
To celebrate Jacquetta Hawkes.
Are we all agreed that we yield to no one
In fealty to Elizabeth Bowen?
Of course we are, and we're also partial
To Alfred Duggan and Thurgood Marshall,
And in our role as Santa's stooge
We'll crack a bottle of *vin rouge*
With Nanette Fabray, Charles Goren,
John Henry Faulk, and Mark Van Doren.

Ruddy in the Yule log's blaze,
We'll drink a toast to happier days:
God rest ye hopeful, gentles all!
Courage, whatever may befall!
From out of that autumn storm we weathered,
Hope, methinks, took wing, refeathered;
Let's wish that bird a peaceful flight
Under the Star this Christmas night!

—Frank Sullivan

A MADMAN

ENGLAND itself seemed slightly insane to us. The meadows skimming past the windows of the Southampton-London train seemed green deliriously, seemed so obsessively steeped in the color that my eyes, still attuned to the exhausted verdure and September rust of American fields, doubted the ability of this landscape to perform useful work. England appeared to exist purely as a context of literature. I had studied this literature for four years, and had been sent here to continue this study. Yet my brain, excited and tipped by travel, could produce only one allusion; "a' babbled of green fields," that inconsequential Shakespearean snippet rendered memorable by a classic typographical emendation, kept running through my mind, "a' babbled, a' babbled," as the dactylic scansion of the train wheels drew us and our six mute, swaying compartment-mates northward into London. The city overwhelmed our expectations. The Kiplingesque grandeur of Waterloo Station, the Eliotic despondency of the brick row in Chelsea where we spent the night in the flat of a vague friend, the Dickensian nightmare of fog and sweating pavement and besmirched cornices that surrounded us when we awoke—all this seemed too authentic to be real, too corroborative of literature to be solid. The taxi we took to Paddington Station had a high roof and an open side, which gave it to our eyes the shocked, cockeyed expression of a character actor in an Agatha Christie melodrama. We wheeled past mansions by Galsworthy and parks by A. A. Milne; we glimpsed a cobbled eighteenth-century alley, complete with hanging tavern boards, where Dr. Johnson might have reeled and gasped the night he laughed so hard—the incident in Boswell so beautifully amplified in the essay by Beerbohm. And underneath all, underneath Heaven knew how many medieval plagues, pageants, and conflagrations, old Londinium itself like a buried Titan lay smoldering in an abyss and tangle of time appalling to eyes accustomed to view the land as a thing innocent of history or as, at the most, thinly veneered with the consecutive transparencies of Puritanism, federalism, and industrialism. We were relieved to board the train and feel it tug us westward.



The train brought us into Oxford at dusk. We had no place to go. We had made no reservations. We got into a cab and explained this to the driver. Middle-aged, his huge ears frothing with hair, he seemed unable to believe us, as if in all his years he had never before carried passengers who had not already visited their destination. He seemed further puzzled by the discovery that, though we claimed to be Americans, we had never been in Stillwater, or even in Tulsa. He, weirdly enough, had fifteen years ago spent some months in the depths of Oklahoma learning to fly Lend-Lease planes. Now he repaid his debt by piloting us down a narrow street of brick homes whose windows—strangely, for this was suppertime—were unanimously dark. "We'll give you a try at the Potts'," he explained briefly, braking. He went with us up to the door and twisted a heavy wrought-iron knob in its center. A remote, rattling ring sounded on the other side of the opaquely stained panes. At length a tall saturnine man answered. Our driver explained to him, "Potty, we've two homeless Yanks here. They don't know the score as yet."

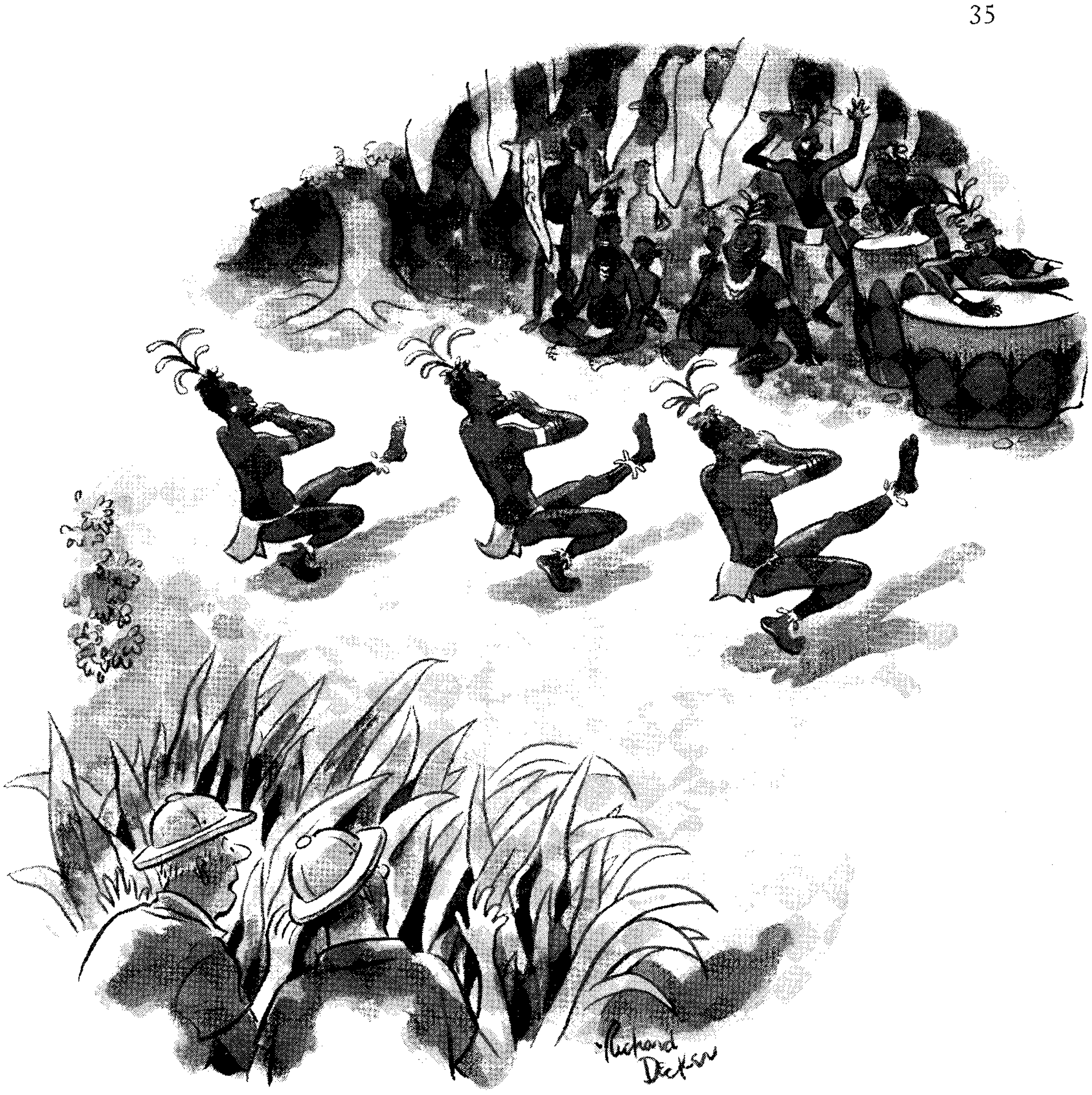
Early in the evening as it was, Mr. Pott wore a muttering, fuddled air of having been roused. The BED AND BREAKFAST sign in his window seemed to commit him to no hospitality. Only after impressing us with the dark difficulty of it, with the unprecedented strain we were imposing upon the arrangements he had made with a disobliging and obtusely technical world, did he lead us upstairs and into a room.

The room was large, chill, and amply stocked with whatever demigods it is that supervise sleep. I remember that the deliciously cool sheets and coarse blankets were topped by a purple puff smelling of lavender, and that in the morning, dressing, my wife and I skipped in and out of the radiant influence of the electric heater like a nymph and satyr competing at a shrine. The heater's plug was a ponderous and voltish-looking affair of three prongs; plugging it in was my first real work of acclimatization. We appeared for breakfast a bit late. Of all the other boarders, only Mr. Robinson—I have forgotten his actual name—had yet to come down. Our places were laid at the dining table, and at my place—I couldn't believe my eyes—was set, an insanity, a half of a cooked tomato on a slice of fried bread.

MR. ROBINSON came down as Mr. Pott was finishing explaining to us why we must quickly find permanent lodgings. Our room would soon be needed by its regular tenant, an Indian undergraduate. Any day now he would take it into his head to show up. It was a thankless job, keeping students' rooms; they were in and out and up and talking and making music at all hours, and the landlord was supposed to enforce the midnight curfew. "The short of it is," Mr. Pott snarled, "the university wants me to be a nanny and a copper's nark." His voice changed tone. "Ah, Mr. Robinson! Good morning, Professor. We have with us two lovebirds from across the Atlantic."

Mr. Robinson ceremoniously shook our hands. Was he a professor? He was of middle size, with a scholar's delicate hunch and long thinning yellowish-white hair brushed straight back. In speech, he was all courtesy, lucid patter, and flattering attention. We turned to him with relief; after our host's dark hints and dour discontents, we seemed to be emerging into the England of light. "Welcome to Oxford," he said, and from a bright little tension in his cheeks we could see he was about to quote. "'That home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties.' That's Matthew Arnold; if you want to understand Oxford, read Arnold. Student of Balliol, fellow of Oriel, professor of poetry, the highest bird as ever flew with a pedant's chipped wings. Read Arnold, and read Newman. 'Whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age'—which he did not *mean*, you know, entirely sympathetically; no, not at all. Arnold was not at all church-minded. 'The Sea of Faith was once, too, at the full, but now I only hear its melancholy, long, *withdrawing* roar, retreating to the breath of the night-wind down the vast edges drear of the naked shingles of the world.' Hah! Mr. Pott, what is this I see before me? My customary egg. You are a veritable factotum, a Johannes Factotum, of kindness. Mr. Pott of St. John's Street," he confided to us in his quick, twinkling way, "an institution no less revered by the student body than the church of St. Michael's-at-the-north-gate, which contains, you should know, and will *see*, the oldest standing structure in"—he cleared his throat, as if to signal something special coming—"Oxnaford: the old Saxon tower, dating from the ninth century at the least. At the *least*, I insist, though in doing so I incur the certain wrath of the more piddling of local archeologists, if we can dignify them with the title upon which Schliemann and Sir Leonard Woolley have heaped so much honor." He set to his egg eagerly, smashing it open with a spoon.

"Are you a professor of archeology?" my wife asked.



"I don't like the looks of this."

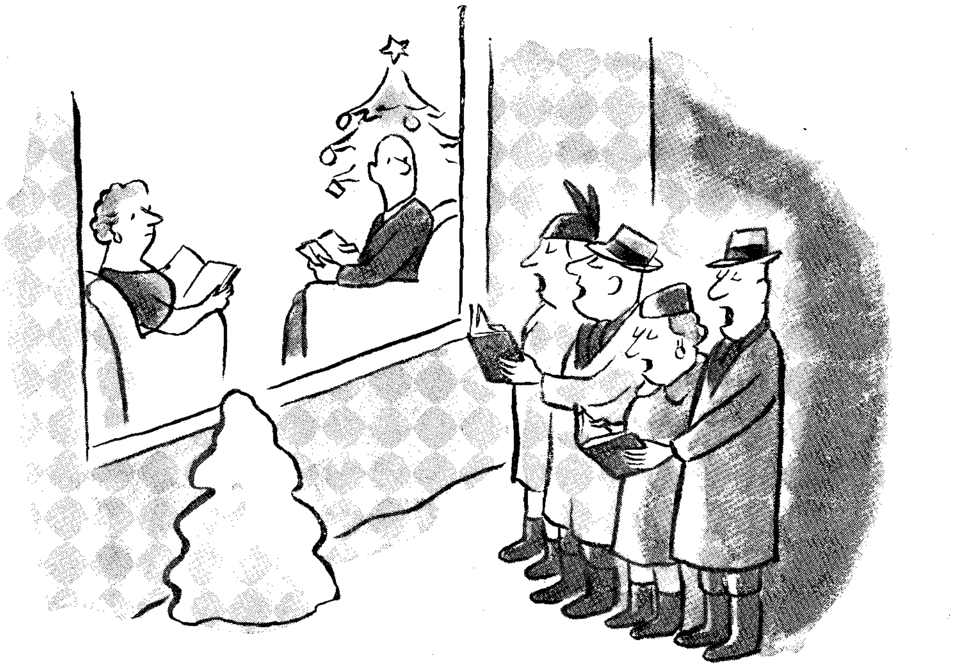
"Dear madam," he said, "in a manner of speaking, in a manner of speaking, I have taken all knowledge for my province. Do you know Ann Arbor, in, I believe, the very wooded state of Michigan? No? Have no shame, no shame; your country is so vast, a poor Englishman's head reels. My niece, my sister's daughter, married an instructor in the university there. I learn from her letters that the temperature frequently—*frequently*—drops below zero Fahrenheit. Mr. Pott, will this charming couple be spending the term with us here?" When it was explained to him, more readily than tactfully, that our presence here was an emergency measure, the result of a merciful impulse which Mr. Pott, his implication was, already regretted, Mr. Robinson bent his face low over his table to look up at us. He had perfect upper teeth. "You must know the *way*," he said, "the ins and outs, the little short cuts and circumlocutions, circumflexions, the *circumstances;* else you will never find a flat. You have waited long, too long; in a few days the Michaelmas term will be upon us and from Woodstock to Cowley there won't be room to be *had*. But I, *I*"—he lifted one finger and closed one eye sagely—"I may be of help. '*Che tu mi segui,*' as Virgil said to Dante, '*ed io sarò tua guida!*' "

We were of course grateful for a guide. The three of us walked down St. John's Street (all the shades were drawn, though this was daylight), up Beaumont past the ashy leonine sprawl of the Ashmolean, and down Magdalen Street to Cornmarket, where indeed we did see the Saxon tower. Mr. Robinson indicated points of interest continuously. His lower jaw seemed abnormally slender, as if it had been whittled from a normal jaw, to give it added flexibility and lightness. It visibly supported only one lower tooth, and that one hardly bigger than a fleck of tobacco, and set in the gum sideways; whereas his upper teeth were strikingly even and complete. Through these mismatched gates he poured an incessant stressed stream of words, broken only when, preparatory to some heightened "effect" of erudition, he preeningly cleared his throat. "Now we are standing in the center of town, the very hub and beating heart of Oxfordshire, Carfax, derived—uh-uh-*hem*—from the Norman *carrefor*, the Latin *quadrifurcus*, meaning four forks, or crossroads. Do you know Latin? The last international language, the—uh-hem—Esperanto of Christendom." He carried an old paper shopping bag, and we found ourselves in a vast roofed market, surrounded by blood-flecked butcher's stalls and bins of raw vegetables smelling of mud. Mr. Robinson methodically filled his bag with potatoes. He examined each potato, and hesitated with it, as if it would be his last; but then his anxious veined hand would dart out and seize yet another. When the bag could hold no more, he shrugged and began to wander away. The proprietress of the stall shouted in protest. She was fat; her face looked scorched; and she wore a man's boots and numerous unravelling sweaters. Without a word, Mr. Robinson returned and rather grandly dumped all the potatoes back into the bin. Along with the potatoes some papers fluttered out, and these he put back in the bag. He turned to us and smiled. "Now," he said, "it is surely time for lunch. Oxnaford is no town to storm on an empty stomach."

"But," I said, "Mr. Robinson, what about the place we have to find?"

He audibly exhaled, as if he had just tasted a superb wine. "*Aaaaah.* I have not forgotten, I have not forgotten. We must tread cautiously; you do not know, you see, the *way*. The ins and outs, the *circumstances*." He led us to a cafeteria above a furniture store on the Broad and through the chips and custard tried to distract us with a profuse account of Oxford in its medieval heyday—Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, the "Mad Parliament" of 1256, the town-gown riots of St. Scholastica's Day in 1355. Down on the street once more, he took to plucking our arms and making promises. One more little trip, one harmless excursion that would be *very* useful for us, and then down to business. He escorted us all the way down High Street to the Magdalen Bridge, and thus we received our first glimpse of the Cherwell. No punts were out at this time of year, and swans generally stayed downriver. But looking back toward the center of town, we were treated to the storybook view of Oxford, all spires and silhouette and flaking stone, under a sky by Constable. Weak, distraught, I felt myself succumb to a degree; we surrendered the day to Mr. Robinson. Triumphantly sensing this, he led us down Rose Lane, through the botanic gardens orange and golden with fall flowers, along Merton Field, and back through a series of crooked alleys to the business district. Here he took us into a bookstore and plucked a little newspaper, the Oxfordshire weekly, out of a rack and indicated to the man behind the counter that I would pay for it. While I rummaged the fourpence out of my pocket, Mr. Robinson pranced to the other wall and came back holding a book. It was a collection of essays by Matthew Arnold. "Don't buy this book," he told me. "*Don't buy it.* I have it in a superior edition, and will lend it to you. Do you understand? I will *lend* it to you." I thanked him and, as if all he had wanted from us was a little gratitude, he announced that he would leave us now. He tapped the paper in my hand. He winked. "Your problems—and don't think, *don't* think they have not been painfully on my mind—are solved; you will find your rooms in here. Very few, *very* few people know about this paper, but all the locals, *all* the locals with *good* rooms advertise in here; they don't *trust* the regular channels. You must know the *way*, you see, the ins and outs." And he left us, as at the edge of Paradise.

It was growing dark, in that long, slow, tea-shoppe-lit way of England afternoons, and we had tea to clear our heads. Then there seemed nothing to do but return to Mr. Pott's house, on St. John's Street. Now we noticed for the first time students in the streets, whirring along on their bicycles like bats, their black gowns fluttering. Only we lacked a roost. My wife lay down on top of our purple puff and silently cried. Her legs ached from all the walking. She was—our heavy secret—three months pregnant. We were fearful that if this became known not a landlord in Oxford would have us. I went out in the dusk with my newspaper to a phone booth. In fact, there were few flats advertised in the weekly, and all but one lacked a kitchen; this one was listed as on St. Aldate's Street. I called the number and a woman answered. When she heard my voice, she asked, "Are you an American?"



"I guess, yes."

"I'm sorry. My husband doesn't like Americans."

"He doesn't? Why not?" It had been impressed upon me, with the award of my fellowship, that I was to act as an ambassador abroad.

There was a pause, then she said, "If you must know, our daughter's gone and married an airman from your base at Brize Norton."

"Oh—well, I'm not an airman. I'm a student. And I'm already married. It would just be me and my wife, we have no children."

"Hooh, Jack!" The exclamation sounded off focus, as if she had turned her mouth from the receiver. Then she returned close to my ear, confidential, almost murmurous. "My husband's this minute come in. Would you like to talk to him?"

"No," I said, and hung up, trembling but pleased to have encountered a conversation I could end.

THE next morning, Mr. Robinson had reached the breakfast table before us. Perhaps it had cost him some effort, for his hair was mussed and its yellow tinge had spread to his face. His eagerness in greeting us was now tipped with a penetrating whine. The falseness of his upper teeth had become painfully clear; spittle sparked from his mouth with the effort of keeping the plate in place. " 'Noon strikes on England,' " he recited at our appearance, " 'noon on Oxford town, Beauty she was statue cold, there's blood upon her gown, proud and godly kings had built her long ago, with her towers and tombs and statues all arow, with her fair and floral air and the love that lingers there, and the streets where the great men go.' "

"I thought this morning," I told him, "I'd go to my college and see if they could help."

"Which college?" he asked. His face seemed abnormally alert.

"Keble."

"Ah," he cried, triumphant, "they won't help. *They won't help.* They know *nothing.* They *wish* to know nothing. *Nihil ex nihilo.*"

"It's a game they play," Mr. Pott muttered sourly, "called Hands Off."

"Really?" my wife said, her voice about to brim into panic.

"Nevertheless," I insisted, "we have to begin somewhere. That weekly you got for us had only one possibility, and the woman's husband didn't like Americans."

"Your ruddy airmen," Mr. Pott explained, "from out Norton way have given you a name. They come into town with their powder-blue suits and big shoulders, some of 'em black as shoe polish, and give the local tarts what-for."

My mention of the weekly had set off a sequence in Mr. Robinson's mind, for now he clapped his hands to his head and said, "That book. I promised to lend you that book. Forgive, for*give* a rattlebrained old man. I will get it for you *instanter.* No protest, no protest. Youth must be served."

He went upstairs to his room, and we glanced at Mr. Pott inquisitively. He nodded. "I'd beat it now, in your shoes," he said.

We had made three blocks and felt safely lost in the crowd along Cornmarket when Mr. Robinson caught up with us. He was panting and wearing his bedroom slippers. "Wait," he whined, "*wait*, you don't *see*. You can't run blind and headlong into these situations, you don't understand the *circumstances*." He carried his paper shopping bag and produced from it a book, which he pressed upon me. It was a turn-of-the-century edition of Arnold's essays, with marbled end papers. Right there, on the jostling pavement, I opened it, and nearly slammed it shut in horror, for every page was a spider's web of annotations and underlinings, in many pencils and inks and a wild variety of handwritings. "Cf.," "*videlicet*," "He betrays himself here," "19th cent. optmsm."—these leaped at me out of the mad swarm. The annotations were themselves annotated, as his argument with the text doubled and redoubled back on itself. "Is this so?" a firm hand had written in one margin, and below it, in a different slant and fainter pencil, had been added, "Yes it is so," with the "is" triple underlined; and below this a wobbly ball-point pen had added, without capitals, "but is it?" It made me dizzy to look into; I shut the book and thanked him.

Mr. Robinson looked at me cleverly sideways. "You thought I had forgotten," he said. "You thought an old man's brain didn't hold water. No shame, no shame; in your circumstances you could hardly think otherwise. But no, what I promise, I fulfill; now I will be your guide. A-hem. Everyman, I will go with thee: hah!" He gestured toward the ancient town hall and told us that during the Great Rebellion Oxford had been the Royalist headquarters.

"The king, observing with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse, and why?"

he recited, ending with a sweep of his arm that drew eyes to us.

Just as, by being pronounced definitely insane, a criminal curiously obligates the society he has injured, so now Mr. Robinson's hold upon us was made perfect. The slither of his shuffling slippers on the pavement, the anxious snagging stress of periodic syllables, the proud little throat clearings were so many filaments that clasped us to him as, suffocated with embarrassment and frustration, we let him lead us. Our route overlapped much of the route of the day before; but now he began to develop a new theme—that all this while he had been subjecting us to a most meticulous scrutiny and we had passed favorably, with *flying* colors, and that he was going to introduce us to some of his friends, the really *important* people, the grand panjandrums, the people who knew where there were rooms and rooms. He would write letters, perform introductions, secure our admission to secret societies. After lunch, at about the hour when on the day before he had introduced us to the paper seller, he shepherded us into the library of the Oxford Union Society and introduced us to the fastidious boy behind the desk. Mr. Robinson's voice, somehow intensified by whispering, carried to every crusty corner and sacrosanct gallery. The young librarian in his agony did not suppress an ironical smile. When his eyes turned to us, they took on a polite glaze that fell a little short of concealing contempt. But with what a deal of delighted ceremony did Mr. Robinson, who evidently really was a member, superintend the signing of our names in a huge old ledger! In return for our signatures we were given, as if they were the finest flower of a sorcerer's magic, an application form for membership. There was this to be said for Mr. Robinson: he never left you quite empty-handed.

Returning, frantic and dazed, to our room at the Potts', we were able to place the application blank and the annotated Arnold beside our first trophy, the Oxfordshire weekly. I lay down on the bed beside my wife and read through the lead article, a militant lament on the deterioration of the Norman church at Iffley. When I had regained some purpose in my legs, I walked over to Keble and found it was much as I had been warned. The patterns of paternalism did not include those students tasteless enough to take a wife. Flats were to be had, though, the underling asserted, absurdly scratching away with a dip pen in his tiny nook with its one Gothic window overlooking a quad; his desk suggested the Tenniel illustration of all the cards flying out of the pack.

I was newly enough married not to expect that my wife, once I was totally empty of hope, would supply some. She had decided in my absence that we must stop being polite to Mr. Robinson. Indeed, this did seem the one way out of the maze. I should have thought of it myself. We dressed up and ate a heartily expensive meal at a pseudo-French restaurant that Mr. Robinson had told us never, *never* to patronize, because they were brigands. Then we went to an American movie to give us brute strength and in the morning came down to breakfast braced. Mr. Robinson was not there.

THIS was to be, it turned out, our last breakfast at the Potts'. Already we had become somewhat acclimatized. We no longer, for example, glanced around for Mrs. Pott; we had accepted that she existed, if she existed at all, on a plane invisible to us. The other boarders greeted us by name now. There were two new faces among them—young students' faces, full of bewilderingly pertinent and respectful questions about the United States. The States, their opinion was, had already gone the way that all countries must eventually go. To be American, we were made to feel, was to be lucky. Mr. Pott told us that Dai had written he would be needing his room by the weekend and pushed across the table a piece of paper containing several addresses. "There's a three-room basement asking four pounds ten off Banbury Road," he said, "and if you want to go to five guineas, Mrs. Shipley still has her second floor down toward St. Hilda's."

It took us a moment to realize what this meant; then our startled thanks gushed. "Mr. Robinson," I blurted in conclusion, groping for some idiom suitable to Mr. Pott and not quite coming up with it, "has been leading us all around the Maypole."

"Poor Robbie," said Mr. Pott. "Daft as a daisy." He tapped the bony side of his lean dark head.

My wife asked, "Is he always—like that?"

"Only as when he finds an innocent or two to sink his choppers in; they find him out soon enough, poor Robbie."

"Does he really have a niece in Michigan?"

"Ah yes, he's not all fancy. He was a learned man before his trouble, but the university never quite took him on."

" 'So poetry, which is in Oxford made an art,' " a familiar voice sweetly insisted behind us, " 'in London only is a trade.' Dryden. *Not* a true Oxonian, but an excellent poet and amateur scholar nevertheless. If you enjoy his jingling style. Mr. Pott. Can that egg be mine?" He sat down and smashed it neatly with his spoon and turned to us jubilantly. Perhaps the delay in his appearance had been caused by an effort of grooming, for he looked remarkably spruce, his long hair brushed to a tallowish lustre, his tie knotted tightly, his denture snug under his lips, and a plaid scarf draped around his shoulders. "Today," he said, "I will devote myself to your cause wholeheartedly, without intermissions, interruptions, or intercessions. I have spent the last hour preparing a wonderful surprise, *mirabile dictu*, as faithful Aeneas said to his natural mother, Aphrodite."

"I think," I said, in a voice constrained by the other faces around the table, "we really must do other things today. Mr. Pott says that Dai—"

"Wait, *wait*," he cried, becoming agitated and rising in his chair. "You do not understand. You are *innocents*—charming, yes, vastly potential, yes, but innocents, you see. You must know the *way*, the ins, the outs—"

"No, honestly—"

"*Wait.* Come with me now. I will show you my surprise *instanter*, if you insist." And he bustled up from the table, the egg uneaten, and back up the stairs toward his room. My wife and I followed, relieved that what must be done could now be done unwitnessed.

Mr. Robinson was already coming out of his room as we met him on the second-floor landing. In his haste he had left the door open behind him. Over his shoulder I glimpsed a chaos of tumbled books and wrinkled papers. He held in his hands a sheet of paper on which he had made a list. "I have spent the last hour preparing," he said, "with a care not incomparable to that of, *ih-ih-humm*, St. Jerome transcribing the Vulgate, a list; these are the people that today we will *see*." I read the list he held to my face. The offices and titles and names at the top meant nothing to me, but halfway down, where the handwriting began to get big and its slant become inconstant, there was the word "Chancellor" followed by a huge colon and the name "Lord Halifax."

Something in my face made the paper begin to tremble. Mr. Robinson took it away and held it at his side. With the other hand he fumbled with his lapel. "You're terribly kind," I said. "You've given us a wonderful introduction to Oxford. But today, really, we must go out on our own. Absolutely."

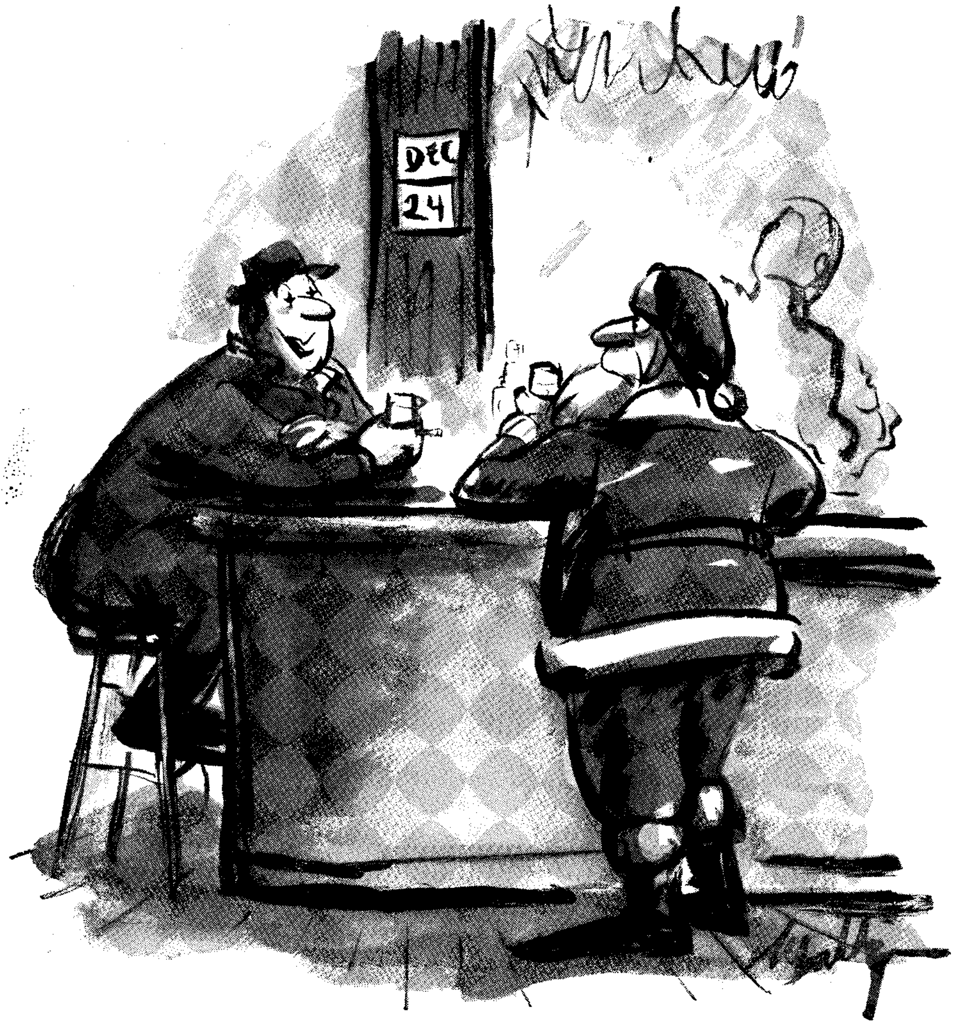
"No, no, you don't seem to comprehend; the *circum*—"

"*Please*," my wife said sharply.

He looked at her, then at me, and an unexpected calm entered his features. The twinkle faded, the jaw relaxed, and his face might have been that of any tired old man as he sighed, "Very well, very well. No shame."

"Thank you so much," my wife said, and made to touch, but did not quite touch, the limp hand that had curled defensively against the breast of his coat.

Knees bent, he stood apparently immobilized on the landing before the door of his room. Yet as we went down the stairs, he did a most unexpected thing; he came to the banister, lifted his hand and pronounced, as we quickened our steps to dodge his words, "God bless. God bless." —JOHN UPDIKE



"Say, shouldn't you be going down chimneys or something tonight, Mac?"

•

At the State Department, Press Officer Lincoln White was asked if there was any substance to rumors that the U.S. might be in Western Europe. "There is no substance to such speculation," Mr. White answered.—*U.S.I.S. News Digest.*

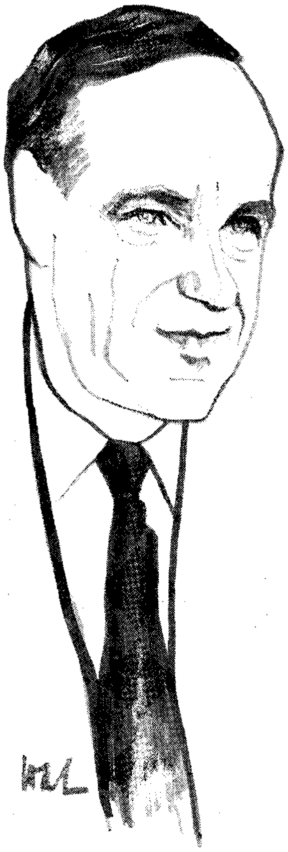
We don't like these quick answers.

PROFILES

A HOUSE CALLED PEACE

THIRTEEN years ago, a young Austrian medical student named Hermann Gmeiner became so deeply concerned over the plight of his country's many homeless children that he abandoned his studies in order to do something about it. He had a big idea and exactly forty-two dollars. Today, Gmeiner leads a movement—the Vereinigung der SOS Kinderdörfer, or Federation of SOS Children's Villages—that spends more than four million dollars a year and is supported by contributions from a worldwide membership, including more than two million members in Europe alone. Through various affiliated organizations, the Federation has built sixteen children's villages in Austria, Germany, France, and Italy, and it has ten more in various stages of construction in those countries; it has also begun building or, at least, planning model villages in a number of other countries, on all six continents. Only a little over a thousand children live in the SOS Children's Villages, but Gmeiner's big idea has affected the lives of thousands of other children in institutions all over the world. Social scientists in many countries have recognized the importance of that idea, and child-welfare experts have adopted the essentials of Gmeiner's methods. Richard Meister, *doyen* of Vienna's School of Education and president of the Austrian Academy of Sciences, says that Gmeiner has come up with what has proved to be "the most successful solution of the problem of lost, distressed children." A few years ago, the opening of a new SOS Children's Village was hardly more than a local affair. Today, scientists and educators, kings and cardinals attend such an event. The President of Austria has awarded Gmeiner the Silver Order of Merit of the Republic. The Pope recently praised him in a personal message. In 1958, and again this year, Albert Schweitzer, who has called the SOS Children's Villages "a true contribution to the peace of our world," proposed him for the Nobel Peace Prize.

The recipient of all these honors is a short, stocky bachelor of forty-three, with blond hair, a prominent nose, blue eyes, and a soft but penetrating voice. There is nothing dramatic about Gmeiner; he is inconspicuous—the sort of man one doesn't notice on the bus—and he laughs easily. But his appearance is deceiving; he is a utopian dreamer with a sure financial touch, an idealist who is also a master organizer. He is an invincible optimist as well. A friend recently recalled an evening in the pioneering days of the SOS organization when Gmeiner was to talk about his new project before a meeting in the Austrian town of Lambach. Unfortunately, a troupe of Spanish dancers was performing in Lambach that night and practically everybody in town had decided to watch their performance. In fact, only three people sat in the meeting hall when Gmeiner mounted the speaker's platform. "I was depressed, but Gmeiner was as cheerful as ever," the friend said. "When it became apparent that no one else was likely to turn up, he told me, 'If I can make these three people believe in our idea, the evening won't be wasted,' and he spoke to his tiny audience with as much force and conviction as if he were addressing three thousand people. The three listeners signed up as members and became the nucleus of our organization in Lambach."

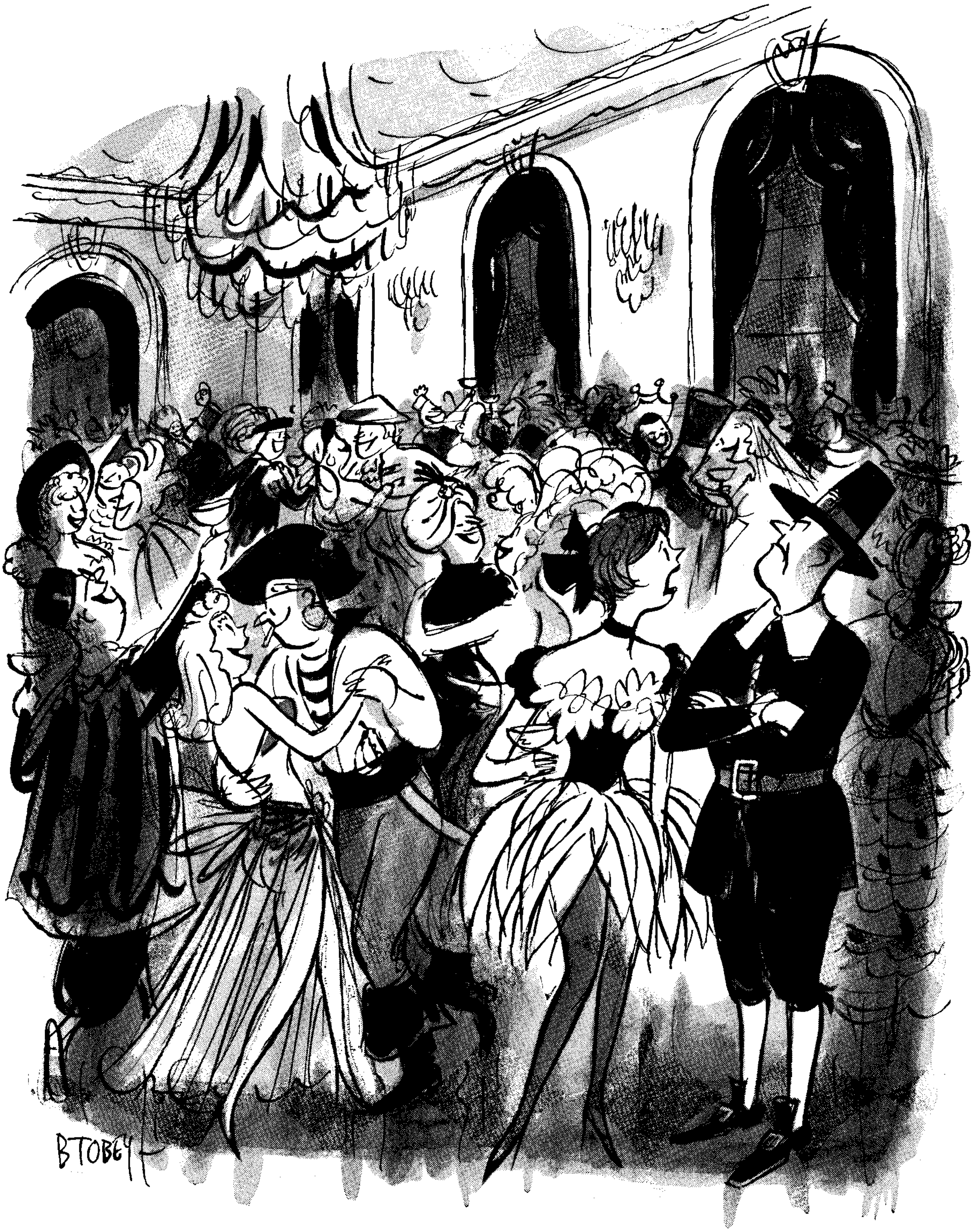


Hermann Gmeiner

Gmeiner's idea did not come out of a void. The problem of homeless children is as old as mankind itself, and over the centuries mankind has dealt with it in many ways, humane and less humane. Within the last decades, however, child specialists in many parts of the world, including Gmeiner's corner of it, have come to question the adequacy of the traditional solutions. As far back as the early nineteen-hundreds, the Munich pediatrician Meinhard von Pfaundler was able to prove that the sort of life led by children in orphanages and similar institutions caused nervous disorders, arrested physical growth, and generally retarded mental, emotional, and spiritual development. Such children also seemed particularly vulnerable to many diseases, which were more often fatal to them than to children reared by their parents. Over the years, a number of other scientific studies were made, supporting the doctor's conclusions. Gmeiner, who has never published an academic paper in his life, came to the same conclusions in his own way. At the end of the Second World War, he found himself disturbed about the abandoned children he saw everywhere, sleeping in haystacks and in the cellars of bombed-out houses. They were always on the move, and they were always hungry; the tougher ones would steal food, and the weaker ones would beg for it. Some of the children had become vicious little animals; others lived in perpetual fright; and still others—more depressing than the rest to Gmeiner—were profoundly listless. "The world these children knew was a world without laws and morals," he wrote in 1960, in a book called "The SOS Children's Villages." "They had no chance of a normal upbringing in the ruined cities and large refugee camps of Europe. Criminologists, teachers, and child-welfare experts uttered dire warnings and backed them up with terrifying statistics. Many people were seriously worried about the problem of the lost children, but they were occupied with their private concerns and had no time for other people's children." Looking about, and working in, various kinds of boys' and girls' homes in those postwar days, Gmeiner saw emotionally disturbed children who slept in bunks, who never ate a home-cooked meal, who were bossed by attendants, who marched everywhere in formation, who wore uniforms. "When we place a child who has just lost his mother or parents in such an institution, we complete the process of writing the child out of our normal society," Gmeiner has said. "Such a child will remain an outsider until the end of his life."

There were many proposals for dealing with homeless children, but Gmeiner saw something lacking in every one of them. "No one thought of the simple, natural solution—to give these children a normal life again. Not life in an orphanage or any other kind of institution, no matter how 'advanced,' where the child was only a temporary charge (and knew it), but life in an ordinary house with a hearth, a living room, and a bedroom, where the child would live with a resident 'mother' and with other children, who would become his 'brothers' and 'sisters.' The houses would be solid, and would be comfortable, but not luxurious, corresponding to the homes of factory foremen or white-collar workers. A dozen or more such houses would form an SOS Children's Village." The crux of Gmeiner's proposal was the idea of the mother. Gmeiner does not pretend that it was original. Almost two hundred years ago, Johann Pestalozzi, the Swiss educator, wrote, "Genuine education demands that the mother's eye read hour after hour every change in the child's soul in his eyes, his mouth, his voice," and in our own century the Swiss psychologist Adolf Friedemann has said, "The human being is formed first by the image of the mother." But it was Gmeiner who, in 1949, with the help of funds raised from ordinary Austrian citizens, started the first children's settlement based on the notion of the resident mother, in the outskirts of the town of Imst, in the Tyrol.

From the start, Gmeiner's idea was bombarded with criticism. It was too daring. It was too modest. It was too complicated. It was too simple. Most of these objections, and especially those coming from conventional authorities, Gmeiner shrugged off. For a short time, though, he was perplexed by one argument—the argument that a mother on her own couldn't make a real family, that children needed the authority of a father, too. Why not put a married couple, perhaps with children of their own, in charge of each house? To this Gmeiner replied that it probably would be impossible to find enough couples sharing the necessary idealism. And it would be difficult to find outside jobs for the fathers, who would have no work in the Children's Village. But what really made this scheme unworkable, in Gmeiner's view, was the certainty that parents would instinctively favor their own children. The rest of the family would soon suffer the usual frustrations of "second-rate" foster children—the thing, above all, that Gmeiner wanted to avoid. Still, Gmeiner knew that masculine authority was needed, and he proposed to provide this by installing a man as *Dorfleiter* (Village Manager) of every SOS Children's Village. The *Dorfleiter* would advise the mothers, take a genuine interest in all the children, and serve as a combination of judge, mediator, and father confessor. The children, however, would not call him "Father" but would address him by name. "I was sure it would be better to have a manager who would act like a father than a father who would act like a manager," Gmeiner says. "There are too many such fathers all over the world now." Gradually, Gmeiner discovered that in addition to the *Dorfleiter*



"Oh, for goodness' sake, Dick! Come off it!"

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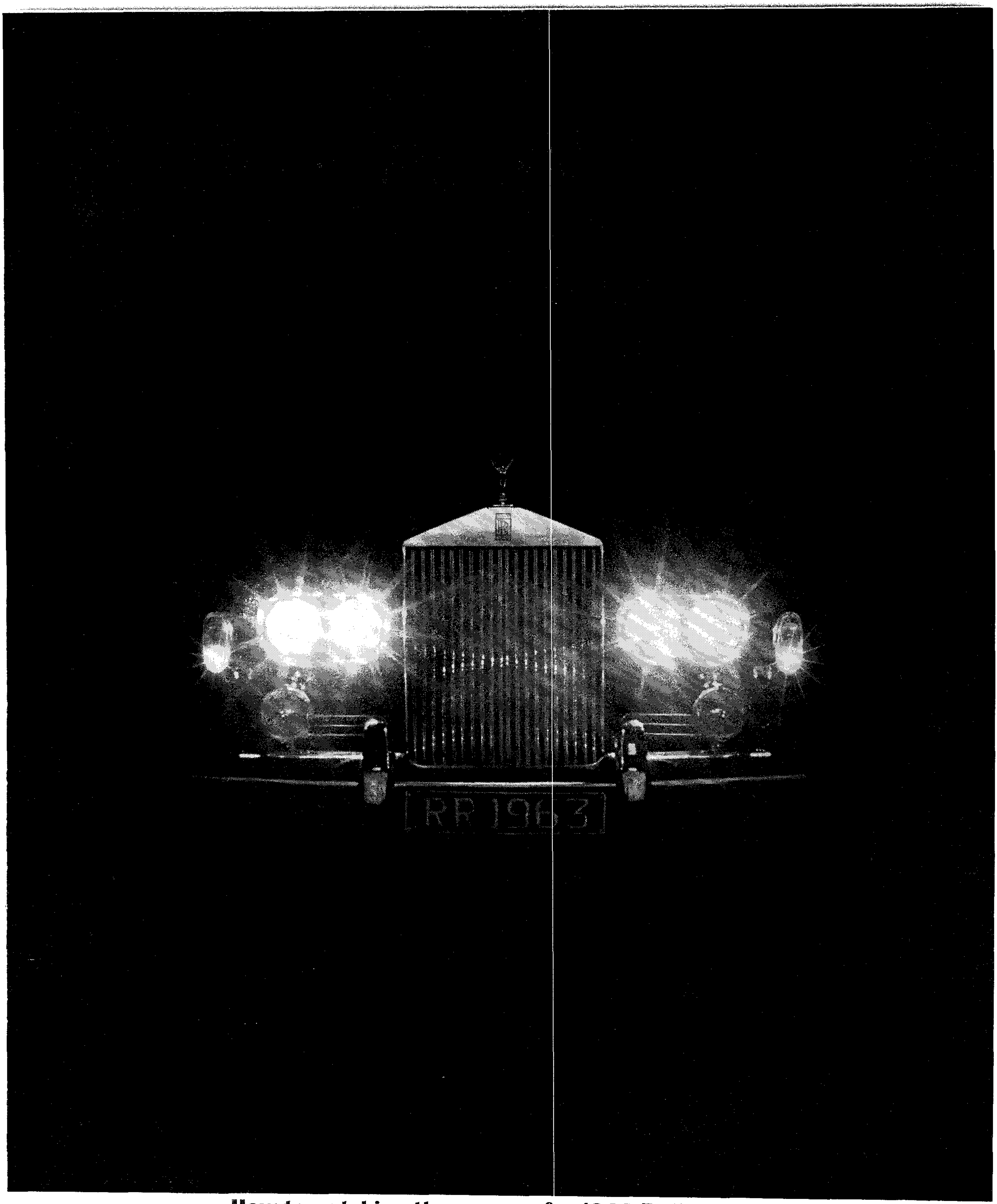
and the mothers, each Children's Village would need a handyman, a seamstress, a laundress, a kindergarten teacher, a nurse, several helpers known as "aunts," who would take care of the families whose mother was sick or on vacation, and half a dozen people to work in the Village office and in the Village commissary, where the mothers would obtain food and clothing for their families.

The children for the first few houses in the first Village were simply rounded up by Gmeiner—along roadsides, in refugee camps, wherever he saw them. Today, most children living in the Villages were recommended by state or church agencies. There are only two conditions for a child's acceptance: he must be healthy enough, physically and emotionally, to live in a family without receiving special attention, and he must have no possible private home. Children who might be cared for by relatives or friends are not accepted. Neither are the children of unmarried mothers who are able to support them. The children *don't have to be orphans, though.* Twenty-nine per cent of all the children in the Austrian Villages were taken away from their parents by court decree, because the parents were found to be alcoholics. Seventy per cent are illegitimate children who were abandoned by their mothers; in the case of eighteen per cent of all the children, the father's identity is not known. Eleven per cent of the children are there because their mothers died of cancer. The Villages have twice as many boys as girls, simply because it is always harder to place boys in foster homes. Some of the children have already lived in a dozen different places—orphanages, reformatories, or foster homes where they were taken in only for the sake of the monthly child-care allowances paid by the government welfare authorities. There is a tragedy behind every child in an SOS Children's Village; otherwise the child wouldn't be there. Most children arrive very late—that is, between the ages of eight and ten. This usually means that they have undergone a long period of suffering and are hard to handle. Only two per cent of the children arrive in infancy, and Gmeiner, without irony, calls these "lucky." Among the present group of children, there is a two-year-old girl, not quite "lucky," whose mother died and whose father set fire to the family's house. The "unlucky" ones include a nine-year-old girl from a mountain village whose mother sent her to the store for bread one day and who returned to find that an avalanche had destroyed her house and killed her whole family. There is a boy who was picked up as a baby by gypsies and spent years with them, wandering through Europe and eating the meat of cats and dogs; at first he terrified the other children in his Village, because he wanted to kill every cat or dog he saw. And there is a boy who ran away from an orphanage, was caught by the police, ran away again, and showed up in Imst, saying, "Please let me stay."

What Gmeiner calls the "therapeutic treatment" starts with the mother's love. When she tells a newly arrived child that he is here for good, he often doesn't believe her. At night, he may wake up crying, and when the mother asks why, he may say that he is afraid he'll be sent away. In time, though, the child begins to believe that this is really his home. As "Mama" cooks for him and mends his clothes and helps him *with his homework, he comes to have,* for the first time in his life, a sense of security and of belonging. The presence of brothers and sisters also contributes to the therapeutic treatment, for a child who may no longer believe grownups will believe other children. After some consideration of both practical and psychological factors, Gmeiner decided that nine children per house was the ideal figure—certainly no more and preferably no fewer. Many of the children in the Villages have real brothers and sisters with them, and these are always placed in the same house. In one house there are seven brothers and a sister, who lost their father and mother in an automobile accident. In the past, when such a tragedy occurred, the boys were sent to a boys' home and the girls to a girls' home, and if there was a baby, it was sent to a nursery. The family was thus broken up forever. In an SOS Children's Village, families are saved. Ideally, the children in a house should be of different ages, as they are in a real family, and there should be a baby, for the older children to pamper. Gmeiner recently told the story of a nine-year-old boy who came to Imst years ago, after being expelled from several institutions as a hopeless problem child—tough and cynical, and addicted to cheating, stealing, and beating up other children. Finally, the state authorities asked Gmeiner to



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take him on, and Gmeiner accepted the challenge. "He was quite a problem," Gmeiner said. "He wouldn't obey his mother, fought with his brothers, and in general was a bad influence. 'Leave me alone,' he would say when we tried to talk to him. 'What difference does it make how I behave? You're going to send me away anyhow. I know it—they all sent me away. No one wants to keep me.' I always tell our people that no child is hopeless as long as we adults don't give up hope for him, but this time I really didn't know what to do. Then a year-old girl was brought to the Village, and I assigned her to the house the difficult boy was living in. After a while, the boy began to carry his little sister around, play with her, protect her from the other children. Soon he was helping his mother around the house, running errands for her, and beginning to do quite well in school. He told me he would do anything for his Mama, 'because she takes such good care of my little sister.' That time, the baby did what neither grownups nor any of the older children could do."

The therapeutic treatment is furthered by the common hearth, the common dinner table, and the common family tasks. The children set the table and help with the dishes; such chores are good for all the children, but especially for the girls. Gmeiner has studied the case histories of many girls who lived in welfare institutions practically from birth to marriage. "They'd never known family life, and then they were expected to build a family," he says. "Such a bride was completely lost in her new home, and had no idea how to create the essential atmosphere of warmth. Sooner or later, her marriage would end in failure. And we would blame her instead of blaming ourselves." Another part of the therapeutic treatment can be summed up briefly—no uniforms and no regimentation. The mother draws clothes—new or second-hand, purchased or donated—from the commissary, and, as in other families, the smaller children often inherit their clothes from the older ones. Soon after the first Village kindergarten was opened, in Imst, the teacher lined up the children for a walk, but when Gmeiner saw them marching in twos, holding hands, he intervened, saying that he permitted no "pre-military education" in the Village, and now the kindergarten children run about freely when the teacher takes them outdoors. Except for kindergarten, there are no schools in the Villages. Every morning, the older children leave their homes and walk to the public school in the nearest town. This part of Gmeiner's program was bitterly attacked at first; it was predicted that the Village children would have a bad influence on the local children, that the local children would snub or gang up on the children from the Villages, and also that the Village children would not be able to hold their own scholastically. "Such fears have proved to be groundless," Gmeiner writes in his book. "Our children were well received in the public schools. They were no harder to handle than other children. Their scholastic achievements have often been better than those of the other children. . . . In school and on the way home, they get acquainted with the children in town, who treat them not as 'Kinderdorf children' but as friends." The Villages admit children of all races, colors, and creeds, and, wherever possible, the children go to the nearest appropriate church; this policy may run into an occasional snag, though, the most recent being the admission into one Village of several young refugees from Tibet.

Boys stay in the Villages until they are fourteen or so, and girls until they are eighteen. In Austria, the boys go on to an SOS students-and-apprentices home, in Egerdach, near Innsbruck, to learn a trade or attend secondary school. About eighty older boys are now in Egerdach, where they live three to a room, in a large four-story building. After their schooling or apprenticeship, they may put in their military service, get a job, or go on to a university. When the girls leave their Villages, they may attend homemaking schools or, if they have completed secondary school, may go on to a university. Upon leaving their Villages, both boys and girls automatically become members of an SOS club, and they not only write to each other but come "back home" for holidays and vacations. Thirty-odd of the oldest alumni now have jobs all over Austria, some of them as accountants, mechanics, and electrical engineers, and there are alumnae who are medical students, nurses, teachers, and nuns. Some of the young adults are married, but even they come back to their old Villages. The family has become a reality.

GMEINER was born on June 23, 1919, in Alberschwende, a village in the Bregenz Forest, in the Vorarl-

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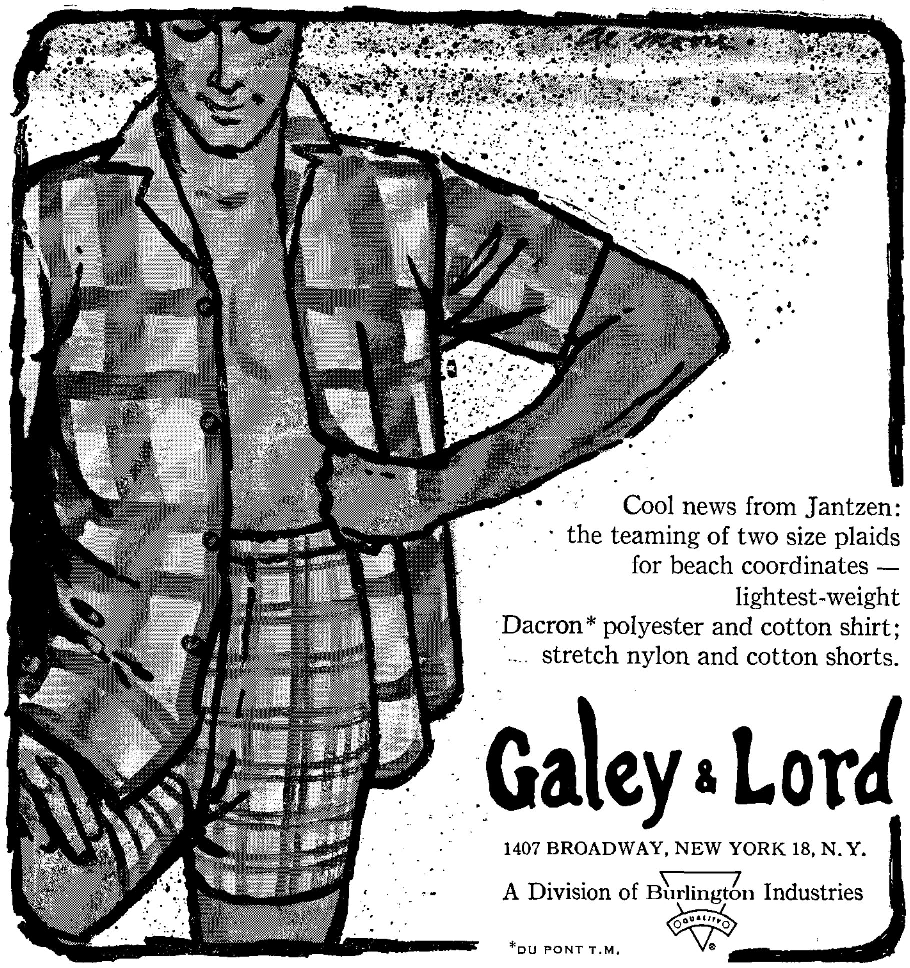

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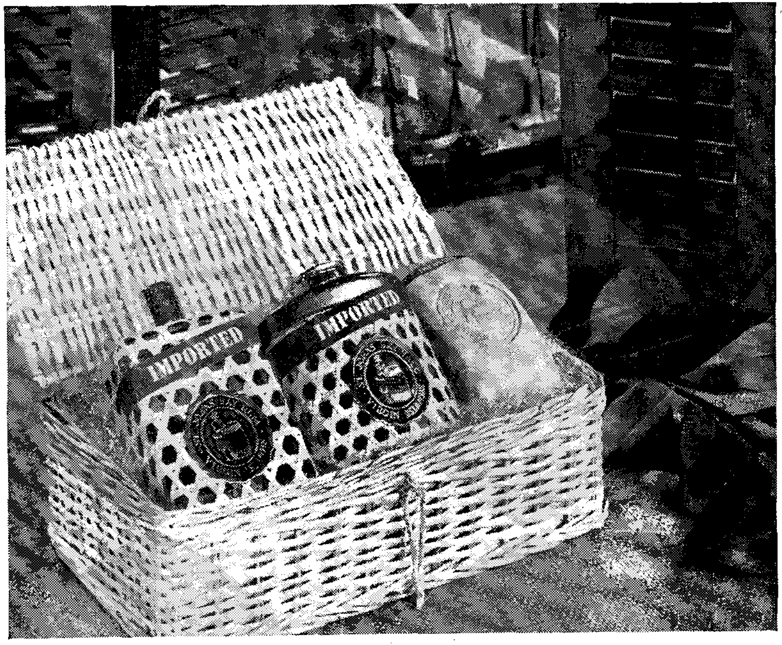

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berg Province of Austria. He was the seventh of eight children growing up in poverty on a small farm. Gmeiner's mother died when he was four years old. Her death was a shock from which he has never completely recovered, and it seems certain that his career was partly shaped by this experience. In Austria, it is customary for a widowed farmer to remarry almost at once, because he needs the help of a wife in the house and on the farm, but Gmeiner's father put the question to a family vote. The children promised to help him run the farm if he would agree not to bring home a stepmother. He fell in with their wishes, and the children did their part. (The elder Gmeiner is still alive, and he has watched Hermann's success with quiet satisfaction.)

Hermann, the third of the boys, was very young when he decided to become a doctor. After public school, he attended secondary school in the town of Feldkirch, twenty-five miles from Alberschwende. Here, at the age of twelve, he was on his own. His father was too poor to help him except with an occasional food parcel, but the boy got a scholarship at the school and found a small room in the apartment of an elderly woman, who let him stay free of charge. He earned a few schillings by serving as an altar boy in the Catholic church—he was, and is, a devout Catholic—and, later, by tutoring younger students in mathematics and Latin. He was popular with his schoolmates, and they were generous with invitations to their homes, so he usually contrived one square meal a day. Gmeiner says that in those years he was "cheerful but not exuberant." As he got older, he read a lot, becoming especially interested in philosophy, and his classmates nicknamed him Gmeiner the Meditator.

His meditations were abruptly interrupted in 1939, when, shortly before he was to take his final examinations, he was drafted into the Wehrmacht, in which he served as an enlisted man and then as an officer. After basic training, he was sent to the Russian front, where he spent what he calls "six long, lost years," during which he was wounded five times. One evening toward the end of the war, somewhere in the snow-covered Russian countryside, he became separated from his unit. He wandered about aimlessly until he was almost numb with cold and with fatigue, and then, coming upon a lone farmhouse with a lighted window, he stumbled in. In the kitchen he found a frightened old Russian woman and a boy of about seven. They were terrified at the sight of a German officer, but Gmeiner reassured them as best he could and, stretching himself out on a bench by the warm stove, fell fast asleep. Somewhat later—he doesn't know whether it was five minutes or five hours—he was awakened by the sound of a man's voice, speaking Russian. A Russian soldier burst into the kitchen from the front of the house, his gun pointed at Gmeiner. Gmeiner jumped up from the bench, which was near the back door, and the Russian boy caught the soldier's arm and shouted something at him. The scuffle between the boy and the soldier lasted only a couple of seconds, but that was long enough to let Gmeiner slip out into the darkness. Several hours later, he made contact with German troops. Gmeiner's friends say that in gratitude to the unknown Russian boy who saved his life he vowed then and there to do something for the world's unknown children.

If that is so, Gmeiner long had to postpone the fulfillment of his vow. After the war, he spent a year helping his father on the farm. His oldest brother had been killed in action, and the second brother was a prisoner of war. When this brother returned, Hermann was free to go back to Feldkirch and pick up where he had left off almost seven years before. After finishing school, he matriculated at the University of Innsbruck as a medical student. By this time, he had decided to specialize in pediatrics, and he hoped that he might someday become the head of a great children's clinic. At Innsbruck, he joined the Catholic Students Group, which, among other things, tried to help abandoned children. "There just seemed to be no way out for these kids," he says now. "First fate abandoned them, and then society completed the process by sending them to an institution. The idea of a children's village began to grow in my mind. Nothing in this village would be gray. Gray is the color of prisons and reformatories. There would be bright, cheerful colors in the houses, and outside there would be woods and meadows. I had a village in mind, rather than any kind of settlement in a town, because in a village children would be close to nature and would be free to develop their individuality. Today, however, I know that the mother and the family are the important thing—not the place where they live. A while ago, I talked to the authorities in West Berlin about building an SOS Children's Village. There are many children there—especially refugees from

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the East—who need help badly. Owing to the special situation in Berlin, it may be necessary to build a skyscraper instead of a village, but I don't think that will make any difference. We can put one family in a large apartment on every floor."

Gmeiner told his friends in the Catholic Students Group of his plan for a children's village, and they thought it was unrealistic. Where was the money for such a village going to come from? Austria had hardly recovered from the war, the currency had been drastically devalued, and there was little food. People all had problems of their own to cope with. But Gmeiner had an answer ready. If every month every tenth Austrian would contribute one schilling—seven cents, at the rate of exchange that prevailed then—he could build and operate a children's village. By May, 1949, the plan had taken such a hold on Gmeiner's mind that, although he had only six hundred schillings to his name, he incorporated his original organization—the SOS Kinderdorf Verein. For a time, he tried to combine his work for the Verein with his medical studies, but, as one of his friends later pointed out, "that was too much for even a robust Tyrolian peasant like Hermann," and he soon reluctantly dropped out of school.

As the head of a non-profit organization that had no income, either, Gmeiner started writing scores of letters to state officials, church dignitaries, and wealthy individuals, explaining his project and asking for aid. The response was negligible, so he enlisted a group of helpers—Innsbruck housewives and friends from the student group—and began to ring doorbells in Innsbruck to recruit one-schilling-a-month members of the SOS Kinderdorf Verein. Within a few months, the Verein had acquired not only its first thousand members but a site for its Village. The mayor of Imst, a lovely old town halfway between Innsbruck and the Arlberg, had become interested in Gmeiner's idea, and the town council offered the Verein a stretch of mountain slope. The site had its drawbacks—it was steep and thickly wooded, and could be approached only by a footpath—but Gmeiner was overjoyed to get it, and started building his first children's house there in December. It was completed the following summer, and he decided to call it "Peace." A few months later, Gmeiner had another stroke of good fortune. A group of industrialists in the Tyrol gave him money for a second house—Industry, it was called. Today, there are eighteen houses at Imst.

In 1954, the Provincial Governor of Upper Austria visited Imst and became so enthusiastic about it that he offered Gmeiner a beautiful site at Altmünster, in the Salzkammergut. Gmeiner hesitated; he had planned to devote all his energies to Imst. Then the governor told him that several industrialists would probably donate money for houses at Altmünster, and he decided to go ahead. After construction started at Altmünster, Gmeiner had a change of heart; he now wanted to enlarge his project, and he began entertaining the notion of building a Village in the Vienna woods—a Village that would be visited by many people and would promote the Kinderdorf idea better than half a dozen fund-raising campaigns. After tramping about the area for days, Gmeiner found a large estate with spacious grounds in Hinterbrühl, a hamlet that had once been an elegant summer resort of aristocratic and wealthy Viennese. The estate cost twenty-five thousand dollars, and, in the summer of 1956, Gmeiner scraped together his last reserves, borrowed where he could, and bought it. Last year, a hundred and twenty thousand people went to see the SOS Children's Village at Hinterbrühl, and a visit to the place is now on the official program of nearly all the three hundred-odd international congresses that meet annually in Vienna. When visitors arrive at the Village, they see a cluster of gaily painted, brightly decorated modern houses, some in bungalow style and others with two stories. Each house has a modern kitchen, a living room, a private room for the mother, three children's bedrooms (each with three beds), and a modern bathroom, with three washbasins, of different heights. These days, it costs fourteen thousand dollars to build and furnish a house, which is considered inexpensive by local standards. The very first house Gmeiner built in Imst, thirteen years ago—a small one, without a bathroom—cost only three thousand dollars.

By the early fifties, Gmeiner had settled upon the organizational structure of the SOS Kinderdorf—which changed its name to the plural SOS Kinderdörfer after Altmünster—and that structure, simple and efficient, exists today, and has

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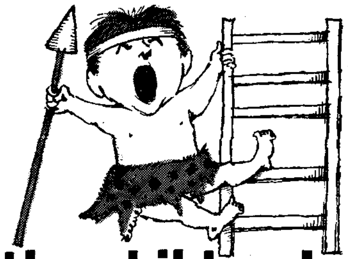

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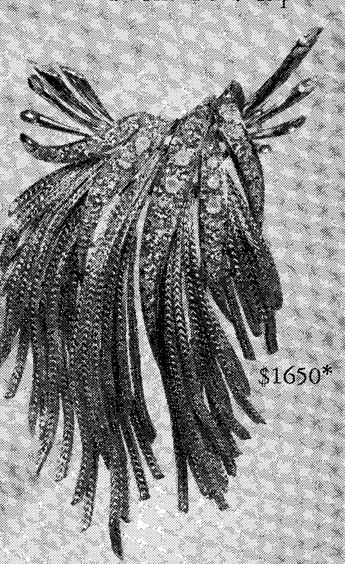

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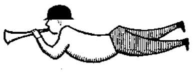

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served as a prototype for the other SOS national organizations. Gmeiner is the chief of the Austrian SOS Kinderdörfer, and he has four deputies—one each in charge of education, administration, fund raising, and international relations. The five of them, all working for salaries, form the executive. They are aided by a board of twelve unpaid directors—its membership has remained the same since the start—which has to pass on major financial decisions. A special *Kuratorium*, made up of civic, political, and business leaders, functions more or less as a public watchdog. And there is the commission, consisting of a psychologist, a businessman, a priest, a representative of the government, and Gmeiner himself, which has the heartbreaking job of selecting children from long lists submitted by state and church welfare organizations. The administrative expenses of the SOS Kinderdörfer amount only to 1.9 per cent of its budget, its annual meetings are open to the public, and its balance sheets are published. The SOS Kinderdörfer is supported mainly by the "little man," just as Gmeiner originally planned. "Members" still pay only one schilling a month (though the schilling's value has dropped to four cents), and there are more than a million members in Austria, or one out of every seven citizens; "friends" contribute twenty-five schillings quarterly; and "sponsors" (there are two hundred of them in America) pay two hundred schillings a month toward the support of a "godchild." Nowadays, too, the SOS Kinderdörfer receives many unsolicited donations and bequests; indeed, not a week goes by in which somebody doesn't leave the SOS Kinderdörfer some or all of his earthly belongings—anything from a couple of old chairs to, say, a million schillings. And bankers and industrialists who only a few years ago refused to see Gmeiner today go to see him and press upon him the money to build a house. Nevertheless, Gmeiner still relies on his schilling-a-month system, which he calls "a built-in hedge against bad times." Sometimes, he says, rich people give a large sum—but usually they give a large sum just once. During an economic depression, the big gifts may cease, but Gmeiner is convinced that the population at large will continue to contribute a schilling a month. He has been urged to increase the sum to two, three, or five schillings, but he is reluctant to do so, feeling that such a move would be a betrayal of his early supporters. After his years of experience in raising money, Gmeiner has a special map of Austria in his head, in which the different parts

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of the country are colored according to their generosity. In his files, he has tabulations for every Austrian city and village, and he has learned that country people give more than city people, and that industrial workers are more openhanded than white-collar employees.

The SOS Kinderdörfer supplements its income from donations by selling calendars and Christmas and Easter postcards and by running an annual lottery. Also, when children are taken away from foster parents or institutions and sent to a Children's Village, the city and state welfare agencies turn over to the organization the regular social-welfare payments for foster care. It now costs about eight hundred schillings to support a Village child for a month, and the social-welfare payment covers, at most, about half. The Austrian government makes no other contributions, and the SOS Children's Villages Society, in spite of its non-profit status, has to pay taxes on its revenue and its real estate. Gmeiner deplores this, as he deplores the fact that large contributions are not tax deductible in Austria, as they are in the United States.

It was in the late nineteen-fifties that the Kinderdorf idea began to be taken up outside of Austria. Since then, it has swept through most of Europe, and beyond. In some cases, Children's Villages have been set up with Gmeiner's active help, in other cases without it, but in every case Gmeiner has provided the inspiration. In Germany, there are SOS Children's Villages in the Black Forest, in Württemberg, in the Pfalz, in the Saar, and at Diessing, on the Ammersee, in Bavaria. In France, Gilbert Cotteau, a teacher who spent several months in Imst in the early days, runs a Village d'Enfants SOS in Busigny, near the Belgian frontier, and other SOS Villages have been built in Cesson, near Paris; in Bouyon, near Nice; and in Obernai, near Strasbourg. There is a students-and-apprentices home in Melun, much like the one in Egerdach. In Italy, there is a large Village near Bressanone, in the South Tyrol, and another is being constructed near Trento, farther south. Children's Villages are now in various stages of planning or construction in Australia, Finland, Japan, and Uruguay. In Argentina, Belgium, Brazil, England, Spain, Yugoslavia, and South Korea, national SOS Children's Villages Societies have been set up and are conducting membership drives. In the United States, the Friends of SOS Children's Villages-Austria, Inc., which shares the headquarters of the Austrian Information Office, on East Sixty-ninth Street, in New York, plans to build a

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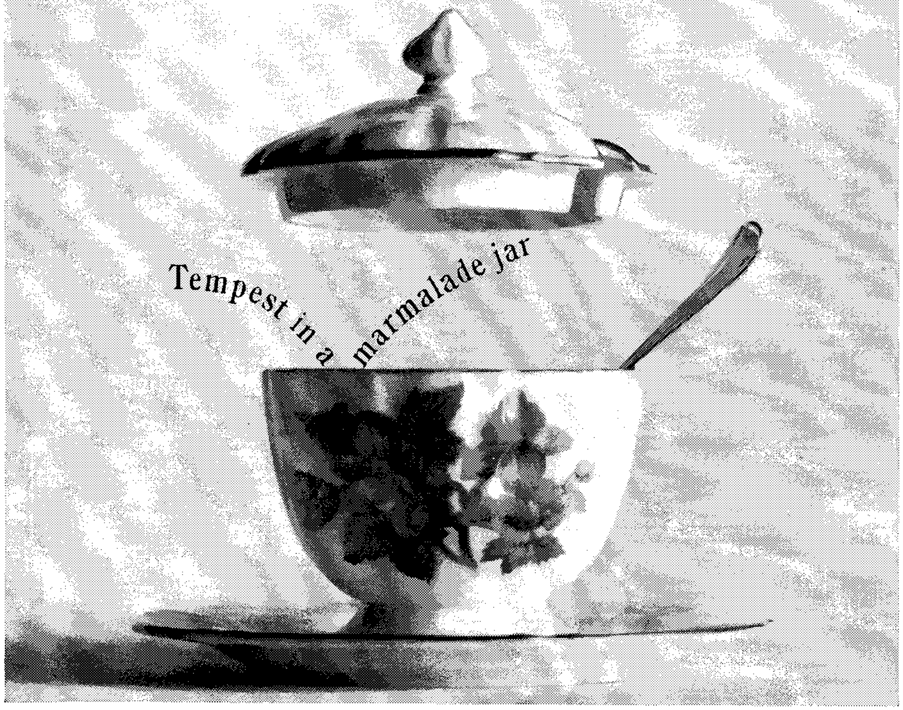

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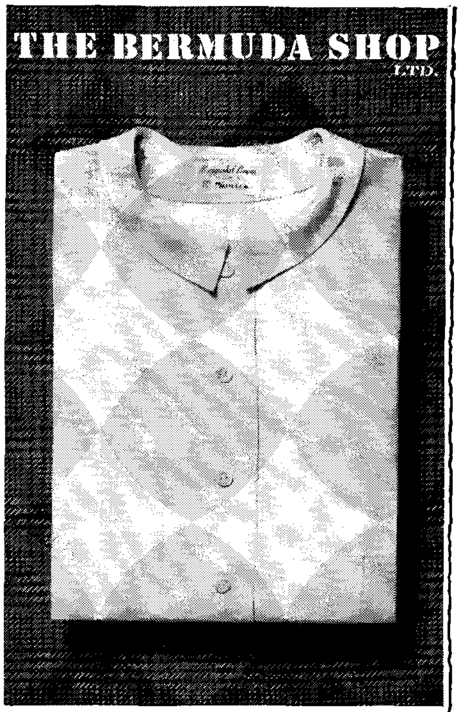

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model village. Last year, Gmeiner spent several weeks in New York and Chicago, and went home convinced that it would not be difficult to get contributions for an American Village, but that finding enough American women willing and able to work as mothers might be another matter. “Still, it is possible that I will be pleasantly surprised,” he said the other day. “People are the same all over the world, so there are bound to be selfless women everywhere.” In most of the Communist countries, Gmeiner's idea has been somewhat suspect, which doesn't surprise him, since it stresses the child's personal freedom and individual development. However, children's villages that follow Gmeiner's principles are being built in Yugoslavia and Poland.

In June, 1960, Gmeiner and a good many of his associates and disciples gathered in Strasbourg and founded the Vereinigung der SOS Kinderdörfer, with the intention of promoting the idea on an international scale and of giving “spiritual and financial assistance to projects with similar aims.” (Gmeiner chose Strasbourg because it is the meeting place of the Council of Europe.) The Federation elected Gmeiner as its first president, and it decided that any children's home in the world, whether or not it calls itself an SOS Children's Village, may apply for membership, provided its program incorporates the main principles of Gmeiner's original organization. (Summer camps and vacation homes calling themselves “children's villages” are not admitted as members.) Details may be modified according to national custom and local necessity, but Gmeiner insists that the main ideas be kept intact: mother, family, home. He has been delighted to see that the French Children's Villages have a very French *ambiance*, with old-fashioned furniture, and with a wonderful aroma of *omelette paysanne* or *blanquette de veau à l'ancienne* drifting out of the kitchen, which, of course, is the most important part of the house. In Germany, there is marked emphasis on the rules and regulations so dear to the German heart. In Italy, there are sunshine, *brio*, noise, and cheerful confusion. Gmeiner hopes to build Villages in some of the developing nations of Africa, and he has plans for a large Village in India, a country with millions of homeless children. He hopes that such a Village might start a chain reaction like the one that Imst started in Europe.

“It will probably have a thousand children rather than a hundred,” he says, “and the houses will have to be larger than the ones in our Villages, but the principle of small units and of children growing up in a non-institutional atmosphere will be maintained.”

That the principles work out well in a larger framework is proved every summer at Lake Caldonazzo, in the Italian Dolomites, where children over the age of six from all the SOS Children's Villages in Europe come together in mid-July for a six-week vacation. The girls live in a large hotel that has been transformed into a hostel, and the boys camp in tents, down by the lake. From the start, Gmeiner has managed the summer camp himself, with a particular idea in mind. “The family home in the Village teaches the children to be good citizens,” he says. “That is where they learn the values of family and community. In the holiday camp, we try to broaden their spirit and educate them to become good Europeans and, eventually, good citizens of the world. At Lake Caldonazzo, children from different countries come to know one another and to learn something of the spirit of internationalism.”

THE Austrian SOS Kinderdörfer has a headquarters in Vienna, with a full-time staff of ten, and a headquarters in Innsbruck, with a full-time staff of forty. These people put out publications, raise funds, handle legal problems, and dispose of the paperwork. But the heart of the organization in Austria still consists of just over a hundred people—the mothers. (Since the start of the SOS, only three mothers have had to be replaced: one died, one got married, and one was asked to leave.) In addition to her board and lodging, a Village mother gets a small monthly salary, and is entitled to two days off a month and five weeks of paid vacation. Upon retiring, at the age of sixty, she will receive a pension amounting to ninety per cent of her salary and will be taken care of for the rest of her life in a mothers' house, for which the organization has put aside sixty thousand dollars, and which will soon be constructed in Innsbruck. There the retired mothers will advise young women who are training to become mothers. But none of this will happen soon; the oldest mother today is forty-five.

Gmeiner, the perennial optimist, never doubted that he would find enough women for the difficult job of mother. "There are many children on earth who are looking for a mother, but there are also many women who are looking for a child," he assured skeptics at the outset. "In the Children's Village the motherless children and childless women will find one another." Today he says, "A mother has many worries but also many joys. Even so, I didn't expect that to be a Village mother would ever be considered a glamorous job, yet so it is now, not only among rural people but among city people as well. Nor did I expect that we would be swamped with hundreds of offers—from salesclerks and peasant women as well as from teachers and welfare workers and nurses."

The first woman who came to see Gmeiner about getting a job as mother was an Innsbruck woman who had lost her husband and her only child within a year. She was hired after a short interview, and today is one of the most highly regarded mothers. Nowadays, women applying for the job go through a more complex process. A candidate must be between twenty-five and forty years of age—Gmeiner feels that the ideal age is thirty—and she must be unmarried or widowed, childless, religious, healthy, and capable of running a household. A likely candidate is invited to have a talk with Gmeiner, and if he approves her, he will send her on to Mrs. Auguste Neubauer, whose husband, Professor Vinzenz Neubauer, is professor of psychology at the University of Innsbruck. Both Neubauers are old friends of Gmeiner's, and both are members of the Society's board of directors and commission. Mrs. Neubauer has interviewed hundreds of applicants and has selected scores who have turned out to be good, and in some cases outstanding, mothers. She usually begins by talking informally with the candidate. "I first ask her why she didn't marry," Mrs. Neubauer recently told an acquaintance. "If her answer is at all bitter, we won't hire her. I also try to find out about her family background; I think it's important that she come from the same sort of background as the children she's going to take care of. In Hinterbrühl, where most of the children come from Vienna, we prefer mothers who grew up around the city. The rural Villages should have mothers from the countryside. A mother should have a sound elementary education—she will have to help her children with their homework—and, of course, she should have plenty of common sense, but

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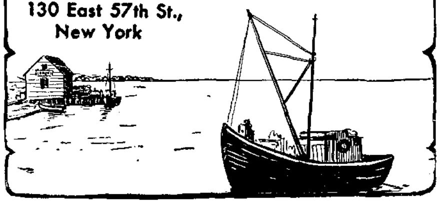

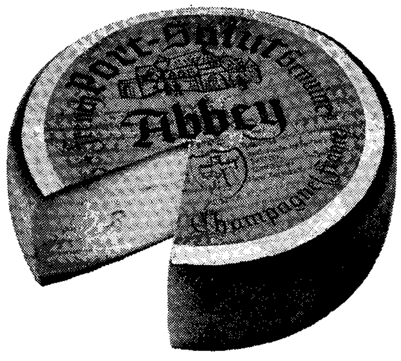

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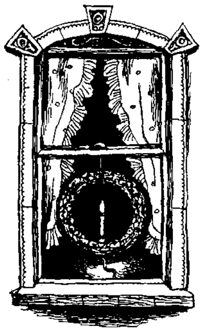
she needs no special training. She should be patient and practical, clean and orderly, and should be able to be both strict and kind. And she should be able to get along with grownups as well as with children. In the Village, she will be not just an employee but a member of a tight little community where people live close to each other. If the mother doesn't have a sense of community, the children will never learn it."

A series of tests—Rorschach, I.Q., and others—help Mrs. Neubauer determine whether the candidate has the stamina, nervous stability, and peace of mind for the job. If she is accepted, she serves an apprenticeship of several weeks in a Children's Village, under close observation, as an aunt. Does she love children? Do children take to her? Some women are weeded out at this stage, and a few of these are permitted to remain as aunts. In some respects, the aunt's job is harder than the mother's, and certainly it is less rewarding. The aunt can never be queen in her home but must keep the children at a certain distance, lest the mother get jealous. Hers is a situation that demands considerable humility. Women who go through the apprenticeship successfully attend a five-week training course in Innsbruck, getting a practical education in cooking, sewing, first aid, home economics, budgeting, and singing, and theoretical instruction in religion, sex hygiene, family culture (the art of making a pleasant home), legal and welfare problems, psychology, and education. The short course is remarkably comprehensive; the mother learns everything from how to arrange a successful Christmas Eve celebration to how to fill out a social-welfare form. At the conclusion of the course, the women have to pass an examination, and then they go back to the Villages, to work as aunts a while longer. Finally, they are assigned to a house of their own.



GMEINER'S rise to eminence has changed some aspects of his life but not others. For years, he has rented a simple furnished room in the apartment of old friends in Innsbruck, but he has never spent much time there; he prefers to lodge in the community house of one or another of the Villages. In the early days, he always travelled by rail, third class, carrying his belongings in a cardboard box, because he didn't want to waste "the children's money." Several years ago, he decided that it would be more practical to use a small car for his business trips. He likes the car; his rides across Europe give him his only chance to be alone, and he feels a need to be alone. When the SOS Children's Village of Imst created what he has called "a chain reaction of kindness" all over the world, he did not become busier—he had always been busy—so much as more harried. In the course of a recent and fairly typical week, he spent Monday in Innsbruck attending budget conferences and discussing personnel problems; drove down to Trento on Tuesday to lay the foundation stone for the new Children's Village there; flew on Wednesday to Helsinki, where he inspected the ground for a projected Village, and on to Oslo, where he helped prepare preparations for a membership campaign; flew to Vienna that night, and went to the Children's Village in Hinterbrühl on Thursday morning, to be host to the King and Queen of Denmark, who had skipped the customary climax of all Austrian state visits—the steamship ride on the Danube past the vineyards of the lovely Wachau—in order to spend the day in the Children's Village; went to Germany on Friday and addressed large meetings in Hamburg and Bremen; spent Saturday receiving delegations from abroad in several of the Austrian Villages; and at last was able to return to Imst—the place he most loves to be.

While he was there, he invited me to spend a few hours with him, and I went to Imst from Vienna by train and bus—a twelve-hour overnight trip. An old town thirty-five miles west of Innsbruck, Imst has four thousand inhabitants, four churches, in baroque and late-Gothic style, a particularly charming Hotel Post (every town in the Tyrol has its Hotel Post), and many Tyrolian baroque houses. The Children's Village is about a mile west of town, and I walked out to it—first along the much travelled Vienna-Zurich highway, then along a side road lined with chalets, and finally along another side road, which had replaced the old footpath leading up the mountain slope. The whole slope was dotted with cheerful houses, and it would have been impossible to tell where private property ended and the Children's Village began, except that each of the children's houses had a name posted over its door—Peace, Industry, Christmas, Easter, Pestalozzi, Vienna, and so on. As I walked up the Village street, I heard busy sounds from the houses—water running, a rug being beaten, the whir of an egg beater. High up, where the trees began, I saw two unfinished houses.

The street ended in a small square, where several cars were parked. On a large board were notices in German, English, and French:

WELCOME TO THE SOS CHILDREN'S VILLAGE IMST! WE ARE GLAD YOU HAVE COME TO VISIT US. WE CORDIALLY INVITE YOU TO INSPECT OUR VILLAGE. EACH OF OUR EIGHTEEN ONE-FAMILY HOUSES IS A REAL HOME FOR NINE CHILDREN AND THEIR KINDERDORF MOTHER.

Below them were smaller signs, reading:

PLEASE DO NOT GIVE SWEETS OR MONEY TO THE CHILDREN!

Nearby were a beautiful, carved fountain, a small booth with souvenirs for sale, a soccer field, and a pond. I saw only a few tiny children here and there, watched over by young women; all the others were either at kindergarten or at school. Off to the left stood a large house, with the SOS Children's Village flag—red-white-red, the Austrian colors, with two small children dancing around a flower in the center stripe—flying from a flagpole. This was the community house.

As I stood looking about me, I heard the high-pitched voices of small children singing lustily and out of tune. The song came from the community house, and I went up and knocked on the door. Gmeiner opened it himself, and came outside. He was wearing a Tyrolian Loden jacket, and he looked more relaxed than I'd ever seen him in Vienna. "Come," he said, wasting no time, "let's look at our new kindergarten."

In a large second-floor room with big windows and a parquet floor, about thirty children stood in a semicircle in front of the teacher, a young woman. They were still singing as we stepped inside, but Gmeiner's appearance created a minor pandemonium. They all came running toward him, and the little girls curtsied and the little boys bowed. Everybody wanted to shake hands with the *Herr Direktor*, and I, too, had to shake many outstretched hands. Gmeiner squatted on his heels, talking to the children. It took some time to restore order, but eventually the children formed their semicircle again and sang a song for us.

We left the house and strolled around the grounds. "You've arrived in the middle of a crisis," Gmeiner said. "A week ago, I decided to transfer the *Dorfleiter*, Fritz Haider, to Hinter-

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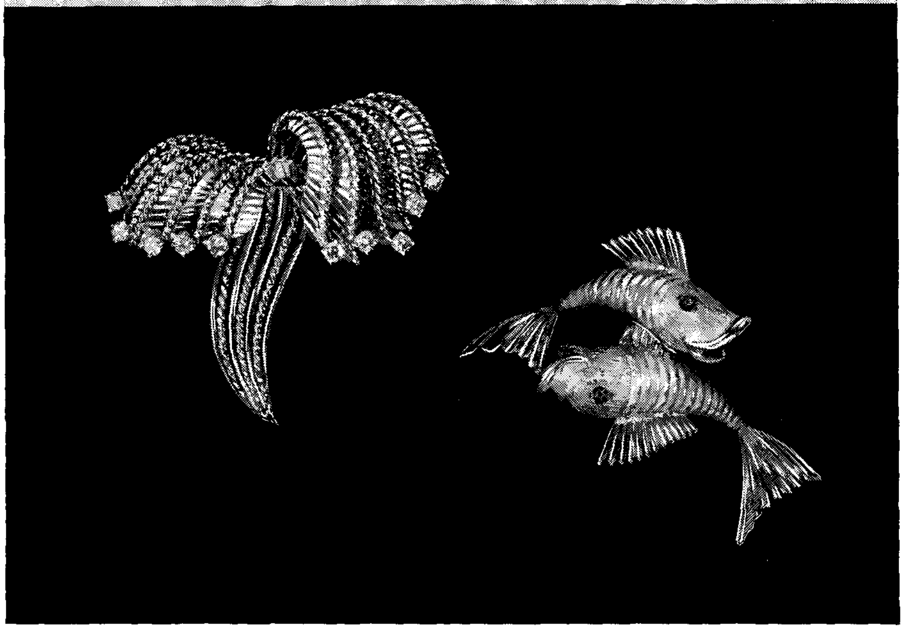

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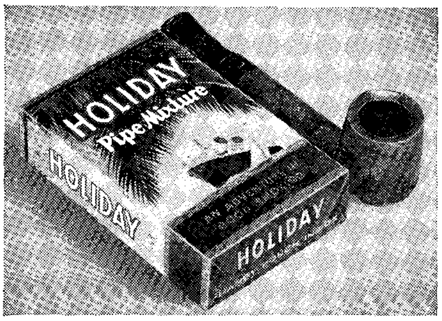

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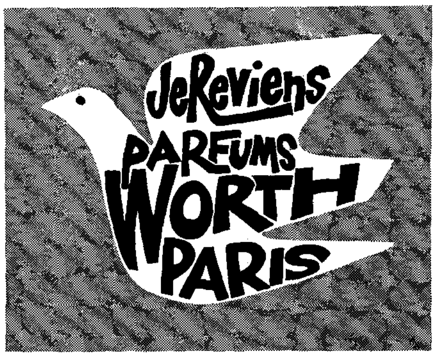

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brühl. Our Village in the Vienna Woods is under constant scrutiny, and I thought we needed our best man there. But if I had known how much unhappiness Haider's departure was going to cause here, I might have made other arrangements. The mothers are in despair, the older girls are crying, the boys are sulking. The children in one house painted a poster accusing me of betraying Imst for the sake of Hinterbrühl. I had to stop in at each house and promise the mother that the new *Dorfleiter* would be a good man. We've had no trouble finding mothers, but it has been a problem getting able *Dorfleiter.* In a time of prosperity like this, first-rate men can get good jobs in industry and business. And we will consider only first-rate men. We don't want cranks, or men who were failures elsewhere. Few men have both the idealism and the organizational ability to be good *Dorfleiter.*" The Village Manager, Gmeiner went on, should establish a contented atmosphere in the Village, just as the mother establishes such an atmosphere in the home. The mothers should be able to feel that they are not alone with their problems and that they have someone to lean on. The older boys, especially, should realize that the Manager stands behind their mother. He should be both strict and friendly; he should help with the education of the children and also with the recreation of the mothers, arranging a little party or a dance for them once in a while. He should have a sense of organization and a feeling for improvisation.

Gmeiner sighed. "I suppose few such paragons exist," he said. "Well, Haider comes pretty close, though he is very young—only thirty-one. He was in on our project from the very beginning, in Innsbruck. He rang doorbells, distributed leaflets, and collected signatures. One day, I decided to try him out as a *Dorfleiter*, and he was an immediate success. Oddly, teachers and welfare workers are not the best people for the job, because they are not flexible enough. Among our best *Dorfleiter* are a former civil servant, a former electrical engineer, a former journalist, and a former salesman of costume jewelry. Without the *Dorfleiter's* authority, discipline can break up fast, especially among the older boys. Last night, for instance, some of our boys went down into Imst and knocked on people's doors and ran away. It was all pretty harmless, but some of the people complained, and now the mothers are upset."

We walked down into the square. It was about noon, and children were coming back from school. On one corner, a group of teen-age boys stood talking, and Gmeiner headed straight for them. The boys said good morning, but they didn't seem pleased to see him. Gmeiner ignored their manner and said, "I've heard what happened. Now, it won't happen again. We won't have anarchy in the Village because Herr Haider has gone. You know that the people in the town are watching us, and you, as the oldest, ought to set a good example. I won't ask for promises, but I don't want to hear any complaints the next time I'm here." He stared hard at each of the boys in turn. One after another gave a reluctant nod.

Gmeiner and I had lunch in the big, white, comfortable kitchen of the community house, where a friendly woman with a white apron served us dark peasant bread and butter, bacon and cheese, and tea and milk. Then Gmeiner took me to one of the houses, where he introduced me to Resi Sailer, a young woman from the Tyrolian Alps, who had been a mother for the past three years. She spoke with a mountain dialect and wore her hair in thick braids wound around her head—a robust, resolute woman in her early thirties, cheerful and energetic, kindhearted and sensible. She had been in the kitchen when we arrived, ironing some clothes, but now she asked us to sit down with her in the living room.

"I worry a lot about my children," she said, "but I don't just give up and complain. I do something about it. When I can't manage alone, I talk it over with the *Dorfleiter.*" She gave Gmeiner a long look, and added, "At least, I did."

"I have promised you that we will have a good *Dorfleiter*," Gmeiner said, looking unhappy.

Frau Sailer told me she had first heard about the SOS Kinderdörfer from her older brother, who had read an account of the Imst Village in a newspaper, and had said to her, "That would be something for you, Resi. You love children and you know how to run a house." Frau Sailer laughed at the recollection. "I told him he was crazy," she said. "What would I do with other people's children, and as many as nine of them? I could not manage. I had had only elementary school. Up in the

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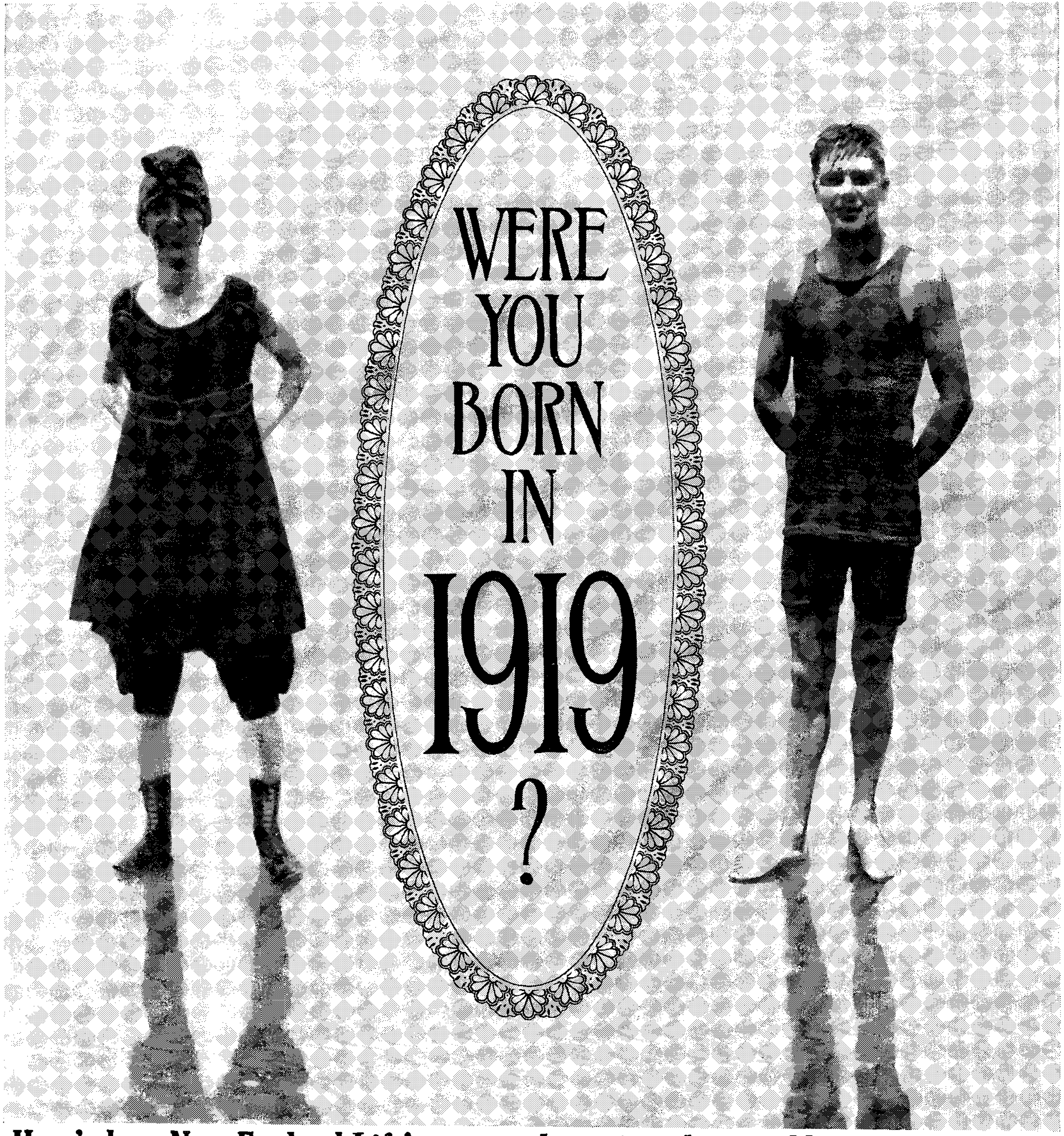

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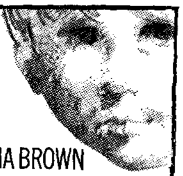
mountains, we work hard to make a living, and there is no time for reading and studying. But I couldn't help thinking of the Village where the lost children had found a home again. I thought about it for two years, and then, one day, I bought a railroad ticket and came here. I talked to no one; I just walked all over the place and looked around. I saw pairs of small shoes standing near the house doors, like rows of soldiers. Dolls and a bicycle. Children playing. They didn't seem lost and unhappy. In fact, I thought they looked happier than most of the kids in our own village. It was so peaceful, so cheerful. A woman came out of a house holding a baby in her arms. I stared at her, and then I went home and wrote a letter of application. My handwriting is terrible, but it didn't seem to bother them."

She looked at Gmeiner, and he smiled. "It didn't bother us at all," he said.

Frau Sailer nodded in her matter-of-fact way. "And now I'm here, and I wouldn't want to be anywhere else on earth. The truth is I was happy here from the first moment. They needed someone in a hurry, and there was no time for the usual training course in Innsbruck. I had only a few weeks of practice as an aunt. Then the *Herr Direktor* gave me this house, and it's been mine ever since. I have my own furniture in my room. The work is hard, but then I'm used to hard work. We all get up at six, I see to it that the older children make their beds, we have breakfast together, and then the older ones are off to school—it's a twenty-minute walk—and I'm alone with my two little ones. Then there's shopping and cooking, and before I know it the kids are home for lunch. They wash up and go back to school, and when they arrive home, at four, they settle down here in the living room with their homework. There's never a free moment until eight-thirty, when they go to bed, and then I have letters to write to some of my older boys who have gone to study in Egerdach. They write me their problems and ask my advice. The new children sometimes arrive here like frightened rabbits, but after a while they become quite normal. We have a lot of music in the house. One of my kids studies the piano and another the flute, two play the zither, and we all like to sing. This is a musical home."

I asked Frau Sailer where the two little ones were at the moment, and she said they were taking their naps. She led us upstairs to a bedroom, and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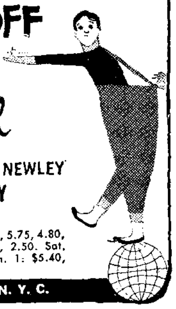
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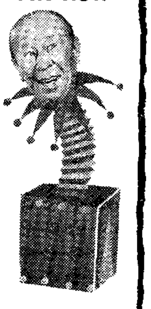
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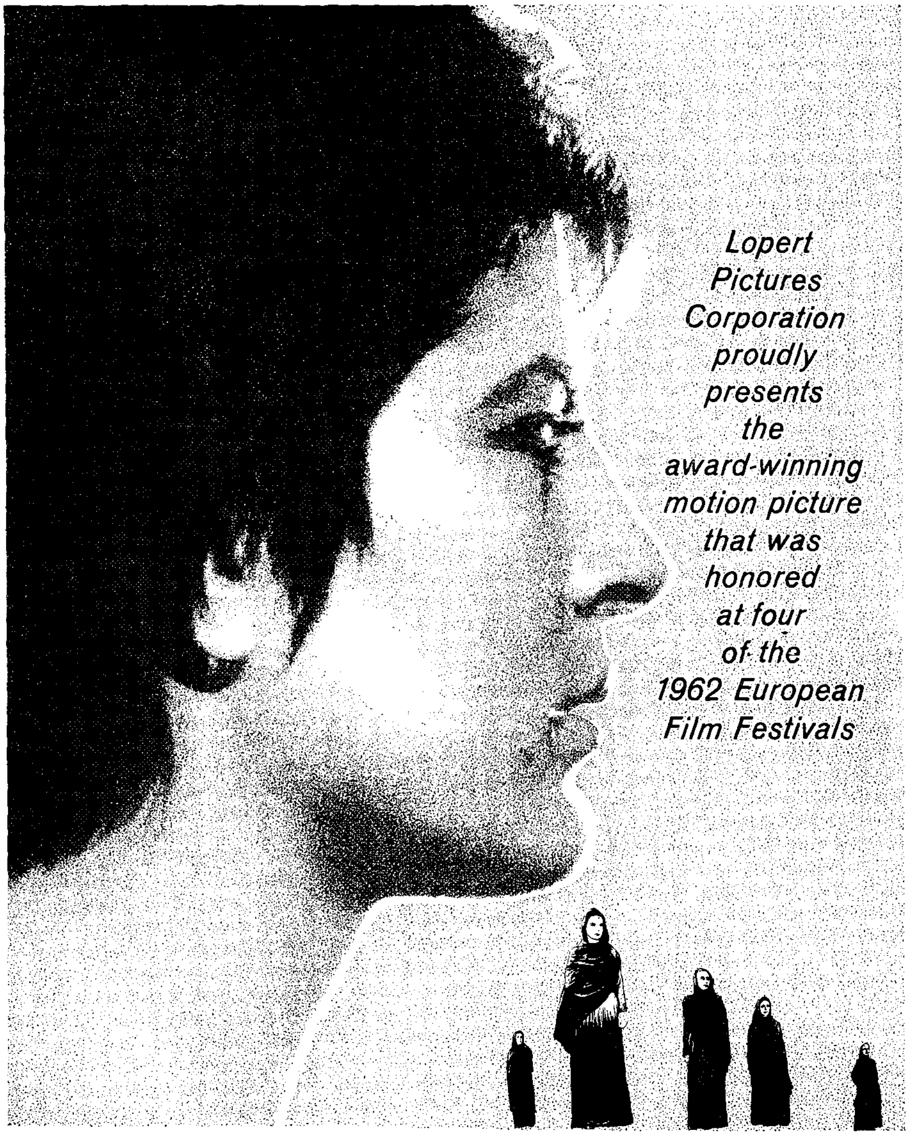
there they were in cribs—a year-old girl and a two-year-old boy, both sleeping soundly.

Back downstairs, Frau Sailer said she had no formula for bringing up children, except to recognize that each one is an individual, with individual tastes and troubles. She is a strict mother, but her children are devoted to her. A few weeks ago, she told us, she hadn't felt well at lunch. She must have gone white in the face, she said, because suddenly her ten-year-old girl asked, "Mama, are you sick?" and her eleven-year-old boy told her to lie down. They assured her that they would do all the work and look after the younger children, and they did. There is rarely complete silence in her house, but that afternoon it was so quiet that Frau Sailer was able to sleep for a couple of hours, and afterward she felt better.

"The other day, my eight-year-old boy asked me, 'Mama, are you never homesick for your farm in the mountains?' " Frau Sailer said. "They know I have my family there. Then the seven-year-old girl said, 'Mama, don't you go away!' The smaller ones began to cry at that, and then everybody was crying. I felt like crying myself, but it was certainly no moment to get sentimental. I said, 'I'm not homesick, but sometimes when you make me angry and sad, I feel like going away.' That brought on another wave of crying, and then I told them to stop it."

There are six girls and three boys in Frau Sailer's house. The oldest is a girl of eighteen, who wants to go into child welfare and who spends most of her time studying. Another of the girls wants to become an interpreter and work for the United Nations. Three of Frau Sailer's children are real brothers and sisters, whose parents are still alive. The children were taken from home by juvenile-court order, because the parents were alcoholics, but the parents are permitted to visit the children four times a year. Such visits inevitably create problems.

"Last time, the nine-year-old girl was terrified at the idea of seeing her mother," Frau Sailer said. "She wanted to hide in the kitchen. 'Mama, I don't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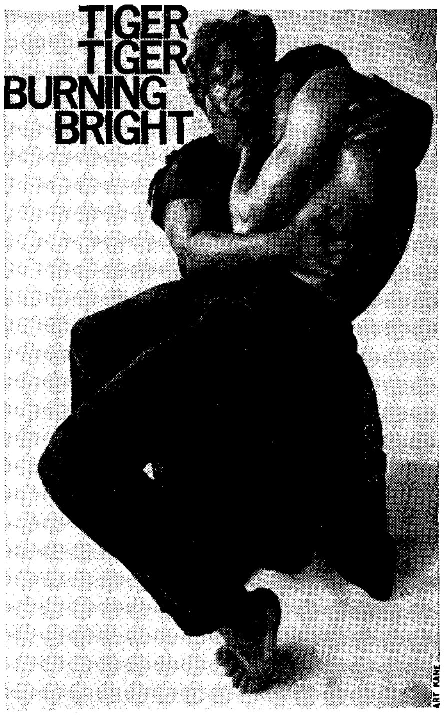

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want to see Mutti,' she kept saying. 'She didn't want us, and now we don't want her. You are my Mama, and I want to stay here.' It nearly broke my heart, but I told her she *must* see her mother. It wasn't a happy visit, and afterward the girl cried for hours. She said, 'If they take me away from here, I'll jump out of the train.' I told her they wouldn't take her away, but she didn't believe me." Frau Sailer sighed, and said to Gmeiner, "A visit like that may undo the work of years."

Gmeiner explained to me that, by Austrian law, children who are taken away from their parents by court order must be returned to them if the parents prove to the court's satisfaction that they are able to care for the children. Several years ago, the four children of an alcoholic couple were removed from home by court order and brought to an SOS Children's Village. It took almost two years for the frightened children to settle down and become happy, and then the parents stopped drinking and demanded their children back. Gmeiner pleaded in vain with the authorities to let him keep the children in the Village. The children had to go back to their parents. After a while, the parents started drinking again, and during an attack of delirium tremens the father killed the youngest child. "The three older children are back at the Village," Gmeiner said dryly.

Switching to her everyday problems, Frau Sailer told Gmeiner that one of her girls had lately been grouchy and depressed for a while, avoiding the other children and complaining that "they are all against me." Frau Sailer had had several talks with her, but the girl had remained sulky. "Then I asked her, 'Won't you try just for one day to be nice to the other children and see what happens?' " Frau Sailer said. "She finally agreed. I was a little worried, but the experiment worked, and now my girl is happy. Girls are more helpful than boys around the house, but they are often more emotional, especially when they are around twelve. Jealousy is always a problem. A mother must show firmness and justice, to convince the children that they are all equally close to her heart."

Every month, Frau Sailer receives twenty-eight hundred schillings (a hundred and twelve dollars) from the Village for food, light, and heat, and four hundred schillings for such items as soap, brooms, towels, and floor wax. For Christmas and Easter celebrations, and during long cold spells in winter, she gets an extra allowance. She is free

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to do her marketing where she chooses, and though she buys most of her staples at the Village commissary, she sometimes buys something special at a grocery or butcher's shop in Imst. She enters all her expenses in a ledger, and she has to budget carefully to manage. She doesn't have to worry about medical or dental bills, though; doctors and dentists examine the children regularly and treat them, when it is necessary, at the expense of the Austrian government or the Village. Every house in the Village is an autonomous unit, and each Village has its own financial autonomy. The Village management receives an annual appropriation from headquarters in Innsbruck, and supplements it by sales of souvenirs and donations made by visitors and others.

Once a month, Frau Sailer has her two days off, and an aunt takes over the house. Gmeiner insists that every mother spend her free days away from the Village, and Frau Sailer usually goes home to visit her brother. At the end of the second day, she is always impatient to get back to the children. Frau Sailer's house, which was one of the first that Gmeiner built, is a small one, and it has no modern bathroom (one is to be added soon), but she and the children declare that they wouldn't exchange it for any of the modern bungalows they saw on a visit to Hinterbrühl. "In Hinterbrühl, every house has a sewing machine and a vacuum cleaner, and there are bicycles and fancy toys. Here we are poorer, but that just means that we appreciate the little joys of life all the more. They asked us whether we would like to move into one of the modern houses, but all the children were against it. They love this house."

Before we left, Frau Sailer showed us the rooms we hadn't seen. They were spotless and cheerful. In the bedrooms, each child had a chest of drawers and a small closet, and in the washroom hung nine towels of different colors. There were many flowers in the rooms, and small pictures on the walls. Stuck into the frame of a mirror in one of the rooms were postcards from America and other faraway countries. Almost all the children in the house have sponsors overseas, with whom they correspond regularly. Last year, the sponsor of one of the boys came all the way from Canada to visit him, and brought gifts for all the children.

GMEINER said he would have to leave for Innsbruck soon, and we went up to his place for a short time—a modest apartment in the community house,

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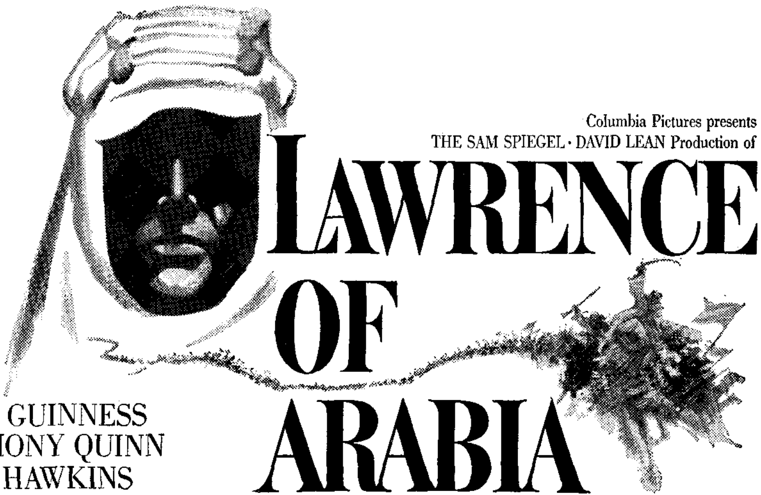

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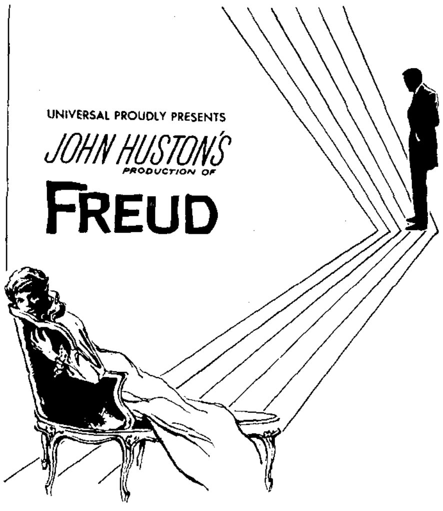
consisting of a small entrance hall with a bedroom and bathroom on one side and a sitting room on the other. The sitting room gives on a wooden balcony, from which one has a beautiful view of the Village and the upper Inn Valley, with the Alps beyond. In the room are two armchairs, a couch, and a lot of bookshelves, holding books on child care and child psychology, biography and political history. Gmeiner likes to read, and he likes to sit by himself and think. But there is a telephone on a small side table, and hardly a day passes without calls from a dozen towns, in half a dozen countries.

Beside the telephone, I noticed, was a copy of Pestalozzi's masterpiece, "Leonard and Gertrude." Gmeiner has often acknowledged his gratitude to the Swiss educational reformer, whose book is an account of the gradual reformation of one household, and later a whole village, through the selfless efforts of devoted women. "Pestalozzi believed that children should receive from parents and teachers both instruction and discipline—discipline based on love and understanding," Gmeiner said. "He had the right idea, but his time didn't understand him. I have been luckier, that's all. And I have no illusions. Even the best Village mother can never replace the child's real mother. Our houses can be only a substitute for the child's missing home and family. And even if we grow and grow, we can accept only a very small number of the children who need our help. What I do hope is that we can establish at least one Village in every country in Europe and in each of a number of countries abroad. These Villages will demonstrate our new methods, and perhaps finally convince the child-welfare authorities that reform along our lines is essential. A lot of progress has been made. In the nineteenth century, an institution rarely had fewer than five hundred children, and fifty or more would sleep in one dormitory. Now the big institutions are being broken up into smaller units, where one attendant takes care of twenty children. Still . . ."

For a few moments, Gmeiner looked pensively out at the houses, the woods, and the mountains, and in the silence we could hear the cheerful sound of children's voices below. Then he said, "I knew we would have this Village one day, but even in my wildest dreams I didn't suppose that our ideas would start a worldwide reform. And I wasn't really quite sure whether I was right. Theoretically, maybe, but one can never be sure until one has *proof*. Then, last



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Send free ☐ *booklet* ☐ *postal rate chart to:*
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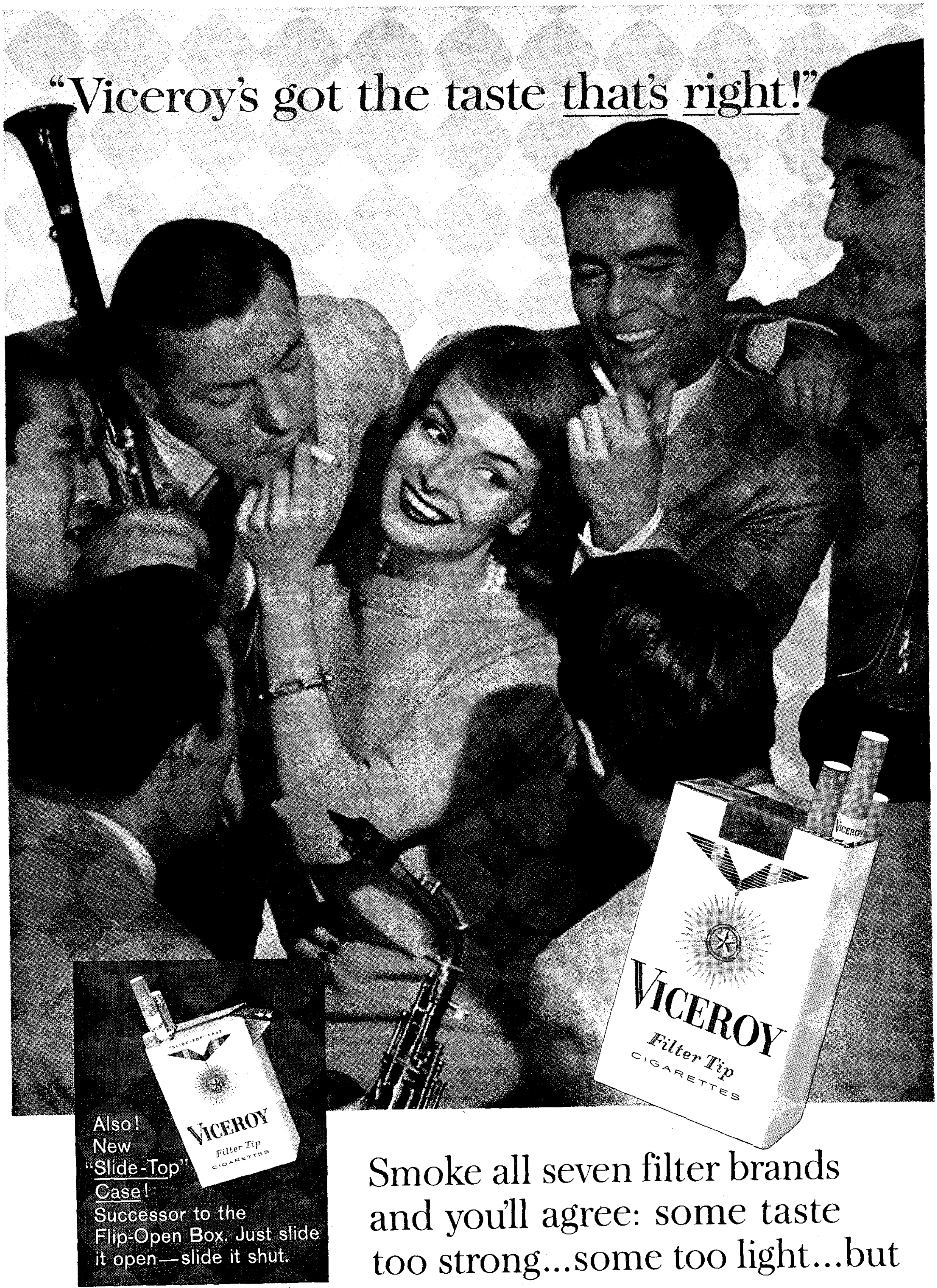
"Viceroy's got the taste that's right!"
VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES
"SLIDE-TOP" CASE

Also! New "Slide-Top" Case! Successor to the Flip-Open Box. Just slide it open—slide it shut.

Smoke all seven filter brands and you'll agree: some taste too strong...some too light...but

Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

spring, I invited all the young men who had been here as boys to come up for a few days of skiing. Most of them came, and in the morning we would get into cars and go up to the Arlberg—St. Anton is just an hour away. In the evening, when we got back, we would sit around and talk. There were about a dozen of them, twenty-three or twenty-four years old—our first graduates, so to speak. I remember the life story of every one of them. They were all desperate cases when we brought them here. Hopeless, a lot of people might have said. Well, you know what happened? After spending a few years here in the Village, they went to our students-and-apprentices home in Egerdach, and now they have jobs all over the country. They are good citizens, fine boys, and they are doing well. People like them. They are normal and relaxed, and if you'd seen them here, with their sunburned faces, talking about *Schuss* and *Wedeln*, it wouldn't have occurred to you that every one of them had horrors in his past. They were deeply grateful to their mothers, and perhaps to me, too, and they were glad to be back here for a few days. As I looked at those young men, I was really happy for the first time in my life. At last, I had my proof that I'd done the right thing."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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HEADQUARTERS
DEFENSE SUPPLY AGENCY
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

27 AUG 1962

MEMORANDUM FOR ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE ARMY (I & L)
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY (I & L)
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE (MATERIEL)

SUBJECT: Essentiality of Foreign Olives

1. In order to authorize the purchase of items of foreign origin, the Secretary of Defense requires factual evidence be provided to show that consideration has been given to foregoing the requirement or providing a United States substitute.

2. The Defense Supply Agency has responsibility for purchasing subsistence for all Military Departments. Among the subsistence items currently being processed for procurement are green olives, unpitted, and green olives, pitted and stuffed.

3. These items historically have largely been obtained from foreign sources and their domestic non-availability is recorded on the excepted list in ASPR 6-105.

4. Since under the DSA Charter the determination of basic requirements is the responsibility of the Military Departments, it is requested that this Agency be given the views of the Departments as to the essentiality of green olives as issue items for the feeding of military personnel, in order that we may inform OSD as to whether this requirement may be foregone.

5. Reply by 7 September is requested.

A. T. McNAMARA
Lieutenant General, USA
Director

HEADQUARTERS
DEFENSE SUPPLY AGENCY
CAMERON STATION
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

12 OCT 1962

MEMORANDUM FOR ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE ARMY (I & L)
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY (I & L)
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE (MATERIEL)

SUBJECT: Essentiality of Foreign Olives

1. By memorandum dated 27 August 1962, this agency requested the views of the Military Departments as to the essentiality of green olives as issue items for the feeding of military personnel. The necessity for purchasing olives had previously been questioned by DOD.

2. In order to establish a uniform DOD policy on the retention of olives in the military menus, the varying views of the Military Departments were submitted to the Deputy Secretary of Defense for establishment of a DOD policy.

3. His decision was that the green stuffed olive be deleted from all troop menus and that purchase of green unpitted olives be continued to satisfy Service requirements.

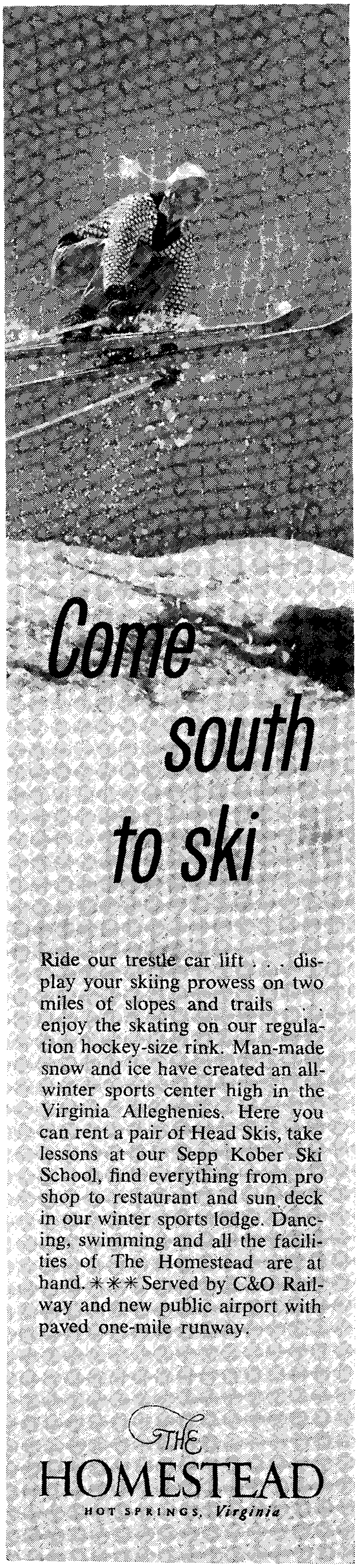
4. It is requested that using agencies be advised of the above DOD policy.

FOR THE DIRECTOR

FRANK G. WHITE
Brigadier General, USA
Deputy Executive Director
Procurement and Production

—*Two memoranda of the late summer and early fall.*

And now back to Cuba.



Ride our trestle car lift . . . display your skiing prowess on two miles of slopes and trails . . . enjoy the skating on our regulation hockey-size rink. Man-made snow and ice have created an all-winter sports center high in the Virginia Alleghenies. Here you can rent a pair of Head Skis, take lessons at our Sepp Kober Ski School, find everything from pro shop to restaurant and sun deck in our winter sports lodge. Dancing, swimming and all the facilities of The Homestead are at hand. ✻✻✻ Served by C&O Railway and new public airport with paved one-mile runway.

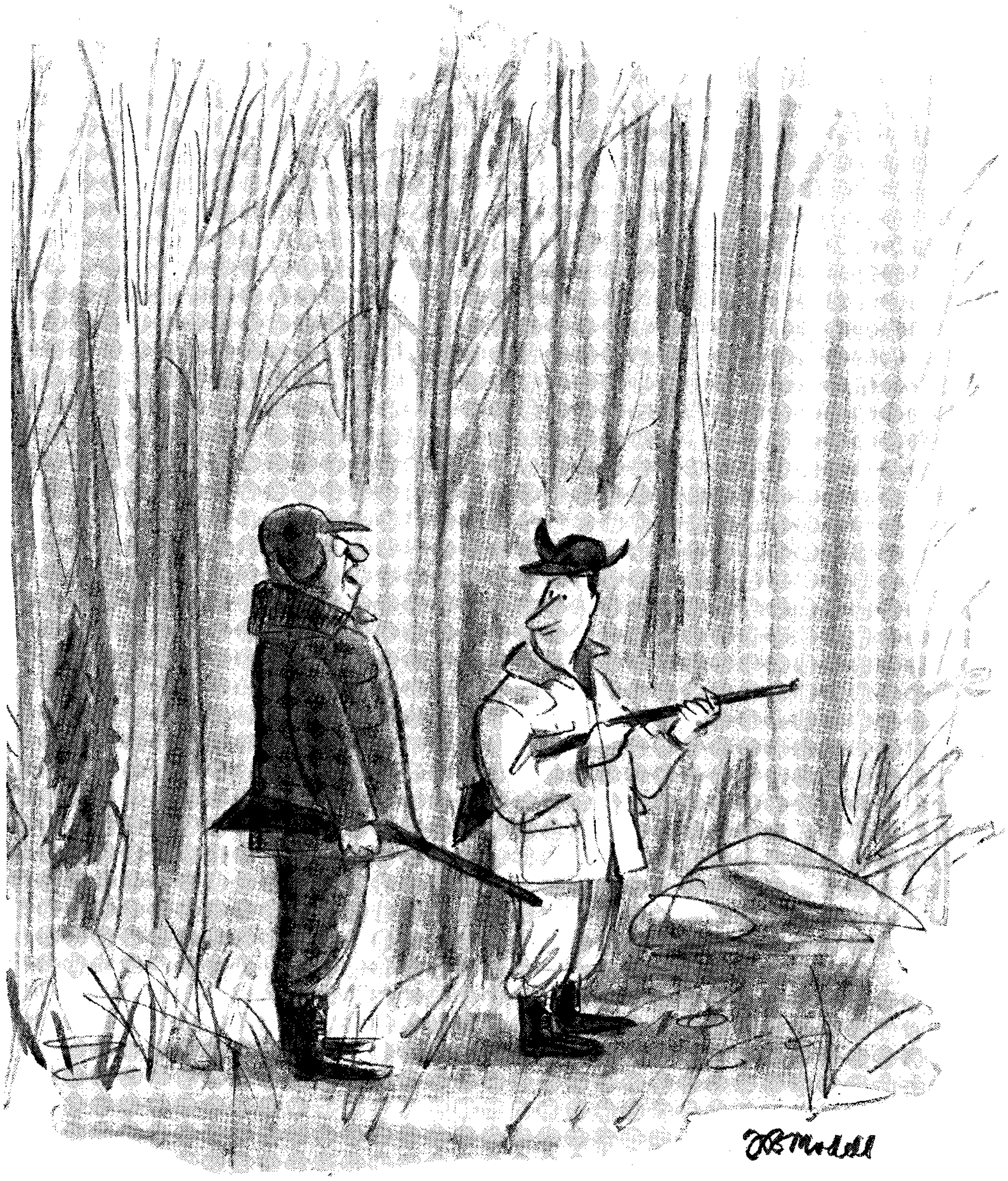
THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, *Virginia*

THE THEATRE

DRY GOODS

"In the Counting House," a play by Leslie Weiner that opened and closed at the Biltmore last week, may not have insulted one's intelligence, but it certainly didn't compliment it. As I watched this exercise, which concerned itself with some garment-center types, I wondered why playwrights so frequently dash into the ladies'-clothing line and flounder there like lemmings in the sea. Perhaps the idea that there is something dramatically potent in a career of selling shifts and sundries rests on an assumption that wheelers and dealers on Seventh Avenue (in this case, at the playwright's whim, transformed into Madison Avenue) are somehow more lovable than their twins down Texas way, and that a touch of urban patois is all it takes to convince anybody—including out-of-town buyers—of this fact. "Some men there are love not a gaping pig / Some that are mad if they behold a cat," the poet said, in another connection. Well, things like "In the Counting House" don't drive me as mad as old Will's aelurophobe, but I wish to God that the theatre would see fit to occupy itself with something more substantial than the manufacture and sale of ready-to-wear.

In this one, just for the record, we had a father and son (Howard Da Silva and Sydney Chaplin), the first a nice, avaricious businessman, and the second crazy about seeing to it that people got a fair shake. Mr. Da Silva, of course, is an actor of some merit, and even when he was reciting lines like "Vera, you're a real gentleman," he was tolerable. Mr. Chaplin, on the other hand, displayed all the vitality of a cigar-store Indian as he went around complaining that here he was forty years old and life had passed him by, yet. Although he had a wife in residence on Long Island, Mr. Chaplin cast a warm eye on his secretary (Barbara Murray), an English girl who once broke her leg dancing in London. How she got into the garment business was never explained, but she was an attractive sort, and so, for that matter, were most of the rest on view, particularly a forlorn bookkeeper, played by Kay Medford. Mr. Weiner's dialogue was usually trite and occasionally annoying, and the direction, by Arthur Penn, left everything to be desired. —John McCarten



"And another thing. Keep your flaps down."

OFF BROADWAY

Neat and Nice

"Riverwind," a new musical at the Actors Playhouse, is a real show, with a real score, real lyrics, and a company of seven who can handle comedy and sing and act and do what little dancing is necessary. Players who are meant to be attractive are, for once. Even the book, although it teeters a bit in the second act while straightening everything out to the satisfaction of all concerned, is more than just serviceable. The setting, which sounds unpromising but works, is a rustic motel, on the banks of the Wabash, that is owned and run by a chatty widow, and the plot concerns two couples on vacation there—a doctor and his wife who spent their wedding night there seventeen years before and whose marriage is now in need of repairs, and a horn-rimmed, easygoing fellow and a cheerful beginning actress who have been living together, on and off, for almost seven years while he has been working at his dissertation on "Beowulf" —plus the widow's young daughter and a nice boy who works around the place. In spite of several traps inherent in the story, the show manages, time after time, to skirt sentimentality without falling in. Under Adrian Hall's direction, it is brisk, funny, and touching, and several situations that could have been rather tricky are done with delicacy. After the doctor has spent the night on the porch outside his cabin, Elizabeth Parrish, as his miserable wife, and Helen Blount, as the widowed proprietress, get drunk on champagne (drunk scenes involving middle-aged women generally make you want to die), trade some awful truths about men, and join in a funny song, "A Woman Must Never Grow Old." Lawrence Brooks, as the doctor, and Dawn Nickerson, as the proprietress's daughter, have a charming near love scene and sing a charming song, "Pardon Me While I Dance," that is full of light-opera flourishes and flapdoodle. In "Wishing Song," Mr. Brooks, Miss Parrish, Martin J. Cassidy, as the boy, and Miss Nickerson gently soliloquize about youth and age, and about the envy on both sides. The two brightest songs, "American Family Plan" and "Almost, But Not Quite," are assigned to Brooks Morton and Lovelady Powell, as the Beowulf man and his actress friend; they are as appealing a pair of comedians as you'll find around, and they dance and sing with mockery and spirit. There isn't a dud number in the bunch, or a dud performance, either. Mr. Brooks, an able actor and a good singer, seems slightly uneasy every once in a while, but I think he may not be used to working in a theatre as small as this one, where he is almost in the audience's lap. Abba Bogin, the arranger, and Joseph Stecko, the conductor, have made the score shine, but the star of the piece is John Jennings, age twenty-eight, who wrote not only the music and the words but the story from which Joseph Benjamin fashioned the book, and who here makes his auspicious theatrical début.

SID KROFFT and his brother Marty have brought their tiresome marionette girlie show, "Les Poupées de Paris," from Los Angeles, where it has been a great success, to the York Playhouse. There is no denying, though I'd love to, that the Brothers K. show some technical skill in maneuvering their toys around, or that some of their spangled effects are effective. A bawdy puppet show could be wonderful, but "Les Poupées" is not bawdy, just cheesy, as it abjectly courts the audience with its mechanical cavortings. But what audience? No businessman could be that tired, no farmer in the big city that forlorn.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

DR HERMINE DIXON PS D

Specialist in Foot Ailments & Mental Cases

PENRITH RD.......................................6 7040

—*Adv. in the Kingston, Jamaica, Telephone Directory.*

That's the doctor for us! Fits us like a glove.

and suddenly, you feel pretty
wrapped in the romance of
Chantilly
perfume imported from Paris by HOUBIGANT
6.50, 12.50, 20.00 plus tax
Chantilly
HOUBIGANT
PARIS

AN INTERESTING CASE OF TOO MUCH FOOD IN "LIFE," OR VICE VERSA

THE patient is—or was at the time of the initiation of this clinical study—a healthy, slightly obese, white American male of fifty-seven, a grass widower, a writer by profession, with good appetite, stable and cheerful disposition, and no neurotic or psychotic symptoms except for a tendency to pick up and plow through both current and somewhat used copies of various periodicals at odd moments and in odd places, such as in the waiting room of his dentist's office. A factor that relates to his present grave physical condition, which may prove to be terminal, appears to be his perusal of an issue of a periodical called *Life*—a so-called "special issue" entitled "Bounty of Food," which was dated November 23, 1962. He states that he devoured the contents of this periodical, including text, photographs, captions accompanying the latter, and advertisements accompanying everything, on the day before Thanksgiving while waiting in his dentist's office for a checkup that was to determine whether or not his teeth would be in efficient condition for the Thanksgiving Day festivities in his home city of New York. After reading and viewing everything in the periodical, the patient walked unsteadily out of the dentist's office without waiting for his name to be called—a procedure not without a certain practicality, because since that day he has had no need or use for teeth. He has lost twenty-four pounds in the four weeks that have thus far ensued, has been unable to take any nourishment, and it seems apparent that he is not looking forward with his usual zest to his annual visit to Washington, D.C., where he customarily attends a family dinner on Christmas Day, at which his brother and sister-in-law, his three nephews and their wives, and his ten grandnieces and grandnephews are in the habit of making a fuss over him and cordially inviting him to partake of roast turkey, chestnut stuffing, Virginia ham, candied sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce, and other seasonal culinary delights. At this writing, indeed, there is some question whether the patient will be strong enough to make the journey to the nation's capital unless he is able to drink, and keep down, a glass of milk or, better still, a glass of Metrecal, the latter being a valuable concoction that contains all the minerals, vitamins, etc., that he has not been getting since the aforementioned visit to his dentist's office on the day before Thanksgiving.

Intravenous feeding has, of course, been attempted. But, through what appears to be an intramuscular trauma that produces acute symptoms of abdominal cramps and severe gastro-intestinal aggravation, his system is inclined to resist and reject what is put into his bloodstream. This reaction is, as far as we know, unique. But there is another prime factor in this case, and it is also unique. This has to do with the aforementioned special issue of the aforementioned periodical.

This special issue of *Life* has been examined and reëxamined by a team of specialists on the staff of a New York hospital, including a gastro-enterologist, an internist, four psychiatrists, and a distinguished obstetrician who frequently contributes essays of literary criticism to the *Times Book Review* on Sundays and is thus competent to judge the journalistic and literary quality of the issue of the periodical in question. All are agreed that there is nothing in the periodical that should cause a healthy, normal American citizen of either sex to have any but a favorable reaction to a perusal of said periodical; yet, at the same time, all are agreed that the contents of the periodical are deeply involved in the patient's present condition. For this reason, it has been thought that a summary of the contents of the periodical may help to shed light on this unique case, and that other specialists may perhaps discover therein a key, or keys, that may lead, if not to a cure, at least to an understanding of the case should it prove to be of a terminal nature.

THE table of contents of the periodical serves to indicate the general nature of what the obstetrician-literary critic has called the "splendid" presentation by *Life* of the bounty of food in this country. It is as follows:

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Accompanying this table of contents, on a double-page editorial spread, are

The Raleigh Roundout
Our double-knit
shift-extraordinaire
goes simply
everywhere. In
aqua, willow-green,
yellow or black,
Zefkrome* acrylic.
With optional
self-sash.
By Joe Frank.
8 to 16. $25
All mail orders postage free
*T.M.-The Dow Chemical Company

Raleigh Haberdasher
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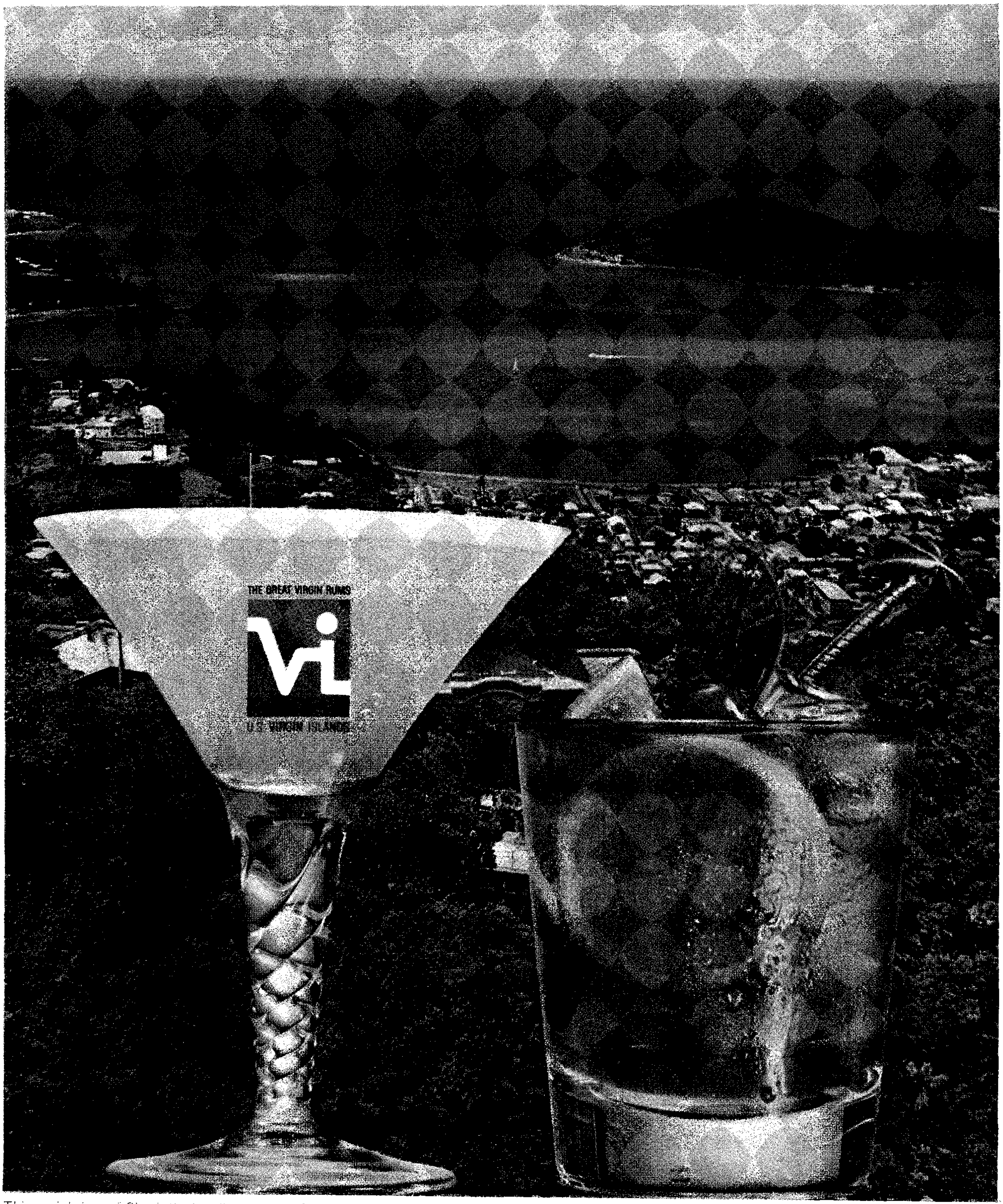
SALE
David
50 West 57, New York

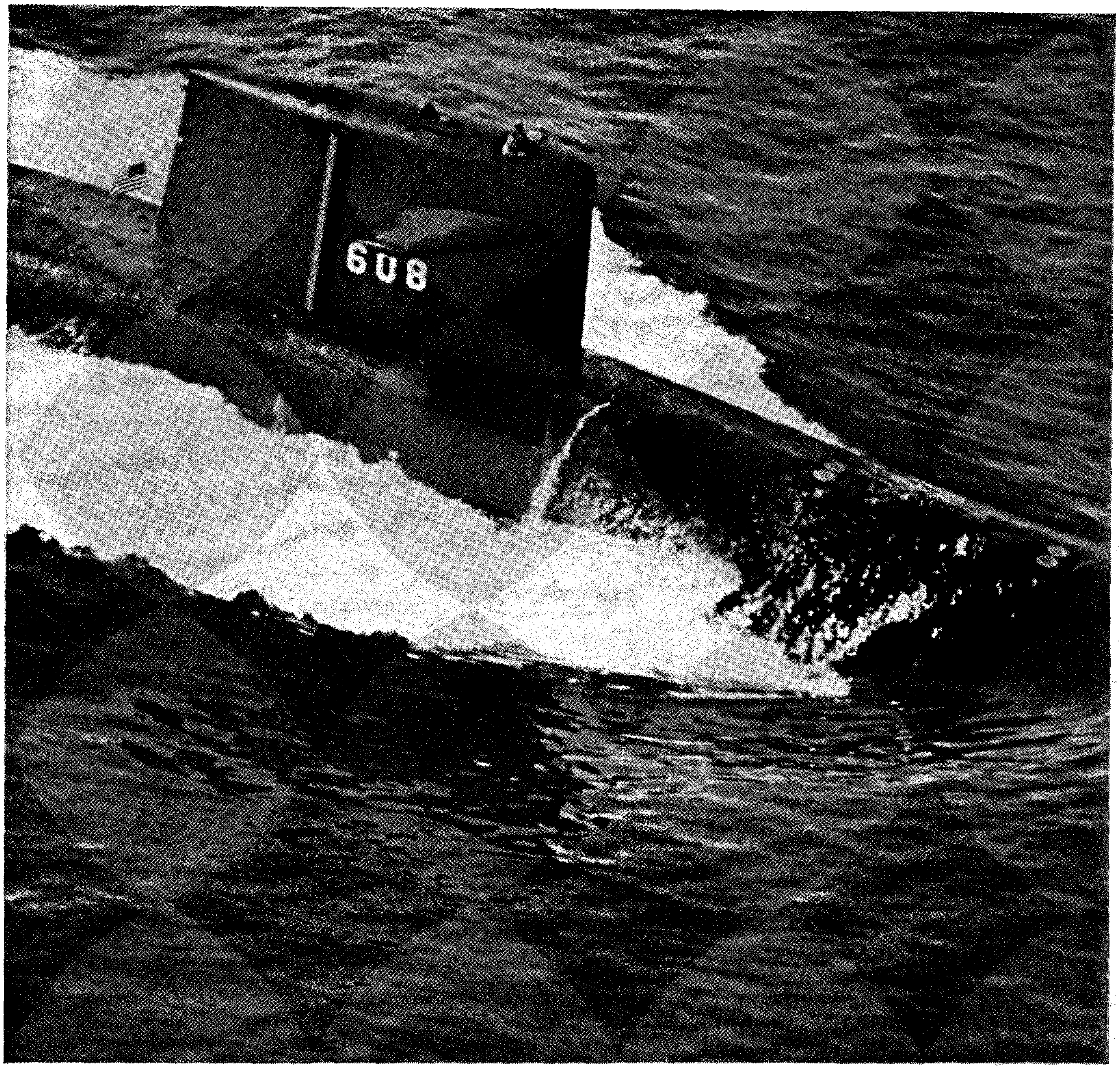
Luxury
in the New York manner
Cheerful, air-conditioned rooms and suites . . . heart of Rockefeller Center area . . . adjacent to everything of interest in New York.
Two notable restaurants
Hotel Dorset
Just off Fifth Avenue
30 West 54th Street
A Bing & Bing hotel

"Haute Cuisine" *Holiday Mag.*
Le Bijou
168 West 4th St.
Greenwich Village, N. Y.
CH 2-9338
Dinner by Candlelight
Cocktails • Superb Wines

THERE ARE NO RUMS LIKE THE GREAT VIRGIN RUMS IMPORTED FROM THE VIRGIN ISLANDS. TASTE ADVENTURE! ENJOY THEIR PURE FRESH TASTE IN FAMOUS DRINKS RIGHT NOW OR SIP THEM IN THE SPARKLING AIR OF THEIR OWN ENCHANTED ISLANDS.



This aerial view of Charlotte Amalie on sunny St. Thomas, photographed by Bob Steele ■ Drinks shown: the Great Virgin Daiquiri & Virgin Old Fashioned. Ask for one of the fine light and dry Virgin Islands Rums at your favorite store ■ **The Virgin Islands Rum Council, United States Virgin Islands**



Photograph courtesy of General Dynamics

Quiet please—sub getting down to work

To men who go *under* the sea, avoiding detection by enemy listening devices can mean the difference between life and death. Many of the Navy's nuclear submarines (such as the Ethan Allen) run comfortably but quieter thanks to the whisper-quiet operation of air conditioning and refrigeration systems from York Division of Borg-Warner.

Silence without loss of efficiency is one goal of air conditioning research conducted at the York Sound and Vibration Laboratory. Here, in a soundproof building isolated from the ground by giant steel springs, Borg-Warner scientists and engineers probe the world of acoustics . . . not only in terms of safety for submarines, but also to assure truly quiet air conditioning for your home and office.

At the same time, other Borg-Warner research teams are developing ways to remove odors and airborne bacteria from air. Pure, comfortable air—silently delivered—will come to you through better products resulting from Borg-Warner creative research and engineering. Borg-Warner Corporation, 200 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois.

B-W

BORG-WARNER

Better products through creative research and engineering

© 1962, B-W Corp.

twenty babies perhaps four or six months of age: "A panel of Illinois twins," as a caption explains, "used by Gerber Products Co. to test new baby foods for flavor preference, wallows around in plum tapioca pudding. Consensus: yum yum." The babies have spread the plum tapioca pudding liberally over their lips, cheeks, noses, foreheads, hands, and the trays of the high chairs in which they were photographed. Accompanying the babies is an eloquent piece of text that says, in part, "It was a bleak and bitter winter—1620—filled with . . . Now look what three centuries have wrought. . . . A complex $80 billion industry, biggest in the country . . . Brand-new tastes by the hundreds . . . turkeys and tractors . . . great and wondrous bounty."

No attempt will be made here to review *all* the advertisements in the issue in question, a vast percentage of which advertise food, but it is worth noting that on the two pages following the babies-plum-tapioca-pudding are (1) a photographic advertisement of a Chrysler automobile that sells for $2,964 and is not to eat and (2) a *color* photographic advertisement of six kinds of "dips" to be served with cocktails. These dips are said to contain the flavors of Switzerland, Austria, Denmark, Sweden, France, and Norway, and some red type says merely, "Proud you . . . serving holiday dips aglow with Knorr soup's European flavor." The delightfully tinted photographs consist of enormous closeups of the six dips, each in a distinctive dip dish of its own, against backgrounds representing appropriate foreign scenes in such a way as to give the impression that the dip dishes, with their great mounds of Vichyssoise Dip, Spring Vegetable Dip, Magic Mushroom Dip, Smoky Pea Dip, Golden Onion Dip, and Hearty Beef Dip, are many times larger than, respectively, a castle in Switzerland, some pedestrians in Austria, a statue of a nude lady and a steamship in Denmark, a town hall in Sweden, an immense public building in France, and an old farmhouse in Norway.

Because of the necessity for conciseness in a clinical paper of this nature, the present review of the periodical is not to be taken as a full representation but only a sampling of it. We will pass over quickly, for example, the double-page spread that follows the dips; it opens a twelve-page photographic essay called "The Beauty of the Autumn Harvest," and is delineated by a small color photograph of a couple of farming machines and a truly gigantic one of an egg and a slightly out-of-focus glass of milk. The egg is about four inches high

DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND . . . BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

HAIG & HAIG FIVE STAR

the scotch that
tastes the way
more people
want their scotch
to taste

DON'T BE VAGUE . . . ASK FOR
HAIG & HAIG

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

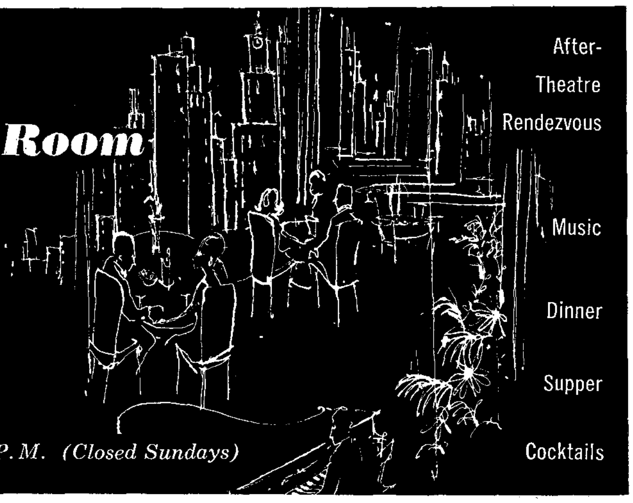
New York's
Rainbow Room

65th Floor

30 Rockefeller Pl.

Reservations: CI 6-5800

Open Daily from 4:30 P.M. (Closed Sundays)



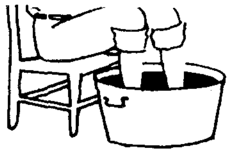
After-Theatre Rendezvous

Music

Dinner

Supper

Cocktails



HOUSEHUNTING? *In an Unfamiliar City?* Tell us all your family's requirements and we'll find exactly your house—in any of 200 cities, 2000 suburbs. We work solely for you, the buyer. No charge. Ask David Putnam for details.

HOMERICA INC.

New York
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OR 9-5435

Los Angeles
3460 Wilshire Blvd.
DU 7-3111

LONDON HOUSE
Michigan & Wacker
ANdover 3-6920

Chicago's finest prime steaks!

Returning
December 21

Peter Nero trio

For the Nero-minded!

Dancing and entertainment in The Downstage Room
at The Happy Medium, Delaware at Rush in Chicago

YOU'LL LIKE NEW YORK'S

Beekman Tower Hotel

. . . because of the personal way it caters to your needs. You'll appreciate its smart mid-town location too, *atop exclusive Beekman Hill* overlooking the United Nations, East River and practically everything else you'll want to see and do in New York.

Air-conditioned rooms and suites with a view . . . two popular-priced restaurants and internationally famous Top O' the Tower Cocktail Lounge. Moderate single, double and group rates.

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First Ave. at 49th St., New York 17
(3 Mitchell Place)

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City________Zone____State______ N-12-22

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◆◆ FAMOUS FOR PRIME STEAKS, SUPERB ROAST BEEF AND AUTOGRAPHED LOBSTER. CAESAR OR TOSSED SALAD INCLUDED WITHOUT CHARGE WITH MORE THAN 30 ENTREES.
LUNCHEON - DINNER - SUPPER. OPEN FROM 11:30 A.M.-1 A.M. DINERS' CLUB.
NEW YORK—49 E. 49th St.—PL 1-1960
MIAMI BEACH—21st St. Off Collins Ave.—JE 8-0523
CHANDLER'S ◆◆

Perez Blanco's
Liborio
Exotic Latin Cuisine
Luncheon • Dinner • Supper
Spanish Revue Nightly
150 West 47th Street · JU 2-6188

and five inches long, and is shown against what appears to be a background depiction of a mauve desert and a setting sun.

A less impressionistic photographic essay, and one that deserves more attention here, is a *nine*-page spread, or dip, arrestingly entitled "BEHOLD! The World's Busiest Short-Order Cook." This enticement, which the obstetrician has described as being of "an altogether lovable American family," is built around the personality of the mother of the family, Mrs. Virginia Newcome, who starts cooking for her four children at six o'clock in the morning and goes right on; her feverish activity in this respect is soon explained by the revelation that the Newcome children do not simply eat what is set before them but have their little preferences and idiosyncrasies, all of which are individually catered to by the doting mother.

"If you walk by 222 Exeter Place in St. Paul, Minn., any morning around 6 o'clock, and look in the kitchen window," *Life* tells us, "you can see Virginia Newcome starting on her day's work as a cook. . . . The coffee she is drinking is the first of 42 cups she will brew during the week. She will also flip over 36 hamburgers, put together 64 sandwiches, whip up 40 malted milks, fry a dozen eggs, scramble 12 more, open 12 cans of soup, serve 30 bowls of cereal, scoop out 4 gallons of ice cream and mop up after her smallest son 105 times." It is interesting to note that the reporter and photographer assigned by *Life* to the Newcomes (the family includes a father, named Richard, who, like the unforgettable Richard Nixon, is known to his intimates, and to *Life*, as Dick) did not content themselves with peeking through the kitchen window but entered the kitchen and dining room of the Newcome house and thus were able to photograph the youngest Newcome child, named John, squatting stark naked on the kitchen table, sitting partly clothed in the kitchen sink, and sitting partly clothed in a high chair while allowing an unnamed liquid culinary delight to escape from his protruding lips as the gay Mrs. Newcome exclaims laughingly, "John, please don't drool!" In addition to the eighteen-month-old John, there is a six-year-old referred to as R. J.; and Viki, aged nine; and Teri, aged twelve; as well as Dick, whose age is not given. They eat different sorts of things all day. For example, *Life* tells us charmingly, "At noon Teri bursts in . . . eats goulash and washes it down with malted milk [with an egg in it]" and " 'Hamburger, hamburger, hamburger,' hums R. J. . . . There are always two kinds of soup—vegetable for Teri and Viki, chicken noodle for R. J." Viki, it might be noted, makes her own breakfast—"spreading jelly on one piece of toast, ketchup on another and putting three burned pork sausages in between."

Pausing briefly over a photograph of "mountains of chemicals in a Hopewell, Va. fertilizer factory," followed by a color photographic advertisement for Flako Corn Muffin Mix, with which one can also make muffins with berries and orange rind, corn sticks with nuts or dates, or pan bread stuffed with corn kernels or "plump" raisins, we hurry on past an article called "Rose Stew to Riches, a Culinary Chronicle," to an appetizing six-page spread entitled "They Act, Sing and Dance—and They Can Cook, Too" in which are depicted, in photographs of astonishing size and clarity, Sophia Loren cooking eggplant; Joan Fontaine cooking bananas with rum in a chafing dish, and with a free parakeet perched on one shoulder, which is bent over the chafing dish; Anne Bancroft cooking lasagne; Mary Martin cooking wintermelon broth; Carroll Baker cooking Japanese sukiyaki; Danny Kaye cooking Japanese tempura; Mitch Miller concocting a hot salad, with chopped celery, green peppers, chopped onion, crabmeat, shrimp, cayenne, garlic powder, Worcestershire sauce, and beard hairs; Dinah Shore cooking apple pot and being assisted by her son Jody, who has just wet his thumb; and Jane Fonda making buckwheat bread.

AS a smashing climax to the hundred-and-forty-six-page issue, *Life* finally presents a twelve-page entrée called "Mighty Master of the Bounty." This begins with a three-quarter-page photograph of more than a dozen gigantic trucks filled to the brim with ripe, red tomatoes and a page-and-a-quarter photograph of some more tomatoes—or possibly some of the same tomatoes—engulfed in a cataract. Caption: "Every year the $50 billion U.S. processing industry takes the nation's harvest, washes it, chops it, chews it, boils it, freezes it and pours it out in a 100-million-ton tide of cans and packages. In size, speed and eerie complexity the drama of processing matches Niagara, Canaveral and River Rouge, all rolled up and roofed over. A soup factory in Ohio washes down 600 truckloads of tomatoes a day in a cataract." Next comes a page-and-a-quarter photograph of several acres of empty tin cans and a three-quarter-page photograph of four six-hundred-gallon kettles with red soup in them. Caption: "Every day during the season 4,320,000 cans of tomato soup are stirred up in 600-gallon kettles at Campbell Soup Company's plant at Napoleon, Ohio. The company makes its own cans and keeps 165,000 shiny empties in a 'jumble bin.' This year five million tons—about 26 billion tomatoes—were put up in the U.S." On the succeeding pages of this twelve-page feature are a two-page photograph of a mountain of butter in the kitchens of Sara Lee, in Chicago, a firm that consumes six million pounds of such butter, or so *Life* says, in making its cakes each year; a two-page photograph of frankfurters on a ten-lane express conveyor belt at an Oscar Mayer & Co. plant in Madison, Wisconsin; a page-and-a-half photograph of "green beans . . . frozen at 35° below into a polar Sargasso Sea" and a half-page photograph in which "hot vegetable juice spurts from filling tank vents in seething lavalike domes;" and, on the last two pages, a stupendous array of skinned and halved peaches, a couple of pears about to be cored and peeled by a machine, and a great many eggs in a machine, or, as the caption explains, "At Best Foods in Bayonne, N.J., steel fingers crack eggs all day and never make a mess."

That represents a sampling of the contents of *Life's* issue on the bounty of foo— Excuse me.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

•

CULTURE'S UPHILL FIGHT IN WATERLOO, IOWA

(WHEN THE MIDNIGHT CHOO-CHOO LEAVES FOR ALABAM')

[*From the program of "Mary Mary" at the Broadway Theatre, in Waterloo, Iowa*]

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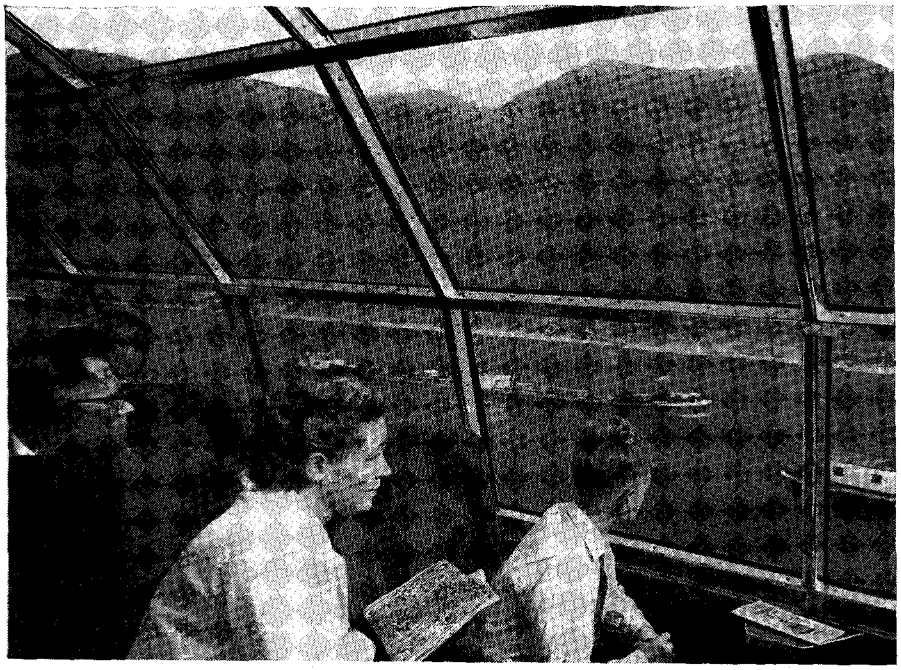
This year your Board of Directors changed the prices of seats in the Paramount more in line with its capabilities. The tickets you received are your season passes. The dates of the productions are listed on the reverse. We will try to have the curtain as close to 8:15 P.M. as possible so that in most cases the show will be over before the train comes through and disrupts performances. We ask your cooperation in arriving before the scheduled curtain time.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

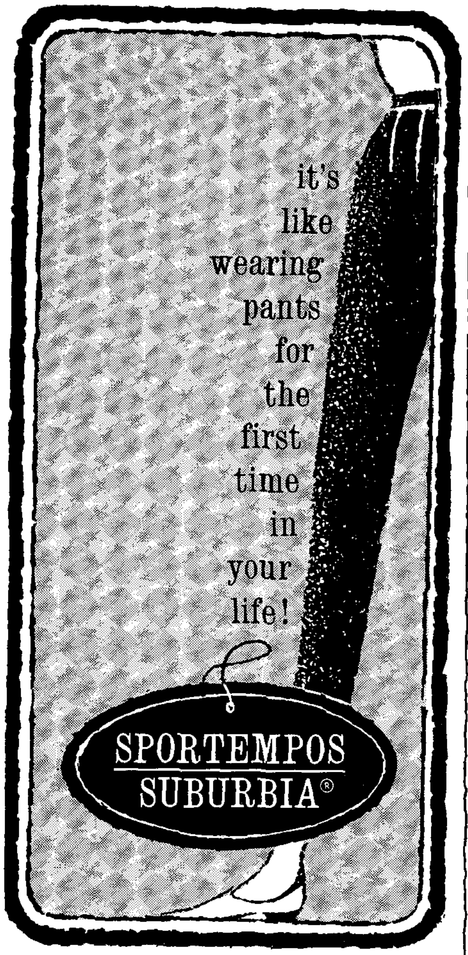
A Prodigy Grown Up

IT is about time, I suppose, to form a definite impression of the young conductor and former child prodigy Lorin Maazel. His first appearance here this year, with the Orchestre National Français, showed him to be a brilliant, if somewhat overspeedy and unrelaxed, maestro. His next appearances, with the Metropolitan, conducting "Don Giovanni" and "Der Rosenkavalier," were rather disappointing. But many factors besides Mr. Maazel's intrinsic talent may have entered into these disappointments. The Metropolitan, as everybody knows, operates on a much more rapid and underrehearsed schedule than most European opera houses, where Mr. Maazel has been hailed as a budding genius. Moreover, the Metropolitan's orchestra has not been at its best, or most tractable, during the past season and a half; there is always a tendency among orchestra musicians to regard anybody below the age of sixty as an upstart; and there have been rumors that the Met's veteran singers did not take too kindly to Mr. Maazel's dominance. There has never been any question about Mr. Maazel's mastery of the purely technical side of his craft—about the definiteness and sensitivity of his beat, about his thorough knowledge of the scores he conducts, or about his ability, in the right circumstances, to impose his musical ideas on the people working under him. Like nearly all the conductors of his generation, however, he seems to shine in energetic compositions rather than in those that require an infusion of poetic magic. And there has been some doubt whether his mastery of technique is matched by a mastery of human psychology—the sort of psychology that permits a mature maestro to gauge, and make allowances for, the vagaries of temperament, hostile or otherwise, that plague nearly all musicians, especially in this bumptiously democratic country, where abject submission cannot be taken for granted.

At last week's Philharmonic concerts, at Lincoln Center, Mr. Maazel had an opportunity to show himself under circumstances that were more nearly ideal, and the results, which I heard on Friday afternoon, were fairly impressive. The works he conducted were Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony, Beethoven's Fifth, and, with the French violinist Christian Ferras as soloist, the Alban Berg Violin Concerto. The big dramatic line of each of his interpretations—something that one could find fault with in his Metropolitan performances—was well controlled; everything was in perfect balance; and one could finally conclude that he is a conductor of considerable promise. In parts of the Beethoven symphony, one missed the sense of mystical communication that a few older conductors bring to it, but the reading was a forceful and well-built one for all that. The Berg concerto is not a work in which one can judge the finer points of a violinist's style, and therefore I can say of Mr. Ferras's playing only that it was very accurate and lucid. I can say the same for Mr. Maazel's conducting in this composition, which showed his talents in a different light, and, certainly, they are talents to be reckoned with.

ON Tuesday evening, in Carnegie Hall, the enterprising American Opera Society presented a generally delightful concert performance of Rossini's seldom-heard *opera buffa* "L'Italiana in Algeri." Thomas Schippers, who is among the most imposing of the younger crop of today's conductors, conveyed all the lightness and ebullience of the score with masterly precision. The coloratura-mezzo Teresa Berganza, whose affecting, velvety voice and exemplary style I have commented on before, sang the role of Isabella about as beautifully as I ever expect to hear it sung. Except in her case, there was some difficulty with the rapid, scintillating, and extremely taxing coloratura singing, and what should have emerged as carefully articulated scale passages occasionally emerged as scoops instead. However, considering the difficulty of this sort of technique, and its rarity among today's singers, the total effect was at least reasonably neat. That veteran farceur Fernando Corena made the most of the role of the Bey of Algiers; a lyric, not to say stratospheric, tenor named Luigi Alva, who is new to New York, sang the role of Lindoro acceptably enough; and another newcomer, Sesto Bruscantini, made quite an impression with the ease of his singing in the comic bass-baritone role of Taddeo.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT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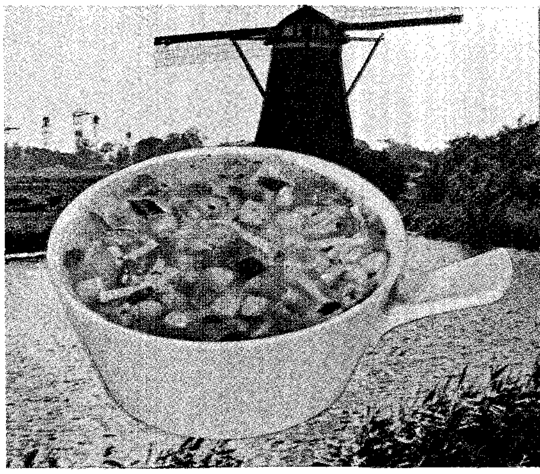

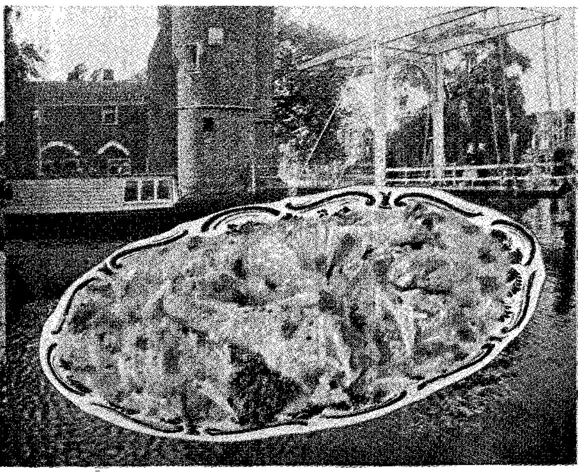

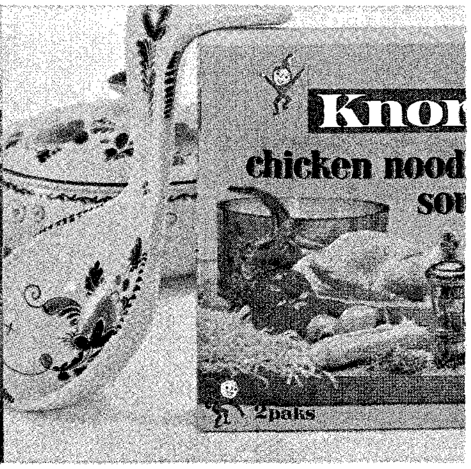

Windmill Chowder

- 1 foil pak Knorr Chicken Noodle Soup Mix
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- ⅛ tsp. curry powder (optional)
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbsp. margarine
- 1 8-oz. can corn
- 3 cups water

Melt margarine in saucepan. Add green pepper and onion. Cook over low heat till tender. Add corn and water; bring to boil. Add soup mix and curry, if desired. (No salt or other seasoning needed.) Reduce heat and simmer 10 minutes. 4 to 6 servings.

Fricassee Knickerbocker

- 1 foil pak Knorr Chicken Noodle Soup Mix
- 3 cups water
- ¼ cup margarine
- 1 cut-up chicken (broiler-fryer)
- ¼ cup flour

Melt margarine in skillet. Brown chicken on all sides. Stir soup mix in 2½ cups water. Pour over chicken. (This fricassee gets its good flavor from Knorr's authentic seasoning. No salt or other seasoning needed.) Cover and simmer till tender, about 30 mins. Remove chicken. Blend flour and ½ cup water. Stir into mixture in skillet. Cook, stirring till thickened. Add chicken, heat. Serves 4.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Flawed Hero

"LAWRENCE OF ARABIA" is a fantastically long and fantastically ambitious picture, and I mean it as a considerable compliment when I say that it comes very close to justifying both its great length and its ambitiousness. I didn't suppose it was possible to sit through three hours and forty-two minutes of *any* picture without a single twinge of boredom, and if I put my praise in that negative form it's in order to let incredulity serve as a measure of gratitude. How rare it is for several disparate talents to be simultaneously at their best! Yet here we have a screenplay by Robert Bolt that, if it fails to explain its mysterious protagonist, at least presents a number of eloquent clues to the mystery; a stunningly handsome production design by John Box; a haunting musical background by Maurice Jarre; exquisite camerawork by Fred A. Young, whose prolonged, almost lovesick views of the Jordanian desert and of camels racing, richly panoplied, to battle are among the most beautiful shots I've ever seen; and—most important of all—brilliant, passionate direction by David Lean, who shares producing honors with Sam Spiegel. To these talents must be added those of a cast that includes Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, Arthur Kennedy, Claude Rains, Donald Wolfit, José Ferrer, an Egyptian screen star named Omar Sharif, and, in the title role, the rising young Irishman Peter O'Toole. In short, a formidably bowwow affair, and though tickets to it are so expensive that I feel obliged to mention the subject (up to four-eighty for orchestra seats), I also feel obliged to say they're worth it.

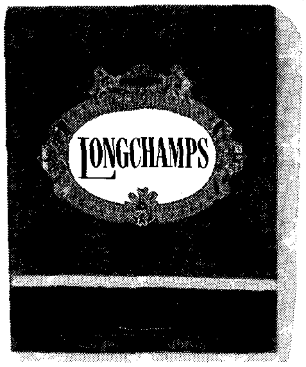
Season's Greetings

T. E. Lawrence was a very odd duck indeed, and this version of his life is remarkable for the candor with which it tries to deal with his peculiarities. Most of the time, despite Mr. O'Toole's good looks and occasional hints of charm, Lawrence makes a repellent hero, and yet he *is* a hero; the very extent of his defection from the conventional heroic posture—for example, the episode of the day-long carnage of helpless Turks, which Lawrence relished taking part in—was, as he must have sensed, on a superhuman scale. In real life a tiny man, a bastard, presumably a homosexual, a self-invented public figure (with a concomitant, and therefore lunatic, insistence upon anonymity), Lawrence told the story of his Arabian adventures in "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," and his rather high-toned dodging about whenever he reached an awkward home truth reveals why, whenever Mr. Bolt reaches a similarly awkward point in his script, Mr. Lean immediately turns our attention to the gorgeous desert or to acts of bloody derring-do. A man who could write, in an epilogue to a very long account of two years of his life, "The strongest motive throughout had been a personal one, not mentioned here," is sure to give a biographer, and especially a screen biographer, trouble, but "Lawrence of Arabia" triumphs over the actual Lawrence and leaves us filled with admiration for the people he led and the barren country he loved.

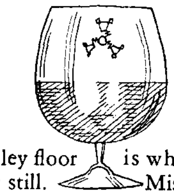
OF John Huston's "Freud" it can be said that it manfully attempts to perform three exceedingly difficult tasks: give a quasi-documentary account of the birth of psychoanalysis; provide a text, neither too primerlike nor too arcane, on how psychoanalysis works; and portray at close range the austere great man who, as much a writer as a scientist, turned the previously untranslatable language of the unconscious into a set of vivid metaphors, useful in literature as well as in medicine. I admit that it would have been hard to accomplish these tasks separately, but to accomplish all three at once, in pictorial terms, has proved impossible. Historical facts and the necessities of drama keep bumping into each other and bruising each other, and the young Dr. Freud whom we watch advancing from troubled darkness into troubled light is less the anguished doer of unprecedented deeds than an observer of those deeds; like us, he is acquiring an education, and in too many scenes it's obvious that he is acquiring it not for his sake but for the sake of an audience at a movie: we sense that this isn't how such-and-such a thing really happened but how it could be most palatably fed to us.

It's true that a person who knew nothing about psychoanalysis would pick up a good deal of information from Mr. Huston's conscientious lecture, just as people who knew nothing about germs must have learned a lot from watching Paul Muni and all those test tubes in "Pasteur." Still, a thought is

"This Christmas let's



have a real feast."



The valley floor is white, enormously still. Mist veils the evergreens. Nibbling deer rattle the frosty oaks. From any window of the Great Lounge you look out on a clean new world. A brandy, by the fire, makes it perfect.

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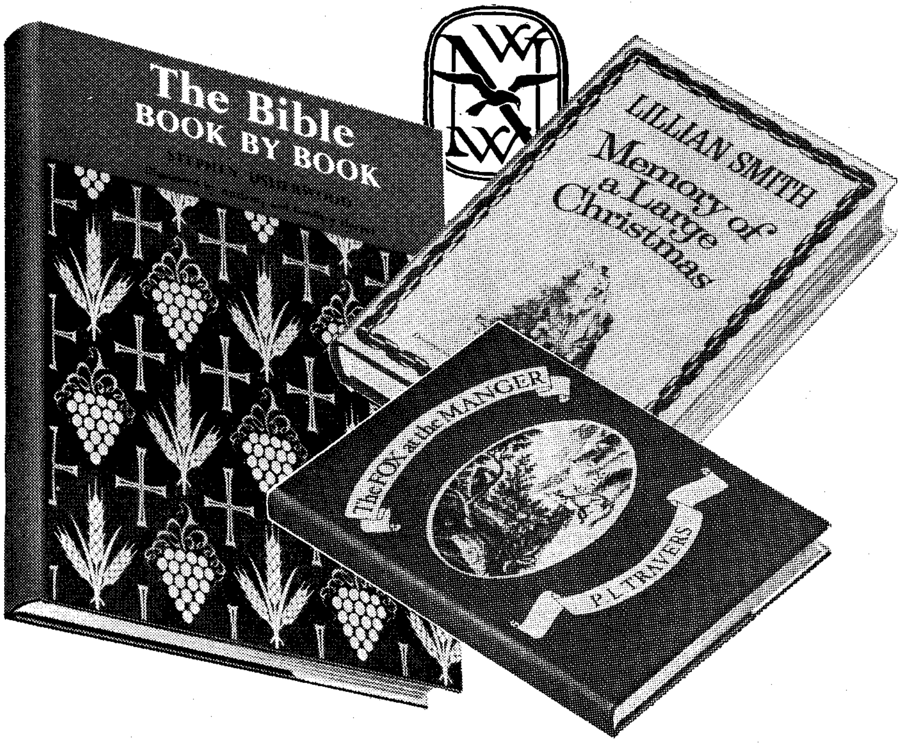
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LILLIAN SMITH
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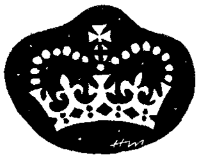
less robust than a bacillus, and a demonstration on film of the validity of the therapeutic aspects of psychoanalysis is apt to seem equally unconvincing in its patness to people unread in the subject and to people widely read in it. After so many years, psychoanalysis remains notoriously not a scientific method of healing sick minds but a thrilling hypothesis on which certain practices are based that sometimes work and sometimes don't. Since a statement of that sort can scarcely be turned into melodrama, one must presumably choose instead to emphasize Freud's greatness as a man, and here Mr. Huston has made the fatal misstep of casting Montgomery Clift as Freud. That sombre young Viennese Jew of the eighteen-eighties, who from his earliest photographs grants us glimpses of the godlike old man he will become, has simply nothing to do with a nice young American of the nineteen-sixties. Despite the black beard and fancy dress he has donned, Mr. Clift is a boyish Yankee, and would have been much more at ease, I suspect, in the role of a patient. Freud's early collaborator, Dr. Breuer, is played by Larry Parks, whom I also failed to believe in; his mother, looking (by still another stroke of miscasting) younger than her son, is played by Rosalie Crutchley; his wife by Susan Kohner; and a so-called "hysteric" by Susannah York, who is getting quite grown up.

THE Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has written and produced his own version of Euripides' "Electra," with Irene Papas in the leading role and with the mountains, olive groves, fields, and rocky bays of Greece playing roles of almost equal importance. The question of the degree to which a people's art is molded by the setting in which it arises is always fascinating; Mr. Cacoyannis is evidently one of those who believe it to be of supreme importance. The horrible story of Electra, who, though much put upon in childhood, responds to her troubles in a way that would strike most of us as excessively murderous, is hard to credit when told on a stage, and particularly on a contemporary Western stage. Here the story is told out-of-doors, in the dazzling sunlight and on the rocky soil of the countryside just outside Athens, and the action of the tragedy imposes itself on us precisely as the setting does. The picture unfolds too slowly for my taste, but Miss Papas and Greece are very beautiful, and the photographer, Walter Lassally, has done them justice. In Greece, what else dare a man do? —BRENDAN GILL

LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 11



WITH the gruesome punctuality of a killer keeping to a quiet little ritual timetable, the horrible smog that descended on London and large areas of the freezing country last week dropped in ten years almost to the day after the great, lethal December fog of 1952—and was the worst since that appalling visitation, according to the scientists' calculations. It certainly felt like it, although, mercifully, it did not last as long. For three days and nights, Londoners, clamping scarves or handkerchiefs over their mouths and noses as though the city were once more burning or plague-stricken, groped and choked their way around miserably in a mixture of trapped soot and sulphur dioxide, well iced. All the sufferers' thoughts and talk were, like their stomachs, full of fog. While it was on, the Common Market worries, the rising unemployment figures, and other anxious preoccupations appeared not to exist. The one big topic of universal discussion was how people had got to work (if they had) and how they proposed to struggle home, with bus services thinning every day as the smog thickened up, and the rush-hour scenes on the Underground becoming a claustrophobe's suffocating nightmare. Every road out of London was littered with cars abandoned at the curb while their drivers proceeded, by safer old-fashioned leg power, to try and find something or someone to assist them on their way. The fog floated visibly, like ectoplasm, into theatres, cinemas, and shops, where sales assistants stood around gossiping among the sparsely populated wastes of Christmas presents. In the evenings, the West End was as empty as on a night in the blitz, and nearly as dark in residential side streets, where street lamps cast the illumination of nursery night-lights. If you had felt the urge to do so, you could have danced in the eerie middle of Piccadilly in safety, if not in comfort.

It was a wretched three days, often literally killing to the elderly and the badly nourished who suffered from chest complaints (bronchitis is such a local scourge, chalking up about thirty thousand deaths a year, particularly among the less affluent sections of the community, that it has been called "the English disease"), and highly unpleasant to one and all. Many people trying to cough the taste of soot and sulphur out of their larynxes last week appeared to be made indignant rather than amused by reminders in the newspapers that both Houses of Parliament had put the Government's Clean Air Act on the statute books in 1956. This was the result—belated enough, to be sure—of the to-do over the 1952 smog, which killed four thousand people in the Greater London area, and of the findings of the Beaver Committee, which was set up to inquire into the catastrophe. Though some citizens snorting through the latest acrid imitation of the classical underworld seemed to feel irritably, and with some justice, that in six years the Act had made precious little headway toward cleaning the atmosphere, the experts say that without it this smog would probably have been a death-dealer on the 1952 scale. As one result of the Act, local authorities in over six hundred areas of Britain have set up zones where smoke is controlled and penalized as a public enemy. In London, there are only two zones so far—appropriately enough, the City of London itself, where the very bricks of the blackened buildings and courts look as though they were composed of baked fog, and, just recently, the Borough of Holborn. Because of even this much improvement, the air last week was apparently less filthy, though not much less sulphurous, as coughing Londoners hardly needed the scientists' instruments to tell them. Meanwhile, the National Society for Clean Air continues to peg away quietly all year in its offices, off Chancery Lane, to shake public opinion out of its obstinate belief that there is nothing to touch a jolly little coal fire. The best propaganda, as the Society cheerfully says, is undoubtedly a major smog, such as London has just had. The agitation to do something about it has been going on for quite a time. The Society likes to recall a fourteenth-century artificer who persisted in burning sea coal in his furnace against the regulations of the day and was executed forthwith—an idea that the Society and many fed-up Londoners consider might make some dilatory local authorities tackle the problem a bit quicker than they are doing now.

THE political outlook here is also thick with uncertainties, in which it is difficult for anyone—Government, industry, or plain, bewildered citizen—to see where he is going. The Brussels talks between Britain and the Six on the intransigent details of agricultural policy look as though they might bog down this crucial week into a deadlock as sticky as the heaviest plowland. If this happens and the Government's timetable for getting into Europe is again thrown off, Parliamentary and public voices will surely start calling for the Government to walk out of the Brussels negotiations, pull up the drawbridge, and call in the Commonwealth relatives to sort things out. There has been much interested comment on a weekend speech made by Mr. F. J. Erroll, president of the Board of Trade, which seemed like the first Ministerial hint to the country that it might shortly have to adjust its sights in other directions. In words sharp enough to carry to Brussels, he said that it would be a major loss if Britain found herself unable to join the European Economic Community, but that it would not be "an irremediable disaster." His speech may have been designed to be December's frosty corrective to any lurking European notions left over from the warm October glow of enthusiasm shown by the Conservative Party conference at Llandudno that Britain was now hellbent for Europe, even if she had to swim. It was also read—and approvingly marked, no doubt—by multitudes of Conservative voters who have grown restive about the long-drawn-out negotiations, even if they once welcomed the idea of going into Europe, and who are plaintively anxious that someone should tell them where they and the country stand. At the confusing moment, while the sophisticated issues are being thrashed out far above their heads, all that ordinary citizens feel is that they have been left balancing on a sort of halfway springboard, poised for the high dive into they do not quite know what, and the uncertainty cannot be said to be concentrating anybody's mind wonderfully. It is a highly critical juncture for Mr. Macmillan and his party, and a gloomy one for pro-Europeans in all parties.

The results of last month's "little election"—five by-elections, all for comfortably held Conservative seats, which were keenly watched for clues to the Government's reviving fortunes in the country, and supplied some, all right—are still being exhaustively analyzed here, with no real answer except that public-opinion polls and wildly enthusiastic Party conferences can be equally inaccurate in showing what people are actually thinking and how they are going to translate those thoughts into votes. In spite of the afterglow of Llandudno and its triumph for Mr. Macmillan, Labour succeeded in pulling two of

BYGONES

Probably the most common use of the word *bygone* is in the familiar saying "Let bygones be bygones," meaning let's forget past disagreements. But in England the word is also used to describe every-day objects of times past—cooking utensils and agricultural implements, for example, relics of the days before supermarkets and combines. And scattered around England are small museums of bygones for the amazement and amusement of visitors.

Every aspect of life has its bygones, of course—even the brokerage business. But the high slant-top desks and stools on which visored clerks once kept records of security transactions in elegant Spencerian long ago gave 'way to electricity and then electronics in the form of IBM equipment. For as America's pace has become faster, so have stock transactions. Orders that once took hours or even days to place, execute, and confirm can now be completed under favorable conditions in as little as three minutes anywhere in the country and in many major cities overseas. And the clerks on their high stools have been replaced by key-punch operators and programers.

There has perhaps been a loss of color and charm in the modernization of the brokerage business. But there has been a gain, too—a substantial increase in the number of Americans with a stake in the economy through ownership of common stocks from a mere handful to some 17,000,000. And that is progress at its best.

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the seats out from under the Conservatives, and the Tory majorities were savagely dented in the three other by-elections, catching practically all the crestfallen professional oracles giving the wrong answers. The most shattering result was in South Dorset, where the seat was held at the last general election by a handsome majority of more than six thousand and where Labour skidded home this time by seven hundred votes. The seat was presented to the Labour Party by the intervention of a well-liked local squire, who stood as an independent anti-Common Market candidate and, surprisingly, was backed against the Tories' man by the outgoing Member, no less, who held the same views on mixing Britain up with a bunch of foreigners. Deeply worried Conservatives fear that, apart from the divisions in their rank and file over the Brussels negotiations, the unemployment situation will be telling against them, as it certainly told in the seat they lost in Scotland. The figures are expected to mount in the badly hit north after Christmas, which will not exactly be a season of good cheer in those areas, even though the usual spending spree will be going on in the prosperous south. The economic list of this island to the southeast, where the population and the capital are crowding in, has resulted in the cliché of the moment, about Britain's being split clean as a whistle into two halves, and in talk about the recurring pattern of the thirties, which to those of us old enough to remember them provides un-Christmassy emotions indeed.

Maybe because of all these grave preoccupations on the eve of his journeys to see President de Gaulle and President Kennedy, Mr. Macmillan reacted in surprisingly prickly fashion to Mr. Dean Acheson's West Point speech. Other spokesmen, some of them from the Labour side, were also nettled. For the Prime Minister to compare Mr. Acheson's blunt remarks about Britain's place in the world of today with the mistakes in judgment of local character made by Philip of Spain, Napoleon, and Hitler seemed to be stretching it somewhat wildly, in the opinion of many. If not for the Government, for numbers of ordinary British, anyway, the especially harsh and bracing shock dealt by the Cuban crisis was what it taught them about the facts of power and about themselves. The idea put out by Mr. Acheson that Britain had lost her old role and still had not settled on her new one appeared logical to them—and possibly, if the truth were known, too shrewd for anybody's comfort at this moment when Ministers are showing signs of beginning to hedge on the urgent historical necessity of going into Europe.

It was disappointing to many of the critics and to eagerly expectant theatregoers that Sir Laurence Olivier should have chosen to return to the London stage after his long absence as director of the Chichester Festival summer-theatre season in a play that, to say the least, is unworthy of him. "Semi-Detached," by a young B.B.C. scriptwriter, David Turner, was first seen at the Belgrade Theatre, in Coventry. It was obviously intended to be trenchant social satire on the lives of lower-middle-class suburbanites, aping their betters with status symbols of car, telly, and what is "de rigger" in the way of casual sports clothes for a Sunday morning, but it turned out to be soap opera. The first requirement of satire, after all, is that it cut deep into recognizably live flesh, and all the characters in this play were solid pasteboard where they were not soap. Moreover, it was played for patronizing laughs over the accents, ignorance, social aspirations, and sexual behavior of these stock figures of old-fashioned farce in a style to take the breath away. As the paterfamilias working like mad to get his girlies into the right beds in order to further his wily ambitions to become his company's area manager or something, Sir Laurence was unrecognizable, with a seedy, balding wig and a Birmingham (one was told) accent, which occasionally parted at the roots to disclose the real Olivier. It was a sad evening for those who saw him last in his truly great performance as the Doctor in the unforgettable production of "Uncle Vanya" at Chichester in the summer. Many people felt that his choice of plays for that festival (to which he is to return next year) was curious: one enormous hit (the Chekhov) and two Jacobean pieces—one jolly knockabout and one corpse-strewn tragedy, neither of them really suited to the occasion or to the audiences. Now, of course, he has been appointed director of the National Theatre, whenever that long-pursued project gets going. His odd choice for what is said to be his farewell to modern comedy before he retires into the twilight of the classics is raising the question all over again of whether a great actor is also necessarily a great picker for himself or for us admirers on the other side of the footlights. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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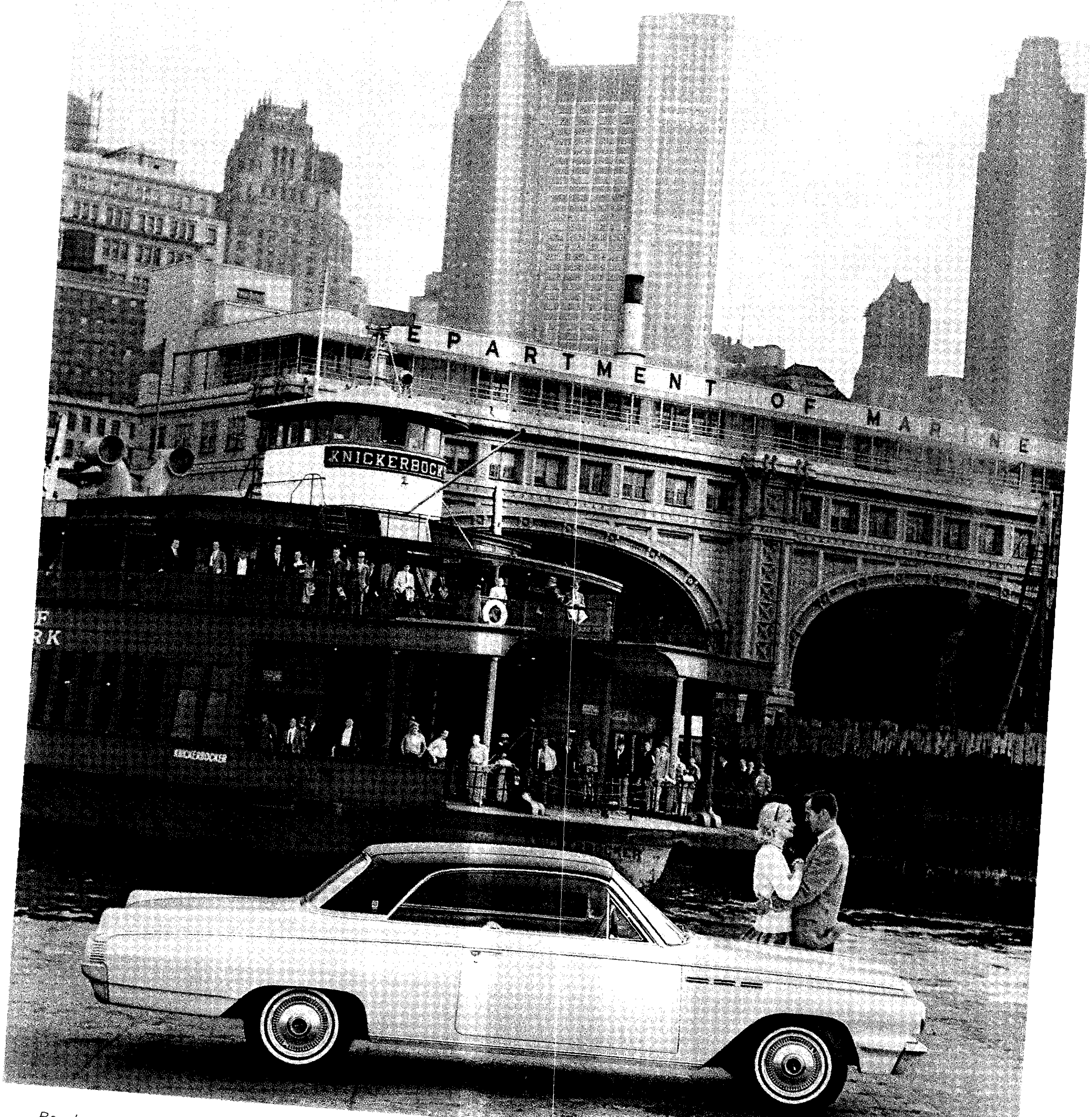
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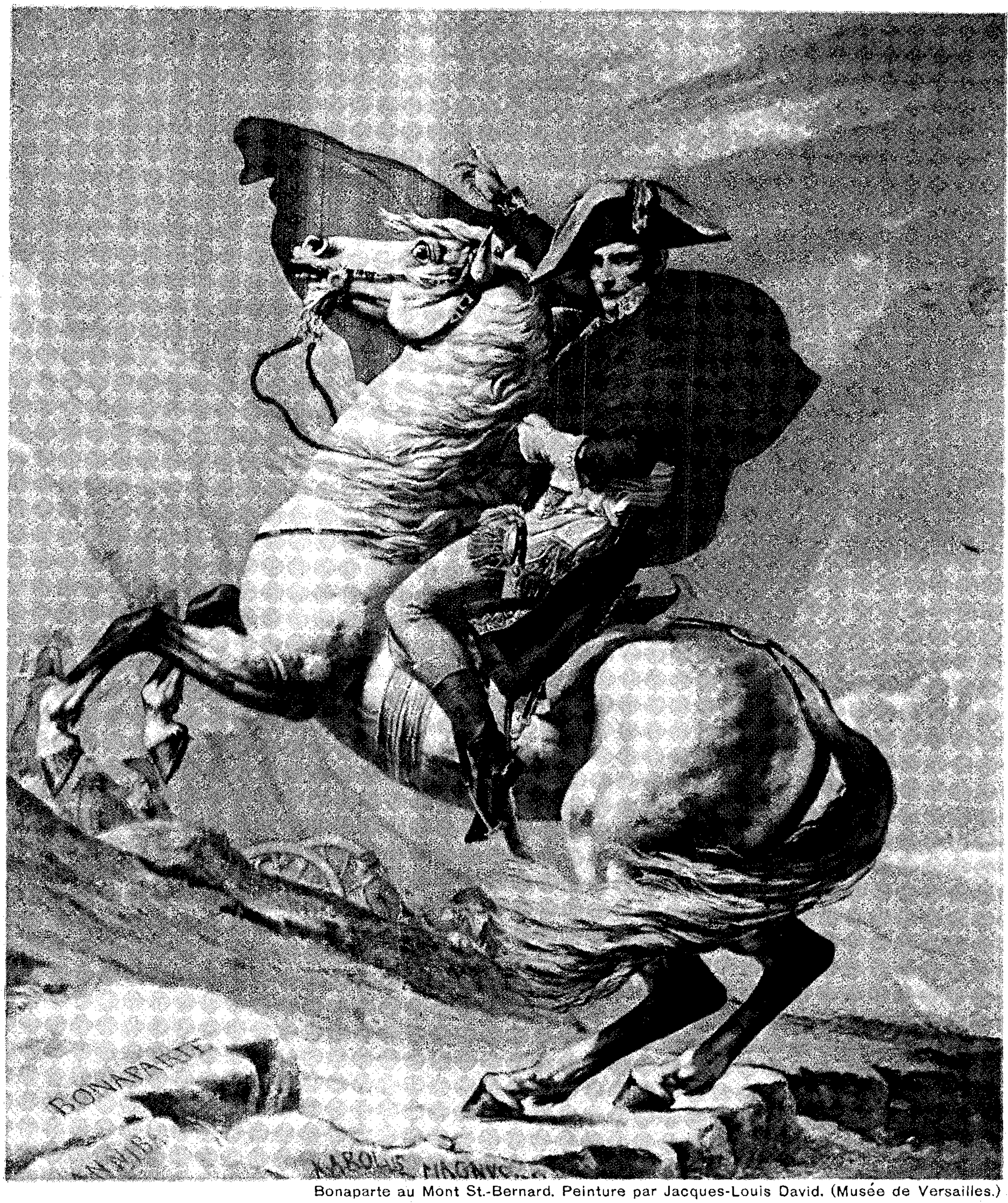

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